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CHINA

THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE

BY

G·WALDO BROWNE

With an Introduction by

HON··JOHN D·LONG

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1915

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Bridge over the Pearl River at Canton

CHINA

THE COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE

By G. WALDO BROWNE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By the HON. JOHN D. LONG

DANA ESTES & COMPANY

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CHINA.

BY

JOHN D. LONG,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

WITH the opening of the twentieth century China begins to cease to remain an isolated empire, impenetrable, mysterious, unknown, and to become a part of the federation of the world. As the narrow-minded Greek regarded every foreigner as a barbarian, so we have been brought up to regard with a sort of contemptuous condescension the character, the religion, the literature, and the institutions of this great people. As the territorial barriers are breaking down, so also are the barriers of prejudice and misconception. The child is living that will see the Mongolian ranking with the races of the West and vying with them in the strenuous competitions of civilisation. Stirred from her palsy, and stimulated by contact with the industrial and commercial activities which are circling the earth like electric wires, China will emerge from her seclusion; and her people, whether under one government, or seeking the convenience of separate forms of national life, will take their place in the march of common progress.

China's beginning has no date. It is lost in the mists of the morning of the world. She antedates the rise of Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome, and she saw their fall. Confucius was a religious teacher five hundred years before Christ. Whether the original seed from which China sprang came from the banks of the Nile or of the Caspian Sea, the soil in which it lodged was that watered by the Yellow River. Gaining little by conquest, absorbing her conquerors, originally restricted in territory, China now stretches over sixty degrees of longitude and thirty-four degrees of latitude, and embraces every variety of soil and climate. To-day four hundred million people acknowledge her rule. Her history, after all, is the common history of every race. In her long line of rulers have been exemplified the wisdom and military genius of a Cæsar and the debaucheries of a Nero. She has had her Augustan era and her Renaissance. Mencius was her Socrates. She has had her Helen of Troy, her Joan of Arc, and her Catharines. Her poets have sung, her novelists and dramatists have written, and her literature is rich. She searched the sky and her astronomers studied the stars before Ptolemy. Her engineers built canals and bridges, and her Great Wall is an evidence of their skill, and of the industry of her people. Medicine early opened its pages to her students. Other sciences also gave of their beneficent stores to her welfare. Printing was invented in China nearly nine hundred years before it became known in Europe. Her historical and encyclopædic records are extensive. Education, though of a limited range, has been widespread among her male population, being the main ave

nue to honour and official career. Her domestic and social life has been one of quiet enjoyment, and nowhere has filial piety had finer illustrations. Her government has been patriarchal, and her religion, as taught by Confucius, whose name to China is as that of Christ to the West, largely enforces the precepts of Christian ethics. And to-day, in business, mechanics, manufactures, trade, literature, education, diplomacy, oratory, and all the various arts of peace, she has a showing with the Christian nations of the world, though falling far behind them in the Christian art of war.

In the sixth century, when the glorious Tang dynasty was in its youth, Chinese arms battered down the wall separating Cathay — China's ancient name — from Europe. In the thirteeth century the great Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, penetrated the Chinese court. He laid the foundation of what might have been a splendid edifice of mutual esteem between the Chinese and the outer world. But the Portuguese, who made their first appearance in 1516, by their cruel aggressions destroyed his work, and in its stead established the base of the recent structure of anti-foreign hatred. Later the soldiers of Spain were guilty of a massacre of Chinese in Manila. Not as barbarous, the English were not tactful in their efforts to open the door of Chinese trade. The glories of the East which Marco Polo described upon his return to Venice, and the confirmation of his reports by later travellers and traders, fired England with a desire to share in the advantages of contact and commerce with the Oriental Empire. Queen Elizabeth despatched a commission to Pekin. Disaster overtook it before it reached its destination. English traders became England's diplomats. Then of course war. In 1637 the Chinese forts which protected Canton were bombarded and occupied, and their evacuation by the belligerent foreigners did not occur until the latter had disposed of the cargoes their ships had brought.

Friendship rarely crowns relations established by force. Though advantageous to foreign peoples, China found little recompense for contact with them. During the greater part of the reign of the Mongol dynasty, every encouragement had been given Roman missionaries to spread their faith in northern China, but the reëstablishment of a Chinese dynasty seems to have been followed by their expulsion. Undoubtedly the wrongs perpetrated by the Portuguese and Spaniards were potent causes for the determination of the emperor to exclude foreigners from China. The missionaries who sought admission to the empire after this decision was reached were brusquely informed that they were not wanted. After patient endeavour, the Roman Church finally succeeded in effecting reëntrance. Intimate knowledge of the Chinese language and Chinese literature, and recognition of some of the least superstitious of the native ceremonials, enabled them to acquire an influence which might — though it is not likely — have served as the lever for turning the whole empire from Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism to Christianity. But the people became incensed at the denunciation of the worship of their ancestors, and at the interference by missionaries in behalf of converts in the native courts. Experience and time changed neither the view of the zealous servant of Christ nor of the nation he would

proselyte. The religion of the one bade him bear the message of good-will, even though its rejection were indubitable. The character of his reception by the other, as the nineteenth century rolled into the past, was tempered by the knowledge of the crushing might that lay behind him. Though the ethics taught by the Bible have much in common with those proclaimed by Confucius, and though China was originally tolerant of all religions, her experience with the West developed an antagonism which manifested itself in anti-Christian outrages and which gave evidence of its strength in the Boxer movement of 1900. But the blame for this movement cannot be entirely placed upon the shoulders of the missionary. He was one factor. Foreign aggression was the other.

Western trade early chafed under the restrictions imposed by the Imperial Government. Their removal or, at least, their modification was persistently sought by the commercial powers. In the eighteenth century six nations were engaged in trade with China through the single port of Canton, — Portugal, England, Holland, Spain, France, and the United States. The first appearance of America as a competitor in Oriental commerce occurred when the thirteen American colonies, revolting from British sovereignty, were clumsily working together under the makeshift of the Confederation. None of the European governments, thus apprised of its latest rival, was gifted with the prescience to see in this pioneer the leader of a fleet which would carry a commerce more valuable than that of any of them save one, — Great Britain, — and which by leaps and bounds, a century later, was to make great strides in overtaking the lead which that one had acquired.

Foreign aggression placed its hand heavily upon the empire in the nineteenth century. Her people enervated by the effects of opium, and her treasury depleted of silver used to pay for that drug, China prohibited its importation and brought upon herself the "opium war" which lasted from 1840 until 1842. Ignominious defeat compelled her to sue for peace. Hong-kong, the first territory alienated to the West, was ceded to her conqueror. Great Britain, the United States, and France, negotiated treaties which removed some of the obstacles in the way of trade and accorded to their nationals the privilege of extra-territoriality — one of the great humiliations under which China has smarted. The T'ai P'ing revolt embarrassed the central government from 1850 until 1864. Its suppression was hampered by fresh difficulties with foreign nations which culminated in the extension by France of a nominal protectorate over Annam, and by the British and French occupation of Pekin in 1860. New treaty concessions, including the maintenance of diplomatic representatives in Pekin and the protection of missionaries in the interior, were exacted of China. The entire West claimed and was granted the right to enjoy them. Forced into international relations, and appreciating that her military power was inadequate to defend her territory against foreign attack, China secured from the United States and Great Britain in 1868 a promise never to intervene in Chinese governmental affairs, — a promise the Washington government has consistently observed. War with France in 1884–85

resulted in the cession of Tonquin and Annam to the victor. Beyond this, it induced China to organise a navy, which, however, suffered overwhelming defeat during the war with Japan in 1894.

Japanese arms exposed the weakness of an empire that sprawled over a large part of Asia. Taking advantage of its inability to resist, foreign nations demanded concessions which were granted to prevent still greater misfortunes. But the rapacity of European governments knew no bounds. In retaliation for the murder of two German missionaries, Germany seized Kiao Chou and imposed other demands, — exacting an indemnity far disproportionate to the seriousness of the crime committed. Russia, which had forced Japan to relinquish the Liao Tung peninsula, occupied Talien Wan and Port Arthur. To preserve the balance of power in the north of China, Great Britain acquired Wei-hai-wei. France took possession of Kwang-chow Bay, and Great Britain added the Kowloon promontory to Hong-kong. Spheres of influence were outlined and the chancellories of Europe frankly described the territories their governments should seize in case of partition. Railroad and mining concessions were demanded as matters of right. The coastwise trade, which had been historically carried by native junks, was largely transferred to foreign steamers. Spoliation seemed to be the fate of China.

Reform was the panacea which the emperor adopted for the ills of his empire. Resistance was the remedy advocated by the conservatives. Supported by the latter, the empress dowager resumed the reins of government in September, 1898. Preparations to oppose foreign aggression were begun, — a course which received the cordial approval of the people. A vast volunteer army was organised. Urged on by the impetuosity of fanatical leaders, hostilities were inaugurated against foreigners.

Guilty of violating the most sacred laws of international hospitality, China's recent conduct must yet be judged in the light of the wrongs she had suffered. Aware as she was of Western strength, the courage which prompted her to throw her glove in the face of all nations compels acknowledgment. There could, of course, be but one result of war against the rest of the world. She again suffered humiliation, and she will be compelled to pay for her temerity by complying with terms which might well crush a less resourceful nation. Both in the operations necessary to effect the relief of the legations besieged in Pekin, and in the subsequent diplomatic negotiations, the United States, besides affording proper protection to American interests, has observed that policy of unselfishness which has historically guided it in its relations with China. Substantial evidence of its support of this policy is furnished by the small claim for indemnity it recently submitted; by its proposal to reduce that claim by half if other nations would take like action; by its refusal to join in firing on the Taku forts; and by its being the first power to withdraw its armed forces from Pekin. Throughout the negotiations, its purpose has been tempered with justice and leniency, and it has made haste to be considerate and helpful. Though the Imperial Government is burdened by the exaction of excessive indemnities, Chinese entity has been preserved, and

China will again soon be free to resume the task of carving out her own destiny, in which task she is entitled to our cordial sympathy.

Prior to the Boxer movement, Chinese patriotism was either a thing unknown or unappreciated in the West. The unity of the North and the difficulty with which the viceroys restrained the South during the national outbreak of 1900 gave evidence of the existence of a strong love of country in the Chinese breast. The conduct of the Allies in Chi Li has intensified the hatred of the natives for things Western. Defeat established Chinese inability to meet modern armies with unorganised mobs, and modern ordnance with the tools of husbandry. The English have demonstrated that the yellow man, capably led, is excellent military material. Eradication of native prejudice against the profession of arms and creation of well-drilled regiments are vital to China's existence. Foreign greed, which manifested itself prior to the Boxer outbreak, will renew its assault when the Chinese government resumes power in Pekin. Suffering from Western avariciousness and awakened to the need of foreign innovations by the lash of Western enterprise, who can doubt, however, that China will engraft the civilisation of the West upon the trunk of what for centuries was the glory of the East, and under the influence of modern institutions return to the position of power and culture which she held in the halcyon days of the Han dynasty? Thus, by God's hard but moulding hand, through the selfishness and the strife of men and nations, through greed and outrage on the one hand and prejudice and encrustation on the other, through the fierce drive for gain and adventure, — the trader more a factor than the missionary, — the slow welding of old empires, peoples, and institutions upon new and better ones goes cruelly and brutally, but progressively on. China as a name, a form of government, an entity, is nothing, as every other nation as a name, a form of government, an entity, is nothing; but China as a people — one-quarter of the human race — is henceforth, as is every other people, under whatever name or form of government it may be, sure to share in the better things of that coming progress and civilisation of the world, when "the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law," and fifty years of Europe shall be one with fifty years of Cathay.

JOHN D. LONG.

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A CHINESE FAMILY — MOTHER, SON, AND DAUGHTER.

CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIENT SHORE.

TURNING reluctantly from the familiar scenes of Dai Nippon, which we have grown to love, we bid *au revoir* (for every one who leaves Japan fondly believes that he will come back again) to the ancient cities and modern centres of commerce, the sunny skies and picturesque landscapes, the worshipful tombs and sacred temples of the Land of the

Sunrise, and join the throng of restless sightseers on one of the great ocean steamers bound for China, the old Cathay of Marco Polo, poetically styled "The Flowery Kingdom of the Far East." Fairer sky never bended over the Oriental sea than that which smiles on us as the huge moving palace of the deep sweeps down the harbour of Nagasaki and onward into the west. Long after the last trace of the templed hills has faded from sight, we continue to look backward, the mind's eye still gazing on the spirited picture, and the heart yet warm for the friends it holds.

We have little time to wonder whether we shall lose or gain by this exchange of scenes, for within twenty-four hours the silver of the horizon on the west deepens into a brown, and we are told that land has been sighted, the mysterious shore of Old Asia, the Mother of Continents. Japan, the young and beautiful, is now quickly replaced, by the Old Man of the Orient. Our gaze becomes fixed on the water-line, until out of the Yellow Sea rise, like flitting shadows of the deep, the forests that line the coast at this point. Scarcely have these trees materialised into tangible objects, when villages with high walls and odd-looking buildings come into view. As we continue to draw nearer, the scene is enlivened with human figures clothed in garments of grotesque patterns, moving along the shore, or by brown-skinned animals of awkward proportions wallowing in the mud in a furious attempt to get rid of small, but troublesome, enemies. The water is now dotted with strange craft, carrying an amazing amount of canvas, with big eyes painted at the bows, and lank, half-naked crews having long queues hanging down their backs, and long bamboo poles in their hands. The eyes are painted in the sails, we are told, under the belief that whatever "has no eyes, no see," a truth we cannot dispute. The peculiar appendage of the head proves to be not a relic of barbarism, as we at first surmised, but the tribute of a love romance. So hearts are not dead here, and our hopes brighten.

"Give me the geography of a country," says Victor Cousin, "and I will tell you its future." Now the superficial knowledge we have gained from our geographies and hand-books of travel comes vividly into our mind, and we think of a country of plains, valleys, mountains, deserts, and table-lands covering the enormous area of over four million square

miles, and extending from 18 degrees to 55 degrees north latitude, and from 75 degrees to 135 degrees east longtitude, an imperfect outline of the vast territory we are about to visit. People this with nearly four hundred million human beings, swarming in the coast towns like bees around their crowded hives, but more scattered in the inland districts, and we have a faint conception of the life of this strange domain. Imagine the glory and picturesque grandeur of the upward march of an

SAMPANS AND JINRIKISHAS.

imperial power which dazzled the world, long before Rome was founded, with such proud defiance that even Alexander dared not try to humble it — a government that overarches history and the feet of whose pillars are lost in tradition. Then picture the slow descent of the sun from its midday throne into the bosom of the infinite West, its waning light emblematical of the fading prestige of the imperial "Sons of Heaven," whose sands of government are running low and lower, and the vision is imperfectly completed. This vast dominion has been both smaller and larger than it is to-day. It was at its greatest before Russia sliced

off the region lying between its present boundary on the north and the Yablonoi Mountains, and beyond the Amur River. That was in 1858, and only two years later the White Empire got a richer plot in the country bordering on the Sea of Japan, and running down on the Asiatic coast to Vladivostok, that important maritime port for the Russians. Japan won Formosa as her prize in the war of 1894, while Corea no longer owes the semblance of an allegiance to the Celestial Empire.

Of the extensive country we have hastily sketched, more than one-half

NANKIN DONKEY.

lies outside of what is properly termed the Chinese Empire, and much of it is, in reality, beyond convenient reach of the more populous provinces. This vast district, or, more properly speaking, districts, encloses the network of mountains and tracts of table-lands of ancient Tibet and Kokonor, the vast sand plains and highlands of Eastern Turkestan and Mongolia. The first two have a natural entrance through India, while the extensive regions last named are best approached from Siberia. Taken together, this broad area is bounded on the east by the backbone of the Chinese Empire, the mountains of Yunling and Siolki; on the west and southwest by the snow-crowned Himalayas; on the west

and north by the wind-swept steppes of Siberia. All of this vast region, in the solitude of which Hawaii, the Philippines, and Japan might be placed so that it would require months of travel to reach them, is thinly populated by impoverished races that look upon each other as barbarians, and who in turn are considered little better than wild beasts by those in the eastern and more populous section comprising the heart of the great Middle Kingdom.

Having, for the present at least, laid aside a consideration of this larger

SOLDIERS AT NANKIN.

half of China, we still find ourselves approaching a country which few, if any, understand, and which no two describe alike. We are reminded of the story of the chameleon, which was black to one, blue to a second, green to the third, and when produced, to prove the argument of the first, appeared in white. If foreign writers fail to agree, it is no more than the Chinese do themselves. Their maps vary, and often they show the most vague conceptions of portions of their own country scarcely remote from the centres of population.

China proper consists of eighteen states or provinces, named and briefly described as follows:

Chili, on the northeast, containing in round numbers fifty-seven thousand square miles, and a population of over thirty-six million people, or about 630 to the square mile. This province comprises the northerly section of the wide delta of Yellow River bordering on the Gulf of Pechili. It holds within its area the capital of the empire and the important seaport of Tien-tsin.

West of Chili is the province of Shansi, the early scene of Chinese settlement, with an area of sixty-six thousand square miles, inhabited by nearly seventeen million people. This territory comprises in part a vast coal-field, some six thousand feet above sea level, and thirty thousand square miles in area. These coal-beds have not been mined to any great extent, and the inhabitants, depending on agriculture in a country ill-fitted for it, are for the most part poor.

Southeast of Chili lies the great agricultural district of Shantung, with an area of fifty-three thousand square miles, and a population of twenty-seven million. This province borders on the Yellow Sea, and is noted for its mineral wealth, which will be spoken of more fully later. It pays the greatest land tax of any province, reaching the enormous sum of 2,800,000 taels annually, equal to over $4,000,000.

Honan, on the south of Chili, comprises a part of the rich delta of the Yellow River, and has an area of 66,500 square miles, and a population of thirty million. Kaifung, situated near the great river, enjoys the renown of having been the metropolis of the empire from the close of the eighth to the beginning of the twelfth century.

Bordering Shantung on the south, and the Yellow Sea on the west, lies the land of lakes, Kiangsu, with an area of a little less than forty thousand square miles, and with a population of forty million people, or one thousand to a square mile. Nankin, the ancient metropolis of China (317 to 582, and again during the Ming dynasty in the fourteenth century), is its capital. Besides this city, it boasts of Shanghai and Suchau. This province the Chinese consider typical of an earthly paradise. There is an old saying which runs: "Happiness on earth is realised by being born in Suchau, by living in Canton, and by dying in Hangchow."

On the west of Kiangsu, the province of Anhwei comprises a goodly portion of the great delta, with an area of fifty-five thousand square miles, and a population of thirty-six million. It is a fertile province.

Southeast lies the smallest province in the empire, which has, however, an area of thirty-five million square miles and a population of over eight million. Hangchow, already mentioned as being regarded with particular favour, is the capital; it was described by Marco Polo as "the noblest town in the world." Beyond doubt, if the smallest in area, this province has been the most highly favoured by nature of any.

A CHINESE FAMILY.

Southward, fringing the seacoast with its innumerable islands and points of land for over four hundred miles as the shore runs, is Fukien, the great tea-garden, famous for what it has been in the past and for what it is in the present. It has an area of forty-five thousand square miles, a population of twenty-two million, and the most interesting seaport in the empire, Fuchau, for its capital.

Kiangsi lies on the west of Fukien, with an area of sixty-eight thousand square miles, and inhabited by twenty-six million people. Considerable manufacturing is done in this province.

On the north is Hupei, covering sixty-eight thousand square miles of territory, and supporting a population of twenty-eight million. This province holds the most fertile portion of China, and the great inland

commercial centre of Hankow, four hundred miles from Canton, is its capital.

Hunan, formerly a part of the last province, lies to the south. It is greater in area than the former, but cannot boast of as many inhabitants, having but twenty million, though an area of eighty-two thousand square miles. The population of this province suffered severely in loss of numbers by the noted Taiping rebellion, in which Chinese Gordon won his famous nickname.

Southeast of Hunan lies Kwangtung, with an extent of territory

BUDDHIST NUN AND ATTENDANT.

amounting nearly to ninety thousand square miles. Its capital is Canton; population, twenty million.

West of this province lies Kwangsi, with an area of eighty thousand square miles, and a population of eight million. The inland trading marts of Naning and Wuchau-fu are in this province.

On the northwest of Kwangtung is the province of Kweichau, with sixty-four thousand square miles, but only five million inhabitants. It is rich in mineral resources, but less favoured for agriculture, upon which the people depend for their sustenance.

On the west of Kweichau, and forming the southwest corner of the empire, is its richest province as regards mineral products. Yunnan, with

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a population of six million, and an area of 122,000 square miles. The population of the section was greatly reduced during the great Mohammedan uprising and the terrible visitation of the plague which followed in its pathway.

Szechuen, the richest of the provinces, lies to the north of Yunnan, and is estimated to contain 180,000 square miles, with a population of sixty million people. The western part of this province, which borders

SEA VIEW AT POOTOO.

on Tibet, is sparsely peopled, while the eastern half is more densely populated, and is prosperous.

Bordering on the Great Wall of the northern frontier, and extending southward into the heart of the empire, is the province of Shensi, with an area in round numbers of eighty thousand square miles, and a population of perhaps ten million. This holds the classic ground of ancient China, the basin of Wei. Through this country runs the ancient path into the empire followed by the early pioneers of the Chinese, and at its present capital, Sian-fu, flourished in the early epochs the court of

Chang-ngan, celebrated for its arts and sciences. Sian-fu is noted for having been the capital of the empire longer than any other city, and Doctor Williams, in speaking of her great line of princes of the Tang dynasty who ruled here, says: "During the 287 years they held the throne, China was probably the most civilised country on earth, and the darkest days of the West formed the brightest era of the East."

Last and largest of the eighteen provinces, forming the broad highway into the Chinese Empire from the Tibetan highlands of Central Asia, lies, shaped like a huge hour-glass, the stupendous state of Kansu. Its area is 260,000 square miles, nearly as large as our own Texas, and larger than fifteen of our States, beginning with Maine and ending with West Virginia. It has a population of twenty million.

Of the immense number of islands lying off its coast, two are deserving of special mention. These are Hainan and Chusan. The first is 150 miles in length and one hundred in width. The surface of the island is generally mountainous, but is well wooded. The inhabitants, who resemble the mountaineers of interior China, are believed by some to belong to the descendants of the aborigines of the coast of Asia. They have Malayan characteristics, and, like the people of Formosa, are not inclined to accept Chinese government kindly. Chusan is the more noteworthy of the two, though the smaller, being scarcely twenty miles in length and with a width barely reaching six miles at its greatest breadth. It has a population of two hundred thousand, and became subject to Chinese rule in the seventh century. The island was practically in the possession of the British from 1840 to 1846, and again, after the stormy disturbances of that period, it was in their hands in 1860.

With its varied landscape and vast extent of territory, China, as is to be expected, has a climate running from the cold of the Frigid Zone to the heat of the Tropics, with all the interchanging temperatures imaginable. The wintry period, known to them as the "Great Cold," is dated to last from the 22d of January to the 6th of February, when the "Beginning of Spring" is supposed to take place. Summer begins on the 5th of May.

The empire is favoured with several great river systems, the largest of which is the Yangtse Kiang, known to the Chinese as Ta Kiang, or

"Great River." It is navigable for river steamers for six hundred miles, and for smaller craft nine hundred miles farther. This river is the "Quain" mentioned by Marco Polo, as the two provinces mentioned as bearing the name of Kwang, with its variations, constituted a part of the Kingdom of Manzi, so fully described by him. In his day, Manzi was a name applied to Southern China, while the rest was known as Cathay. The Yangtse River drains the central regions from the extreme

IMPERIAL MARITIME CUSTOMS HOUSE.

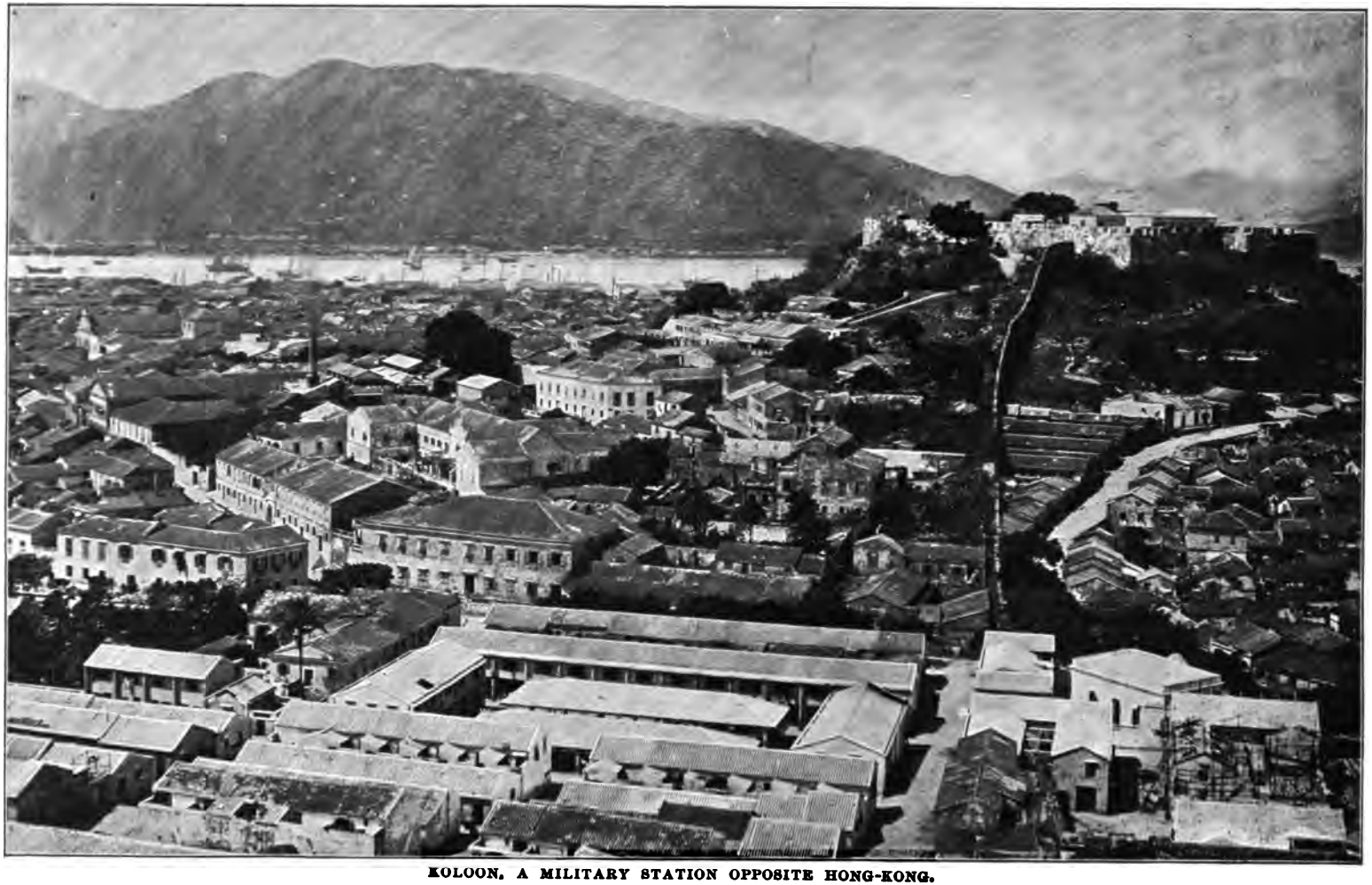
west to the sea, while the Hoang-ho, with headwaters in the Mountains of Kokonor, which by flowing northward into Mongolia forms a huge horseshoe on the face of the country, delivers its silt and flood into the Yellow Sea. The first is aptly termed the "River of Tea," while the latter is quite as appropriately, if more sadly, named the "River of Sorrow." Besides these great rivers, of which we shall presently speak further, China has other systems of waterways worthy of mention, among which are the Si Kiang, or West River, of the south, and the

Pei-Ho, or North River, upon whose banks stand the noted cities of Pekin and Tien-tsin.

The names of the rivers afford an example of the lack of uniformity and completeness in the nomenclature of China. From the time it springs from its fountain in the hills until its career ends in the ocean a stream may be known by a dozen or more names. The mountain range has now first one designation and then another. The names of the towns and villages are more changeable and confusing, seldom being permanent. The empire itself has no national denomination, and its people no settled patronymic to distinguish them as a race.

Fortunate in the distribution of her rivers, China is equally favoured in the geographical situation and surroundings of her commercial centres. There are four of these that demand our immediate attention, the most southerly being Canton, the Manchester of China, finely and yet singularly located at the junction of three rivers, the Si (West), Pei (North), and Pearl. Second is Shanghai, the New York of China, at the mouth of the Yangtse River, while over seven hundred miles up the same river is the big midland market, the Chicago of the empire, Hankow, by some authorities spelled Hankau. In the north, built up by the trade in that vicinity, is Tien-tsin, reached by navigation, while eighty miles up the river is the capital of the empire. It will be seen that all of these business centres are situated upon waterways, and have drawn the trade and communication from other, and often distant, parts. Hankow's position is about the same distance north of Canton that it is south of Tien-tsin and west of Shanghai. To reach the inland districts means hundreds of miles of weary plodding along miserable roads and mere footpaths, or along winding streams filled with rapids.

In the midst of our reflections and earnest watchfulness, we realise that we are entering the broad mouth of a mighty river, the Yangtse, which has brought its offerings over three thousand miles, from the highlands of Tibet, the "Roof of the World." This mighty stream drains an extent of territory scarcely inferior to that of any of the great rivers of the globe. Finally, we come to a bar stretching nearly across the river, which is known to the Chinese as the "Heavenly Barrier." Here we stop, while launches come down to meet us, the news of our arrival



KOLOON, A MILITARY STATION OPPOSITE HONG-KONG.

having sped on the "winged wires" to this foreign empress sitting on the ancient shore. It is a more imposing city than we had supposed, and our ideas of the eastern coast of Asia immediately assume different shape. Later, we hope to see the city at closer range, but we see enough now to find that it is more attractive than we had expected, that massive stone buildings front the bund, and that there are fine public gardens. We realise, too, that we are in front of a great tea-growing country.

ISLAND IN THE RIVER YANGTSE.

If Pekin is the seat of government, Shanghai is the commercial capital of China.

We take passage now on one of the steamers that ply between Shanghai and the lower ports, touching next at the great tea mart of Hangchow (Hankow), which is noted as being the starting-point of the "Grand Canal" running northward through a rich country to Tien-tsin. This town is set in a perfect garden of the important herb. Little of this tea comes to America, England and Russia being the chief buyers. We are told that a pleasant trip into the country can be made by steamer on the Tsien-sang River. Vivid accounts are given us, as we watch the strange shore off Chin-kiang, of adventures with wild boars that roam

the hills. They serve to recall the stirring tiger-hunts of Marco Polo, and produce a not unlike impression on the hearer.

The River Min has its source in the famous hills of Behoea, and winds down to the sea through the rich tea districts of Fukien, becoming the natural canal for the transportation of this plant. It is navigable for large vessels for more than a hundred miles. Like many of the rivers of China, it finally empties into the ocean through more than one outlet. The harbour is thirty miles inland from the mouth of this stream, another peculiarity of the Chinese coast. This place is known as "Pagoda Anchorage," on account of an old pagoda standing on a small island in plain sight. As we shall often meet with the word "pagoda," it may not be out of place to say here that it has become accepted by the Chinese, to a considerable extent, in place of their own term of *Ta*, applied to that kind of a high tower erected by them in or near their towns, and supposed to bring good luck. The origin of the word is in doubt, but

PAGODA IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

no one seems to trace it back to the Chinese. Colonel Yule says it was used by the old Portuguese writers in the sense of an idol, as well as a temple for idols. He is inclined to think it is of Indian origin. *Mandarin*, *Joss*, and *Chop* are not properly Chinese words, though we shall meet them frequently wherever we go. The first is a Portuguese corruption of *Sansk*, rendered into *Mantri*, meaning a minister of state.

This peculiar foreign structure looming in the distance lends an uncommon fascination to a scene, regarding which Mr. John Thomson says: "But for this purely Chinese edifice, one might readily suppose himself transported suddenly to a scene on the River Clyde. There stand the houses of a foreign settlement, and yonder are a dock, tall chimneys, and rows of workshops, whence the clangour of steam-hammers and the hum of engines may be heard. Here, in fact, is the Fuchau Arsenal, on a piece of level ground redeemed from a swamp, and looking in the distance like an English manufacturing village." We are struck by the great width of the harbour here, considering that it is so far inland.

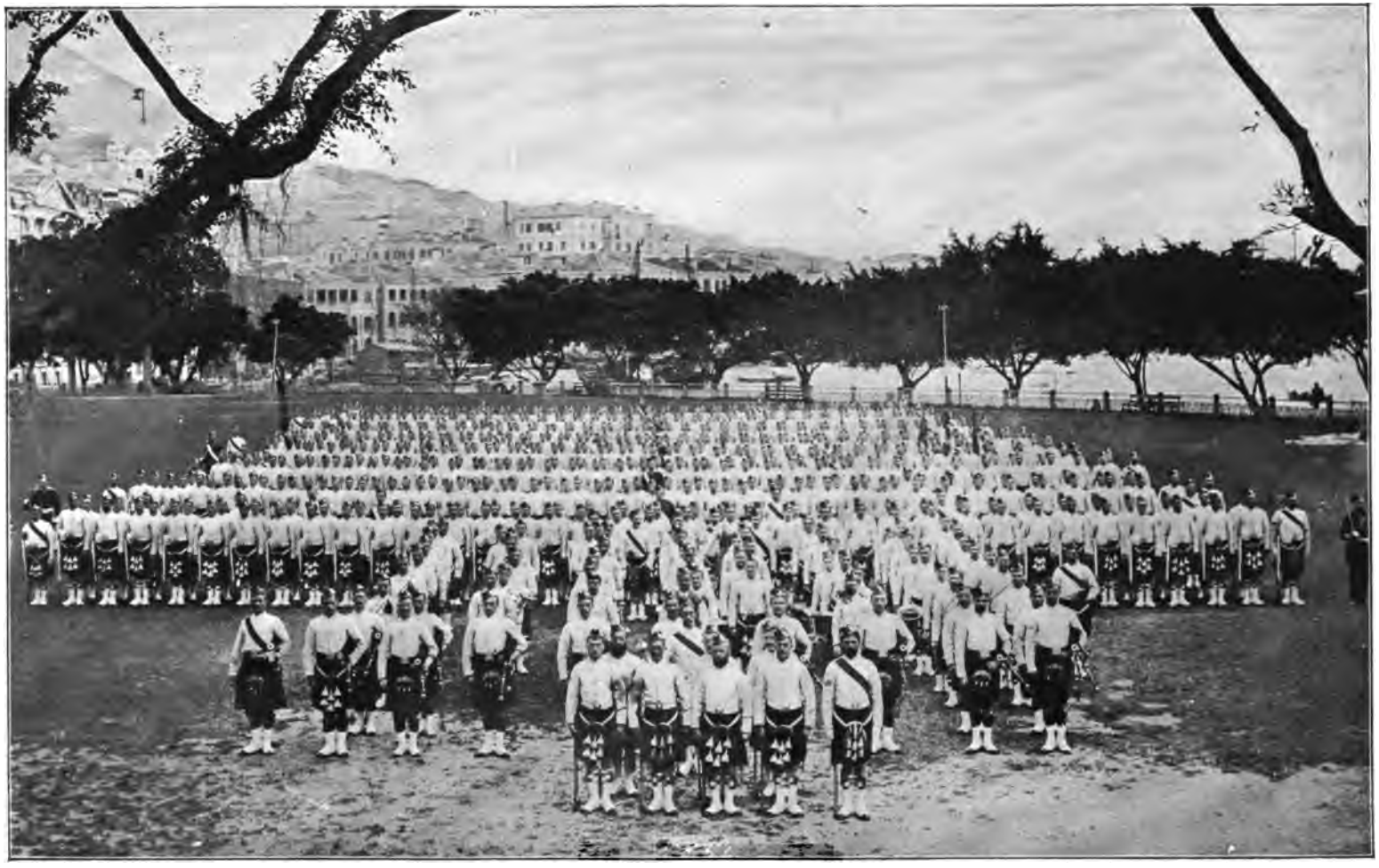
CHAPTER II.

THE MOUNTAIN MONASTERY.

WE are soon interested in the sight of European men-of-war, and we are pointed out the Chinese navy yard and arsenal of Fu-chau (Foochow), with its live interest of river life and green-carpeted hillsides sloping down to the sea. This town stands about seven miles from the harbour, and possesses, perhaps, greater attractions for the foreign visitor than any other port.

Naturally, the first place to draw the stranger is the foreign settlement, which is separated from the native section, as in all towns in this country. This quarter is reached over a bridge famous for its ancient construction, and is known as the "bridge of ten thousand ages." It is a plain stone structure, built with no attempt at display, but with durability uppermost in the minds of its builders. The fact that it has stood the test of over nine hundred years, without any particular signs of the inroads of sun and storm, is ample proof of the success of its originators, while the massive blocks of granite, some of them forty feet in length, show the skill of the ancient engineers in raising them from the water to their high stone piers. The bridge is fully a quarter of a mile in length.

The residences of these newcomers are on the hillside and summit which we have mentioned, and which have a melancholy interest when we are told that the entire sunny terraces comprise the tomb where sleep the many victims of one of the great plagues that have visited China. As may be understood, bitter opposition arose at the outset in regard to allowing the hated "barbarians" to locate on this sacred place, but money, that potent factor, eventually decided the dispute, and healed the wounds created by this desecration of the hallowed spot. The spirits of the dead, in turn, were quieted by liberal offerings at their shrines, so that to-day the foreign resident abides peacefully above the ashes of the Celestial, whose bones help feed the luxuriant sward and flowers of well-kept ter-



BRITISH TROOPS, HONG-KONG.

races. The "almighty dollar," as we vulgarly designate it, is here known as the "Flowered Border," but this incident shows that it loses none of its significance as a factor in shaping the affairs of men on account of its poetical name. In no land is so high an estimate placed upon it as in China, and if there is a spot on earth where it is *almighty*, it is in the Chinese Empire. By the way, when one comes to think of it, there is something singular, if not uncanny, in thus peopling with a dual

THE BUND AT HANKOW.

population the burial hills of Fuchau. These dwellings are reached by long and arduous ascents, up which the inhabitants are borne on the shoulders of the natives. Seen after nightfall through the thick foliage, the lanterns of the chair-bearers gleam like so many fireflies ascending into mid-air, as the men move in a zigzag course up the narrow avenues.

Barren, indeed, is that place which has nothing to afford the stranger at least a passing interest, and Fuchau is rich in its offerings. Were there no other attraction, the monastery of Yuan-fu, built on the side of a high precipice overlooking the River Min, would redeem its reputation. Stand-

ing out in bold relief on the rocky front of the bluff, two hundred feet in mid-air, its broad, curved eaves and fantastic roofs make it look like a huge butterfly, impaled, at the moment of winging its flight, upon the skeleton-work of wooden posts and cross-timbers. This lofty retreat, one of the strangest locations for a house of worship to be found in the world, is reached by a long flight of stone steps, which end amid an abundant growth of ferns and wild flowers overhung by the delicate

PROCESSION OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS ENTERING TEMPLE.

green of the forest overhead. The path leads to a cave in the side of the hill. At the foot of the rocks, its grim figure lighted by the blaze from burning incense, is an idol, while above this the path is cut in the surface of the rock. The mountain is known as the Wu-hu, or "five tiger," range.

We found two monks in possession of the frail house built in that precarious position, which made us fear that the whole affair, with all its occupants, would topple into the depths below. A third priest made

up the complement belonging to the place, but he was away at the time. One of the pious fathers present was fat and jolly, while his companion made the pair complete by being thin and austere. It would be difficult to find two of such opposite temperaments as well as physical appearance. One was continually mumbling his prayers, and the other telling stories that would tax the credulity of the least skeptical. The most onerous service they were expected to perform was to ascend at the hour of the setting sun to the temple just above them, and repeat their daily supplication to the overruling deity. As this prayer was simply a repetition of what they had said many times, the task was not particularly difficult. We were invited to accompany them, and among the images of the place we noticed one so grotesque in its facial expression that we displayed our Yankee curiosity by inquiring what it represented. We were informed that it was the god of longevity, "the laughing Buddha." In front of this far from pleasing image was the oddest timepiece we ever saw. It consisted of a bronze box half filled with clay, into which were stuck side by side several thin strips of wood, one of the number burning at the upper end. As each of these sticks is cut to burn just twelve hours, by lighting a new one while the old one is expiring the time can be measured quite accurately, and can be told at any hour to within a few minutes. We are gravely informed that this ember of fire, like the sacred torch of the temple of ancient faith in Japan and the vestal fires of Rome, has been alive from time immemorial.

The abode of these monks is of the most simple construction and furnishings, the walls being merely thin boards covered with a coat of lime, the furniture nothing more than a chair apiece, a table, and a bed, all made of pine. Upon the bed was a scanty covering for the sleepers, and wooden rests for their heads in lieu of pillows. I should judge the cold might be severe there in the winter, but as it was summer-time when our party stopped with them, we suffered but little from the temperature. The evening's duties over, and the yellow canonicals removed, the pipes were lighted, and the fat priest, having made himself as comfortable as possible, pointed out in the distance an eerie crag overhanging the river. As we fixed our gaze upon the spot, slowly fading from view in the gathering twilight, he proved himself not entirely lost to the world by narrating the following romantic story, which lends its mite to the wide fame of

"Lover's Leap." We regret our inability to retain in our transcription of the simple tale the peculiar charm lent to it by the narrator; that is quite beyond our power.

"During the reign of one of the early dynasties, when war was carrying terror to the hearts of the native people, there lived in this vicinity a peasant and his family, consisting of a wife, a son, and a daughter. The last was very beautiful, so beautiful, in fact, that she had many

CURIOUSLY SHAPED ROCKS (POOTOO).

suitors, though she met them all with an indifference which was exceedingly discouraging to her parents. But one day there came to her father's dwelling a man who was to change all this. He was none other than the prince, of whom she had heard the highest praise, and he certainly was extremely handsome. So she thought, while she bewailed her fate at being a peasant's daughter, and thus could have no hope of wedding a prince. His thoughts ran much in the same channel, and, while he rested himself from his long chase of a wild boar, he decided that she was

the most beautiful maiden he had ever met. He wondered what his proud father would say, should he take her to be his bride. As they separated on that afternoon, an unrest came into the life of each which had been quite unknown before, and a longing both delightful to nurture and hopeless to foster.

"Six months passed without the lovers meeting, when one afternoon the peasant's family was startled by the appearance of an armed force at their house. This body was led by a young man of swarthy skin and the flashing eye of the wild barbarians then overrunning the country. So well was he known to them by the accounts which had come of his daring and desolating deeds, that all recognised him as the most dreaded enemy of their race, Toga the Tartar.

STONE CAMELS AT MING TOMBS.

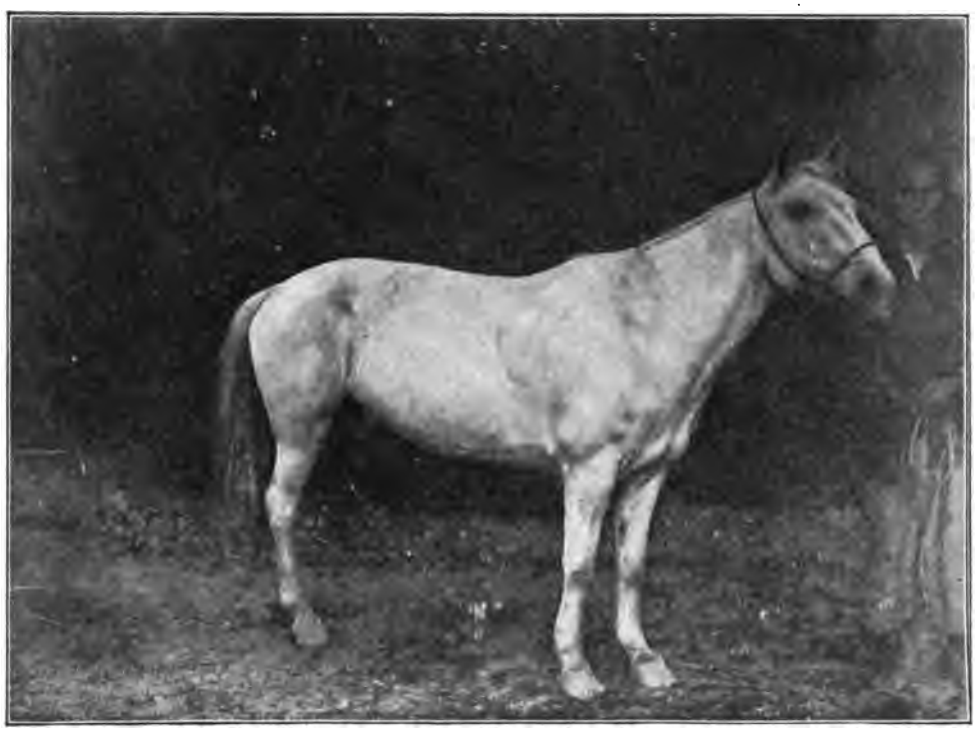
"His followers carried now the torch that had desolated so many homes, and the biting blade that had taken so many innocent lives. But as the first was to be applied to the home of Liauyang, the peasant, while he and his wife and children begged to be spared, the eye of the conqueror fell on the tearful face of the fair maid, and he waved back his mob, while he exclaimed:

"'Lift not a hand against the maid! She is the fairest flower I have seen since we crossed the border, and, by the god that lights my path, she shall be my empress when I rule Manzi, as I am bound to do ere the rising of another moon.'

"Thus the lives, not only of the maid, but also of her father, mother, and brother, were spared, though it was a time of great fright among them all. From the talk which they overheard, it was learned that the Tartar band was on its way to surprise Prince Li Hang, then encamped in a valley some thirty *lis* (about ten miles) away. Should Toga succeed in accomplishing this surprise, farewell then to the hopes of the people. The

alarm of the maid, Wou, was greater than that of the others, as she thought of the fate impending over her lover, and she resolved to save him and his army, if possible.

"So far and fast had the Tartars come that their chieftain deemed it wise to rest awhile here, and in the gray twilight steal down upon Prince Li and his men. So Wou had a little time in which to think and act, though Toga seemed determined that she should not leave his presence.



CHINESE PONY.

Neither was she allowed to speak with her father or mother. Under the jealous watchfulness of her captor-lover there seemed small chance for her to escape, much less to warn the prince of his deadly peril. But her woman's wit soon came to her assistance, and, under the excuse of going for a choice melon for her new-found admirer, she was allowed to quit his side for a brief while. She now lost no time in fleeing from the house, but she had barely gained the cover of the forest ere the wild shouts of the Tartars told that her flight had been discovered. Then followed an exciting scene.

"Wou fled down the valley in the direction of Prince Li's camp, but she had not gone far before she knew that it was a hopeless flight. The swift-footed sons of the north were fast overtaking her, and, just as she came down close upon the high cliff overlooking the ancient Min, her pursuers burst into sight, Toga in the lead. He shouted for her to stop. In another moment she would be again in his power, and then farewell to her happiness. She had rather die than to become his captive, and without hesitation she ran straight toward the brink of the precipice, resolving to baffle her foe by leaping to death upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff. It was a desperate resolution, but when have the Chinese not shown themselves capable of meeting death with unflinching nerve? Wou proved herself a worthy daughter of the country of Min.

"So far the tale has narrated no more than what many another poor maid has suffered. Now the wonderful takes place. As Wou ran to the edge of the rock, and, with a swift prayer to Buddha, sprang out over the appalling abyss, a dark form shot out from a thicket near by, and dropped just under her. It was one of the tigers that lived then in these parts, and whether he had been frightened from his lair at the sudden appearance of the hunted girl, or whether the good Goddess of Mercy had known the poor maid's distress, and sent the creature to save her, only the great and wise One knows. In our prayers we remember the goddess.

"The tiger saved Wou's life, and, while the wild creature carried her in safety to the bed of rocks, its own form was crushed and lifeless. But it perished not alone that day. Toga and his closest followers, unaware of the terrible trap in their pathway, followed their fugitive over the brink, and the Tartar chief was among the dead. His loss was so great that the others were unable to carry on the warfare, so Prince Li was saved, the empire of Manzi was secure, and Li and the beautiful Wou reigned together as its sovereigns."

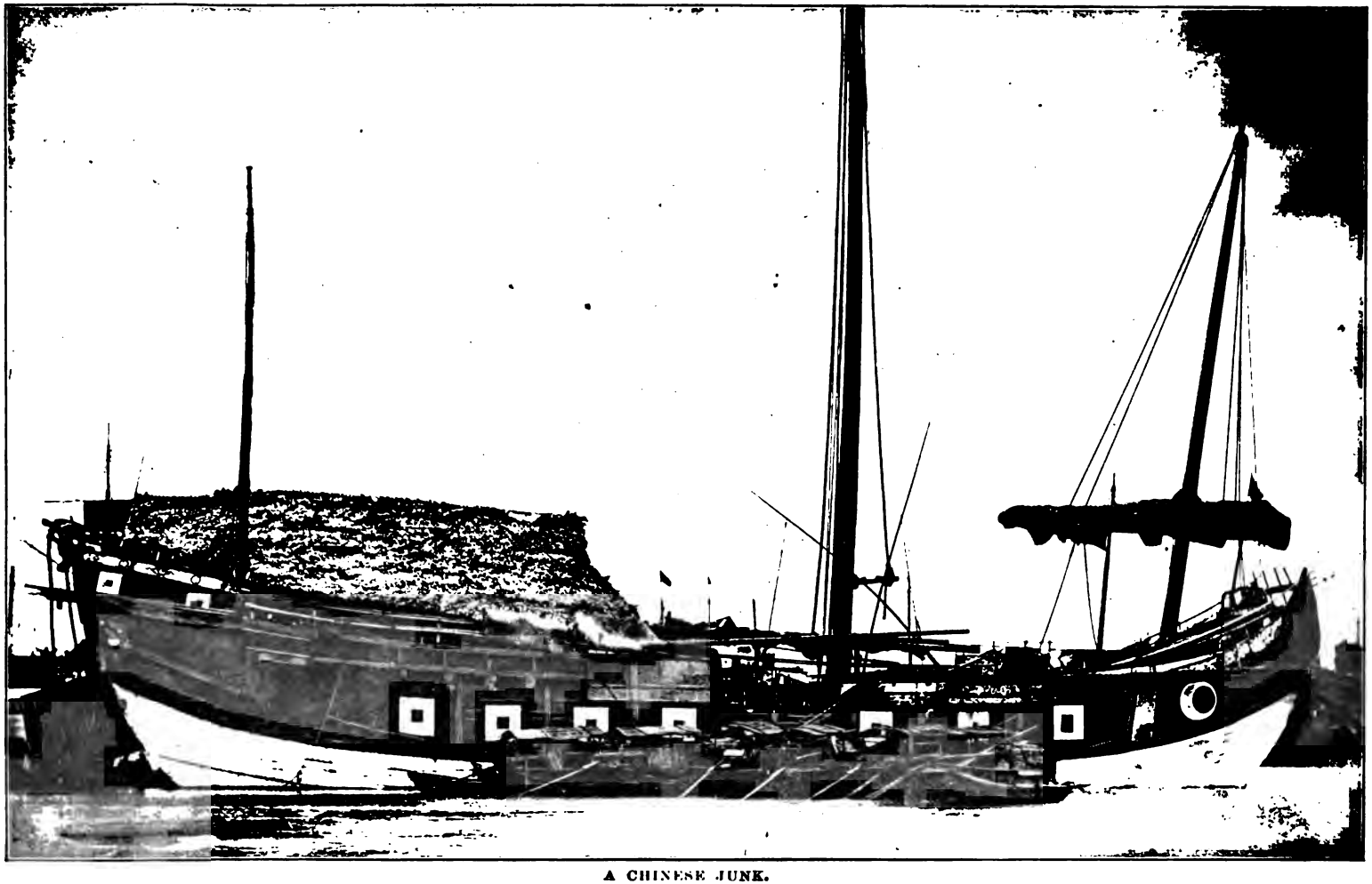
VIEW NEAR TING-HAI, CHUSAN ARCHIPELAGO.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLAND OF FLOWERS.

ABOVE Fuchau we pass through olive and orange plantations, over which hang the sweet fragrance of the fruit and the mist of the waterfall, making the place seem like a corner in fairyland. At some of the towns that we pass through, an ancient Chinaman is to be seen seated at a bamboo table, on a bamboo chair, smoking a bamboo pipe, while he looks out from his bamboo hut like a sentinel at his post, as he has done for half a century, more or less, keeping watch over an orchard just behind him. For a small sum one of these is induced to leave his post long enough to escort us through fields of sugar-cane, along the edge of orange groves, and in sight of tea grounds and rice fields to the small hamlet of brick dwellings comprising the sleepy inland town.

One of these villages, Shui-kau (Shoo-kow), situated on a hillside, boasts of its water-works, which supply the houses of the town with water from a spring on the mountain a mile away by means of bamboo spouts and gutters. Considering that this is one of the very few cases of adequate



A CHINESE JUNK.

supply of good water that we see, we do not blame the people here for their pride.

Farther on we pass under stately camphor-trees, looking noble in their majestic height of more than a hundred feet, rising with a gradual taper without the symmetry of their bodies being broken by a branch. Some of these are from four to five feet in diameter, and never did grander specimens of the ancient woods rise over man. Anon trees of greater age bow

MAUSOLEUM OF A NOBLEMAN.

their mighty heads over the river, their thick foliage made dense by mattings of climbing vines and parasite plants, which hang flaunted like hoary festoons in our very faces. Rattan plants grow here and there in great profusion, while orchids of a delicious perfume fill in the niches of this vast wildwood garden. White lilies of matchless size and remarkable beauty lift their bright-hued pennons to a height that would puzzle a tall man to reach with a yard-stick lifted over his head.

A city of particular interest to Americans is that of Yan-ping, built under the very shadows of the purple-topped mountains, and standing on

a hill, looking down into the river. It is noted for having a Methodist mission chapel, conducted now by a native missionary. The air is bracing and well adapted to consumptives, but the means for keeping warm in the cold season are so primitive that men go about carrying small charcoal furnaces under their clothing in order to keep in any way comfortable. These furnaces are made of copper, and are encased in bamboo baskets. They make the men appear to have grotesque figures, and the first idea a stranger forms is that he has fallen in with a race of humpbacks.

Fuchau has another monastery we must describe, when we will bid adieu to the storied Min, which, like the European Rhine, flows through a historic land. The Ku-shan, or "Drum Mountain," stands about eight miles from the town, and it is claimed was at one time infested with poisonous reptiles and dragons, which had the power to bring storms upon the sea and famine upon the land. Finally the situation got so bad that the people despaired of ever doing anything, and they began to seek homes far away. In the midst of this terror a certain wise man named Ling-chiau was implored to devise some way by which the country might be rid of the scourge. This man immediately went into the midst of this ill-fated and dreaded spot, armed with no more deadly weapon than a favourite ritualistic work called the Hua-yen doctrine. This work he began to read in a loud voice, and no sooner had the venomous creatures begun to listen than certain ones commenced to crawl away, — whether in disgust or alarm or influenced by some more potent agency, who can say, — until the reader stood alone in the solitude of the valley under the ancient mountain. Nor did any of the reptiles ever return. The emperor, upon hearing of this wonderful achievement, caused to be erected on this spot, as a monument of Ling-chiau's good work, the Hua-yen monastery. This was in 784 A. D., and since then the original structure has been replaced by a successor, and that in turn by another much larger than the first. The sacred building stands in the midst of a grove of venerable pines, its main entrance perpetually guarded by four sentries which are images of the Buddhist faith. This retreat is the Mecca of many travel-worn pilgrims, some of whom come hundreds of miles to pay their respects to the carven gods of the Buddha religion, "The Holy Trinity," whose colossal figures tower over thirty feet in height. In front of each is the customary altar, strewn with candelabra and other daily offerings to the religion. A pecul-

iar feature of this place is the high veneration held for animals that have shown in any way an instinct beyond that usually displayed by their kind. Hence large numbers of the brute creation are cared for here as sacred creatures, and whenever or wherever an animal displays uncommon sagacity it is sure to be received at Hua-yen with tender regard.

Over two hundred monks live here in their simple way, spending much of their time in sitting like mummies, supposed to be reviewing the set

BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

precepts of their religion. The silence which seems a part of the solemn scene is broken by the soft notes of a water bell, which never ceases to send forth its monotonous melody. At regular intervals the deep bass of the tower bell rings forth its awakening message under the manipulation of one of the faithful servants of Buddha.

Soon after leaving Fuchau we enter the Fukien channel, the island of Formosa lying off on our left. Geologists believe that this detached strip of country originally formed a part of the mainland of Asia, though a hundred miles of water now separate it from the mother continent. The

naturalist aids his argument by showing that the flora and fauna are identical with those of China.

Now we reach Amoy, noted for its orchards of that delicious fruit, pomeloes, which thrives here in its native soil as it will nowhere else, and that grass cloth, which is a natural product of the place. Amoy is guarded at its approach by huge granite sentinels, whose bare shoulders stand grim

WATER BUFFALOES.

and ominous beside the entrance to the harbour. The gray heads of some of these rise several feet above the tide, and are looked upon with great veneration by the natives as being dispensers of good luck to those who ply their craft on these waters. They are associated with the *Feng-shui*, or good fortune of the locality. The harbour is thronged with junks carrying loads of tea, a large proportion of which comes from Formosa, which has been such a thorn in the side of China for centuries. Before visiting Amoy long enough to speak particularly of the town, we purpose to make

a flying trip to the island whose name has been dinned in our ears ever since Japan was first mentioned.

The Portuguese, noted for their sentimentality in designating countries, named this Isla Formosa, the Beautiful Island. It extends in a northerly and southerly course for about 250 miles, and its greatest width is eighty miles. A lofty range of mountains, with peaks nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, runs like a backbone the entire length of the island. Like all countries, it was originally populated by a race of savages, who were driven back into the mountainous districts by the early Chinese, who came over in small parties. But with all of their settlements, the people from the continent have never to any extent crossed this natural barrier dividing the island, and to this day this territory of the highlands is held largely by the aborigines.

The capital of Formosa is the ancient city of Tai-wan-fu, a walled town of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Bewildering accounts survive in regard to the founding of this city by the natives of the Fukien province and the Hak-kas from China. The descendants of these people are the principal inhabitants at the present time, not only of this city, but of the surrounding country, which they are rapidly improving.

Tai-wan-fu has a stirring history. At one time it was under Dutch control, which is still shown by the ruins of old Fort Provincia and the extensive parks filled with groves of venerable bamboos and other trees. But after twelve months of fierce struggles against the Chinese corsair Koxinga and his followers, in 1661 it was wrested from the Dutch and sacked by the conquerors, as mentioned in our history of the Philippines. Other scenes of horror have taken place within more recent years, and just outside the city we come upon a barren plain known as "the death ground," where, on the morning of an August day in 1842, 160 Europeans were led out under sentence of death, followed by a hooting, exultant mob, eager to behold the execution of the "foreign devils." Their wild joy was swiftly turned to terror and wails of sorrow, when, as if an act of speedy retribution, one of the worst storms of that country burst upon the scene unheralded. In the twinkling of an eye turbid streams were formed on the surface of the dry earth, which overflowed the level land; huge trees were uprooted by the tornado, and houses caught up and carried away on its wings of wind like toys. Above the

tumult of the elements rang the death-cries of the doomed wretches, over two thousand of whom it is believed perished. The superstitious survivors claimed it was the seal of God's anger put upon the execution of innocent lives, and that the rain fell to wash clean the ground of the blood of the slain.

There is no harbour at Tai-wan-fu now, though the accounts of the Dutch say that they anchored their ships in a safe haven between an

GANG OF PRISONERS WEARING THE CANGUE.

island where the old Fort Zelandia stands and the Provincia. Koxinga's fleet found a spacious harbour where now rises the arid plain of Tewara outside of the city. At the present time a vessel is obliged to anchor two miles away. The town is reached from the ships by means of that curious craft called the *catamaran*, which is simply a raft of bamboo poles lashed together with rattan. These ribs of the strange float are bent, after having been toughened, so as to form a hollow in the middle. It is arranged to carry a single sail by means of a fastening near the centre. The passengers are expected to sit squat in a big tub, capable of holding

four persons in this uncomfortable position. There is nothing for one to do to keep from being rolled into the sea, during the lurches of the clumsy craft, except to cling to the rim of this crude "cabin." Woe to him who gets caught in one of these shallops during a monsoon.

In spite of the warlike scenes forming the background of its history, the city looks sleepy enough to-day. It occupies in extent about five miles of territory, and has many fertile fields and luxuriant gardens, the entrance to which is made along a network of paths running between overhanging walls of cactus and wild fuchsias, illuminated with their bril-

BRIDGE NEAR SHANGHAI.

liant flowers and the convolvulus hanging in huge clusters. At other places one walks for a long distance between walls of bamboo, their pointed crests forming an archway of delicate symmetry and beauty.

Wherever one goes in Formosa, the centres of population are distinguished afar off by the groves of areca palms and bamboos, which line sylvan pathways leading into the villages. Upon nearer approach, the odour of sweet smelling flowers, among which are most conspicuous the wild white roses that peep profusely from the hedges, fills the air. The Chinese are passionately fond of flowers, which fact is attested in every part of the Flowery Kingdom. Here they are favoured with the

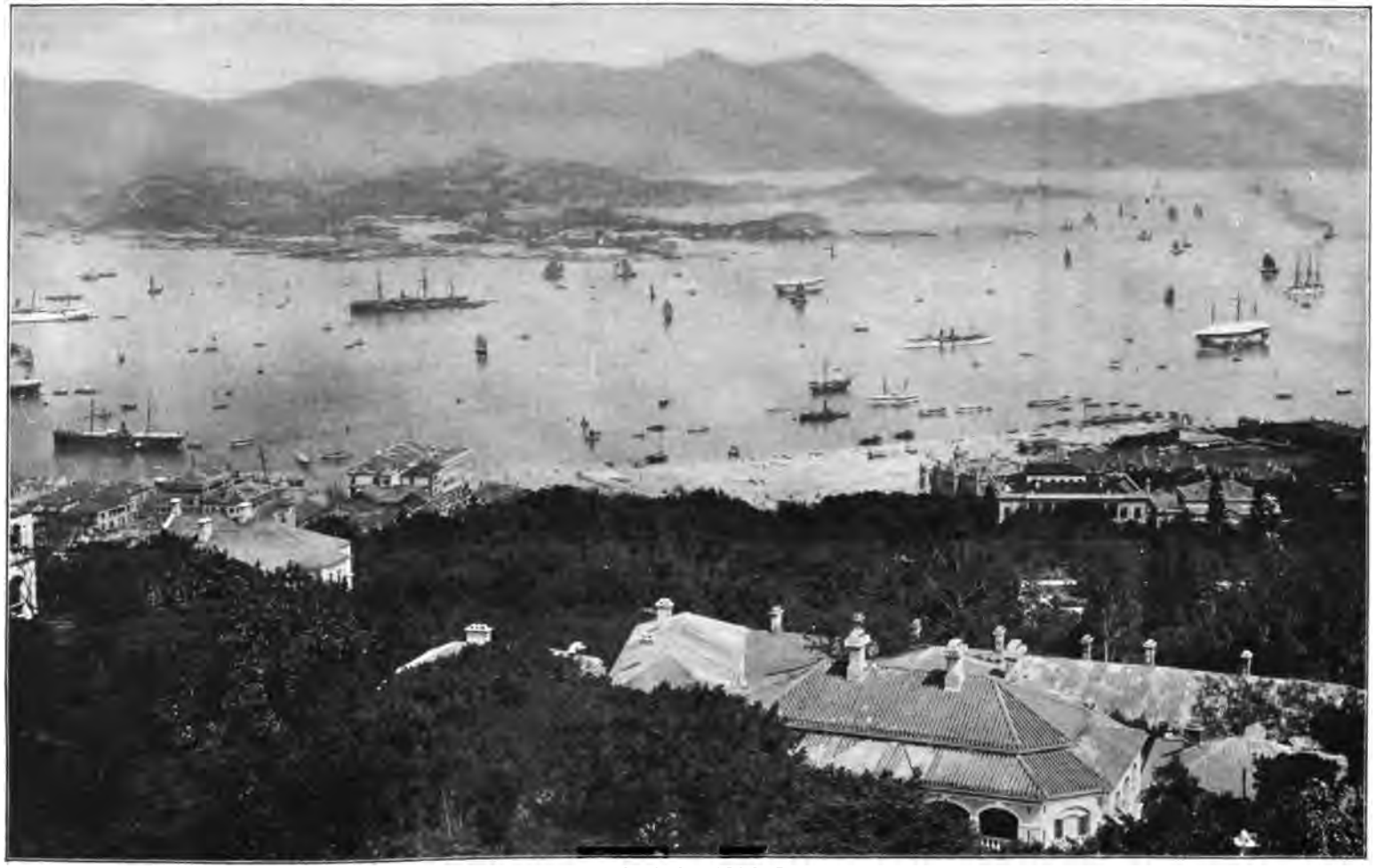
choicest treasures of the Temperate zone growing wild in abundance beside their brighter and more luxuriant sisters of the Tropics. Here, too, the bright prospect is enlivened by the cheery song of the field lark, common also to certain parts of Southern China and in the valley of the Great River. The island is estimated to have a population of three million, five out of every six being Chinamen. Formosa now

A LOTUS POND.

belongs to Japan, with which it is really more closely associated, notwithstanding what has been said by the geologist and naturalist.

Our return to Amoy is made by steamer, after a week's stay on the Island of Flowers, and, upon landing on the mainland, we are soon impressed with the feeling that we shall not care to prolong our visit here. As in other Chinese cities, the native population is huddled together in dilapidated dwellings. The single street which runs the length of the town is narrow and so poorly paved that at night-time it is unsafe for even a native to find his way.

The place is under a cloud, resulting from unjust import duties, regu-



HONG-KONG HARBOUR.

lated mainly by local officials, and the war-tax called *Lekin*, which was the legacy of a petty rebellion in 1853, and has never been removed. To Amoy, however, the war proved anything but petty. As in the case of many another insurrection which has arisen in China, it originated from a secret order dispute. It has been designated as the "small knife" war, and the leader was believed to have been a Chinaman from Singapore. Should Amoy secure a more enterprising government, its future might be made bright, for it is really a port of considerable trade. Though the Japanese now control the commerce of Formosa, they cannot do otherwise than seek this place as their natural outlet for trade with China in tea, sugar, and other products.

Among the bright pictures of Amoy, amid much that is dark and unpromising, are the flower girls and flower-makers. The manufactories are in narrow, crooked alleyways of a dingy, dirty part of the city, but as the lily grows from the stagnant water, to yield its rare beauty and perfume where all else is foul, so these pretty artificial flowers spring from hands that are far from clean and surroundings that show little of the comforts, to say nothing of the fairer virtues, of life. After we have bought a bouquet from one of the little vendors, who comes dangerously near being pretty, she escorts us to one of the headquarters of this art of imitating nature, where we find many artificial roses, pinks, lilies, and azaleas so beautiful and perfect that we are fain to believe we can catch something of the perfume belonging to those of which they are such exact prototypes. They are made from the pith of a plant found in Formosa, and we see little tots scarcely large enough to stand alone, as well as the old and the middle-aged, fashioning with cunning fingers these beautiful imitations. We stand and watch them for some time, and when we make our purchase, murmured thanks fill our ears. We turn away reluctantly, carrying with us the peculiar sensation of feeling that we have looked upon a little corner of paradise in a wilderness of poverty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HUB OF THE WORLD.

LEAVING Amoy amid its shadows, a pleasant passage down the irregular coast-line soon brings us in sight of the island Gibraltar of the eastern continent, holding on its rock-bound shoulders the watch-dog of Asia, Hong-kong, of which we have been getting frequent, but vague, accounts ever since we entered the Far East. Our mind's eye has pictured it to us in the vivid colours of the imagination, and now, with mingled feelings of relief and pleasure that we are here at last, of wonder and strange fears for what we know not, we look eagerly forward for the reality of the dream. In the midst of our excitement the great white steamer glides between the brown, massive jaws of burnt rock forming Limoon Pass like a huge, snowy swan darting through the needle's eye of the big harbour, her pure white blending softly with the deep blue of the Oriental sky and the sapphire of the Celestial waters. In the distance, innumerable merchant ships lie at anchor, while the war-ships of all nations hover near by. Then we recall with a deep, personal interest, that it was at this port, on that memorable 26th of April, 1898, that our own Admiral Dewey received his order to set forth on his conquest of Manila, and incidentally of the Philippines, which was to herald the glory of American arms to the world. But we soon lose the thread of this thought in the confusion quickly following. The passengers are to be taken ashore on steam launches, and there is a general rush to see who shall be first. Hundreds of sampans, which seem to be manned entirely by women, shrill-voiced and fearless, swarm around us. We have seen nothing like this before.

Suddenly it dawns upon us with forceful truth, which we are not slow to appreciate, that we are virtually at the hub of the world. From this isolated port of a foreign empire, tottering on its ancient throne,

radiates, like the spokes from the hub of a gigantic wheel, routes to all parts of the universe. From this port the traveller may take passage to any country of his choice. "The Land of the Southern Cross," Australia, and "The Switzerland of the South Seas," New Zealand, lie both on a direct course; or one may pass under the azure skies of the Southern Seas so as to stop at the "Land of Afternoons," Samoa, and

VIEW IN HONG-KONG.

"The Gem of the Pacific," Tahiti; or, he may visit the "Garden of the East," Java; "The Pearl of the Orient," the Philippines; "The Paradise of the Pacific," Hawaii, and, keeping on, enter through the "Golden Gate" of the American Republic. Another route will take him through the equatorial centre of the Orient, India, leading him on through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal into the sunny calm of the blue Mediterranean. But those ocean trips are not fixed in our mind. We are to see China, and to undertake the colossal journey of six thousand miles into the

interior of the oldest empire on earth. While we glance over the Oriental city under Occidental rule, we shall incidentally arrange for this stupendous inland trip.

Hong-kong has been fitly described as "situated on the steep slope of a mountain. As it rises from the sea, and terrace by terrace climbs the eighteen hundred feet to the summit of the peak, it is most imposing and beautiful. Again the white houses seem to be slipping down the bold hillside and spreading out at the water's edge in a frontage of more than three miles. The lines of the two viaducts, named for a couple of favourite governors, the Bown and the Kennedy Roads, draw white coronals around the brow of the mountain, and terraced roads band the hillside with long white lines. All the luxuriant green of the slopes is due to man's agency, and since the island was ceded to England, in 1841, afforestation has wrought miracles. A cable road communicates with the peak, and at night, when the harbour is bright with myriads of lights and trails of phosphorescence, the whole slope glows and twinkles with electricity, gas, and oil, and the lights of the cable-cars are fiery beads slipping up and down an invisible cord." The island on which the city stands is nearly eleven miles in length, with an extreme width of four miles, which narrows in places to one-half that distance.

The city has a European population of some ten thousand, while the Chinese inhabitants, mostly located on the lower levels of the town, number over two hundred thousand. In addition to these figures the harbour holds a floating population of twenty thousand people who live upon boats, and who manage to obtain a living by fishing or working on the vessels in the harbour. These quite constitute a race by themselves, though not confined to this locality, as they live in the waters of Amoy, on Pearl River, and in other places along the Asiatic coast. They are noted as being weather-wise. Keeping a constant watch over the state of the atmosphere, they can tell to within a few hours the approach of a typhoon, which is a source of dread by all. Before others have noticed any indication of the rising gale, they will be seen making in a body for the shore of the mainland, where they will remain until the elements have spent their fury. Then they will return to their usual place as if no change had disturbed them. The men are hardy, weather-beaten, and often ill-favoured; but the women are sometimes finely formed and attractive of

feature. Few men wear any clothing above the waist, though the females go well-dressed, and appear clean and modest.

The first impression of the stranger, as he sets his foot on land, can hardly be favourable, especially if he is an American or a European. This is caused by the mixed crowd of people that jostle against him, and beseech him for all sorts of concessions, with a complete indifference to good manners. Among these motley members of this singularly peopled city, where the East and the West clasp hands, where Europe mingles with Asia, Oceanica with both, and America with all, he meets the Jew, Turk, Mohammedan, Briton, Frenchman, German, Hindu, Javanese, Malay, Japanese, Parsee, Sikh, Cingalese, Portuguese, half-caste, with others that he cannot name, and everywhere the hard-featured Chinese coolie, carrying loaded poles, buckets, baskets, sedan-chair, or trotting before a clumsy jinrikisha. Miss Scidmore aptly says: "An Indian *ayah*, swathed in white, descends the long stairway of a side street; a Sikh policeman stands statuesque and imperial at a corner;

WIRE-ROPE TRAMWAY, HONG-KONG.

a professional mender, with owlish spectacles, sits by her basket of rags, darning and patching; a barber drops his pole and boxes, and begins to operate upon a customer; rows of coolies sitting against some greasy wall submit their heads to one another's friendly attention; a group of pig-tailed youngsters play a sort of shuttlecock with their feet; peddlers split one's ears with their yells; fire-crackers sputter and bang their appeals to joss; and from the harbour comes the boom of naval salutes for some arriving man-of-war, the admiral, governor, or a consul paying ship visits." If all this is confusing we must nevertheless soon get used to it, since we begin at once our tour of the most interesting parts of the city.

Hong-kong is justly proud of her groves of palms, her mimosas in blossom, her banyan-shaded roads, and her botanical gardens. We ascend to higher grounds in a sedan-chair, carried on the shoulders of two wiry coolies, who charge us at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour. If this is thought high, it will still be best to submit quietly, and to look out how one makes his trade next time. Confused cries and bitter imprecations reach our ears from a short distance away, where some one has attempted to cut down the wages of his chair-man. The matter is not settled as we move out of hearing, glad to escape from getting mixed up in the affair. It is well that the new cable road to the peak has reduced the number who travel in this way. Many, however, still go by chair and jinrikisha, which is considered in poorer taste but cheaper; some choose the latter methods of travelling for the novelty of the trip, if for no other reason.

We soon find ourselves picking up the peculiar idioms of the country, the "pigeon-English" that the newcomer gladly accepts so that he may be understood enough to get around without a *tin-chai*, or guide and interpreter. We hear some one calling "*chop chop*," which means "be lively;" another says "*makee*," and wishes to be understood to mean "all right," — a common assent to whatever is taking place. Such expressions as *chow chow*, or the single *chow*, for "food," *catch* for "buy" or "bring," *piecee* for "article," *shi fang* for "free," *pu shi*, "no," *kwoh*, "country, wide," etc., *yut sum* for "have patience," *liee ne shu* for "come here," *fie tee* for "be quick," *chin* for "we," and others, help one over the rough places to a wonderful extent. The occupant of the chair manages his bearers very much as he would control a horse in this country, only it

is done without reins. If he wants to be put down on the right-hand side of the street he raps the pole on that side, or if the case is different he strikes the opposite bar. He raps for them to start, and he raps for them to stop. They, in turn, rap for him to sit still when he begins to move about, and if he fails to sit so that an easy equilibrium can be kept he is rapped to the position desired.

We are attracted by a district possessing the high-sounding name, Tai Ping Shang, or "Hill of Great Peace," and thither we wend our steps at

HAO-KU TEMPLE AT HONG-KONG.

the earliest opportunity. We soon find, however, that the name is an illusion, a gilded title to designate a casket of shame. It is a Chinese quarter, the "Five Points of Hong-kong." Here sulk the outlaws of society, and here the vagabonds of the race seek the hollow pleasures of low life. Here dissolute women and unprincipled men eke out a miserable existence. Here are found public houses which no foreigner can understand, and lodging-houses which he would shrink from knowing. The entertainment seeker visits a peculiar institution known as the "music hall." We are content to give the description of another, having no doubt that this

description will answer for all, and they are not uncommon by any means.

"At the entrance there stood an altar, crowned with votive offerings dedicated to the god of pleasure, whose image surmounted the shrine. To the right and left of this hung scrolls, on which high moral precepts were inscribed, sadly at variance with the real character of the place. Half a dozen of the most fascinating of the female singers were seated

CITY HALL AT HONG-KONG.

outside the gate; their robes were of richly embroidered silk, their faces were enamelled, and their hair bedecked with perfumed flowers and dressed, in some cases, to represent a teapot, in others, a bird with spread wings on the top of the head. On the ground floor all the available space was taken up with rows of narrow compartments, each one furnished with an opium couch, and all the appliances for using the drug. Here were girls in constant attendance, some ready to prepare and charge the bowl with opium, and others to strum upon the lute and sing sweet melodies to waft the sleeper off into dreamland, under the strangely fas-

A CHINESE NAVY YARD.

cinating influences which, ere long, will make him wholly their slave. On the first floor, reached by a flight of steps, there is a deserted music room showing traces of the revel of the preceding night in faded garlands which still festoon its carved and gilded ceiling. There were two more stories to the edifice, both of them partitioned off in the same way as the ground floor."

We engage a jinrikisha man to take us into "Happy Valley," where the race-course draws its crowds, and on the way we go past the barracks. We see the City Hall and its museum, where an hour is well spent; we pass cemeteries of the Catholics, Jews, Parsees, Anglicans, and Mohammedans, each with its traditions of local and general interest.

In its cosmopolitan population, firm British rule, magnificent European residences, squalid Chinese huts, broad avenues leading to the foreign section, narrow streets winding toward the native portion of the city, the churches of Christ and temples of Buddha, Hong-kong presents one of the strangest medleys of the human races, and is an outpost most fittingly situated to become the entrance to that long-lived empire founded by the Chinese, empowered by the Mongols, and lifted into modern prominence by the Manchu chieftains of the North.

The island of Hong-kong has another city besides that bearing its name, the English colony comprising the city of Victoria, which has a colonial governor and staff, and holds its own court and social tribunal. This is the naval station for the British Asiatic fleet, while the munitions of war are stored just across the channel on the Kowloon shore. This crown of the Eastern watchman, while fashioned by the mind and culture of the foreigner, is still the handicraft of the native, who has hewn from a rock-girt island a city that has no rival in the Far East. Its fine stone fronts, beautiful esplanades, and princely residences afford a striking contrast to the dwellings of the race that did the real work in their construction, showing most aptly the result of a marked combination of mind and muscle. The thrift of the Chinese is everywhere visible in the cheerful contentment with which he continues his unvaried non-progress. The British flag was raised over this island in 1843, and it has never been hauled down since.

STEAMER RUNNING FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE RIVERS.

WE have now so far decided upon our route of travel that we resolve to go ahead without delay or hesitation. We will first pay a flying trip to the old Portuguese town of Macao, and then start for Canton by way of Pearl River. Regular lines of steamers ply between Hong-kong and the latter city, and beyond. It is a fine pleasure trip, along a broad river-way, the tourist seeing on the way the Bogue forts, before which the British ships were anchored in 1637, among the first vessels to discover old Cathay.

If nature was very kind to China in the matter of furnishing her with avenues of transportation, her people have been quite as chary in improving or adding to these. The empire has a coast-line greater than the combined distances of the shores of the two oceans washing the United States, while her extent of inland waterways are not equalled by any other country. These courses have been her sole dependence for carrying

on her commerce and trade. It is true she has built long lines of canals, but the better portion of these eventually fell into disuse and decay. She has never had any great highways, like the people of the Incas and some of the races of Europe. Instead of long trains of animals laden with the products of the land moving slowly to some distant market, solitary persons have crossed a trackless country upon journeys requiring months of hardship and poorly paid time. With all her vast territory and

ON THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

examples of modern progress, she has only a little over five hundred miles of railroad, built within a few years. This presents a striking contrast to Japan, which in a little over a quarter of a century has constructed more than seven times that distance of road and runs the entire lines within its own control. Speaking of the utter lack of enterprise in the matter of opening up the rivers for the better passage of craft, reminds us of the boatman on the Yangtse, whose sail had become so dilapidated that it was only with difficulty and extreme slowness that he could get ahead. When asked why he did not get a new one, he replied: "As long

as the old one holds it will be a sail." "But think of the time you are losing. You would soon make up for the cost of a new sail in the time saved." "Time saved? How can you save what is always slipping away?" and he resumed his smoking and his serious contentment with unruffled calmness.

From among the several river routes into the interior we have selected two, that of the Yangtse Kiang and the Cantonese or West River course. We shall pass up the last named to its headwaters, and then, crossing the country to the Great River, follow that to the sea; from thence we will go northward to Pekin and beyond, getting a bird's-eye view of Mongolia and the plains of Manchuria. First we shall cross the provinces of the two Kwangs, tung and si, which words mean respectively east and west. This is on the route to Tong King, or Cochin China, and Burma. We shall enter the long debatable ground of Shan and Laos, and shall climb the highlands of Tibet, and descend into the valleys of the River of the Golden Sands, cross the track of the renowned Venetian explorers, the Polos, and finally seek the pathway trod centuries ago by the conquering armies of the restless races of the North. It will be a stupendous journey, taking perhaps three years to accomplish, certainly two, but we shall not weary the reader with the petty details of the arduous undertaking, how many times we have to change methods of conveyance, interpreters, and guides, and the almost constant vexations that hover over the traveller in a foreign land. Though our note-book is largely filled with personal an-

DRUM TOWER, NANKIN.

noyances so common to the lot of others in like circumstances, we shall select only those which have a direct bearing upon the result. In short, we shall endeavour to make our account readable, frequently drawing from the records of others, with proper credit, for descriptions of districts where we, because of some local restrictions or for other reasons, cannot penetrate at the time.

The town of Macao, founded by the Portuguese more than three cen-

A TYPICAL CANAL VIEW.

turies ago, stands across the bay from Hong-kong. The Chinese have attempted to cut off all intercourse between Macao and the mainland by building a high wall across the isthmus upon which the town is raised. China does not like to acknowledge that this foreign child has any business to be there. The Portuguese claim that the land was ceded to them during their early relations with the empire. Be that as it may, the parent country seems long ago to have forgotten her offspring, and the latter has several times fallen under Chinese government. Its checkered

history is far from being clear of dark spots, and an air of melancholy hard to throw off hangs over the place. The most interesting part to foreigners is the fashionable promenade, Praya Grande, which sweeps majestically toward the noted water-place. The sea-baths are of wide-spread repute. Macao is noted for its olden fortress, its gardens, and the grotto where it is said Camoëns wrote his poems, though what attraction he found here to awaken his muse is beyond our telling. It is the Monte Carlo of the Far East. Here the fortune-seekers of the Occident and the Orient meet to risk fortune, honour, and often life on a bit of ivory or the falling of a scrap of paper. More opium, it is claimed, is loaded here than from any other port in China. The inhabitants of Macao are considered to be Portuguese, but if that is so they must be degenerate descendants, or else the race at home has increased its stature since the ancient days when the bold navigators entered the bay and took possession in the name of their patron. On the whole, we are disappointed with Macao. It is true that it has its picturesque spots, its quaint old houses, and its reminiscences of Camoëns and Chinnery, but little is left save the memory of a departed greatness. Its streets are deserted at all times, its men are mere dolls, and like dolls dress alike; its women, although gaily dressed, are faded and sallow-faced; over all the scene hangs an air of listlessness, as if Time had forgotten to move here and Nature had gone to sleep long ago.

Our objective point, after visiting Macao, is Canton, to reach which we take passage on a steamer up the broad estuary known as Pearl River. On our way we pass through the Sheffield of Cathay, Fat-shan. Notwithstanding that the iron used has to be imported, the industry of the factories here has never been supplanted by outsiders. One reason for this is the cheapness of Chinese labour, as well as the fact that the wares made by them are better adapted to the methods of the peddlers handling them. This town lies on both banks of the creek, which is really its principal avenue, at all times covered with junks and boats plying back and forth, laden with passengers and cargo. Thus for a mile this winding channel becomes the Venice of the Far East, where noise and confusion reign continually. Among the odd array of craft that we meet, we notice a great number of flower-barges moving sluggishly along, while many others are moored at the banks. These are conspicuous

for their profuse paintings, elaborate decorations, and gaudy coverings. Everything about them bears token of Oriental beauty and character, while a peep inside, through one of the silk-curtained windows or doors, affords a glimpse of Eastern luxury and abandonment to pleasure. Gaily dressed youths and gaudily painted girls hold high revel here, while men with the frost-marks of years and women with no greater charm than paint are seen flitting to and fro among the merry throng, dancing, flirting, or whiling away the time in frivolous amusements. Still others are languidly drinking tea, smoking from silver pipes, or chatting idle gossip. Besides these are their close prototypes, the floating tea and music saloons, one and all gay with merriment and indifferent to the cares of life. Many pleasure boats en route to the upper country are to be seen along the way.

JUNKS AND SLIPPER BOATS, CANTON.

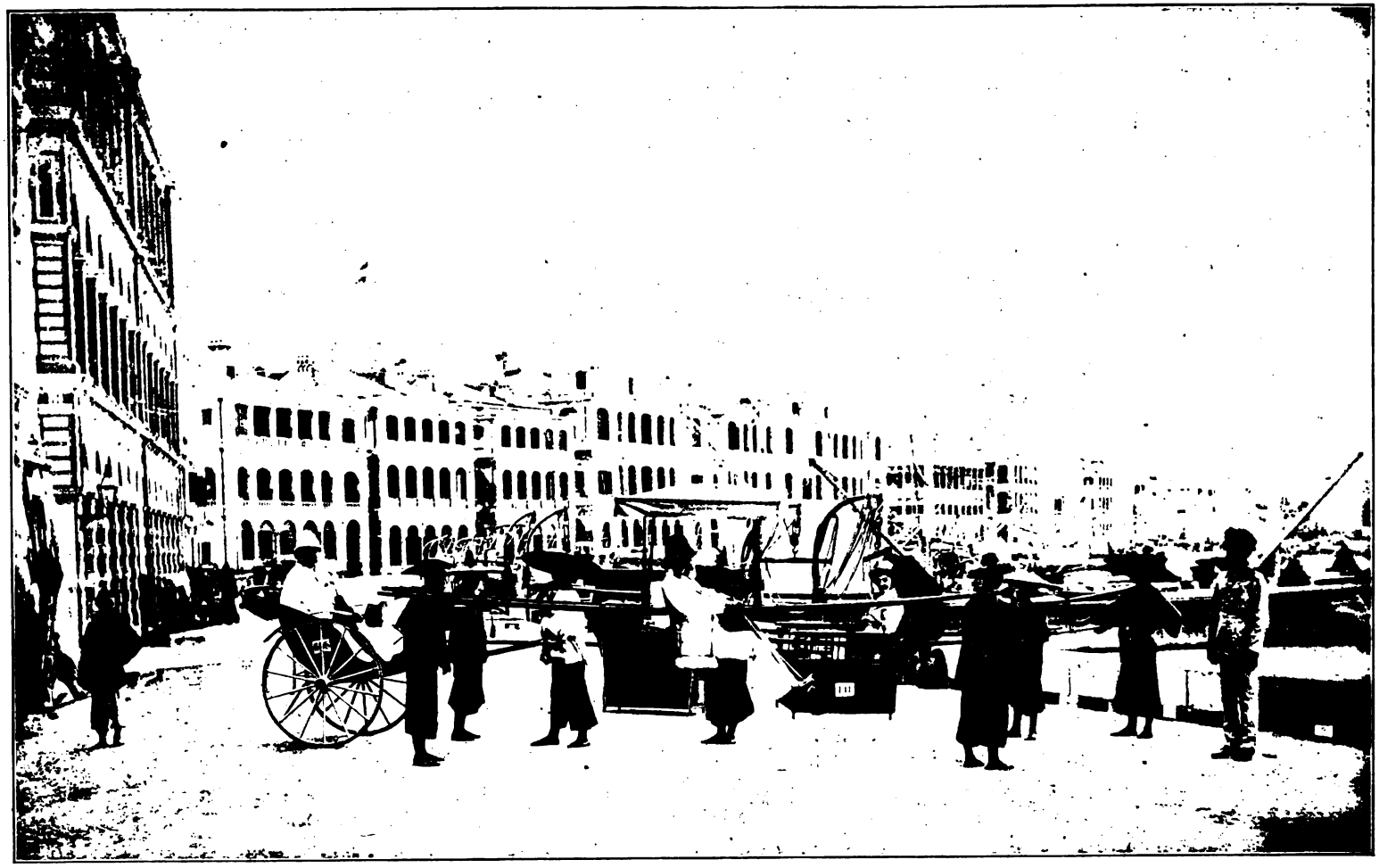
In the background we see fine brick structures, where the native merchants reside, while above them rise the temples of worship with façades of sculptured granite. In marked contrast to this display of

wealth and power is the large number of dwellings lifted on piles and covering the outlying districts where the common people live. The city has an estimated population of two hundred thousand people, and it extends for over a mile along both banks of the river.

At one point we are reminded of the famous fight made there by the doughty Briton, Commodore Keppel, in 1857. He started in to capture the city, and, after repulsing the Chinese in a fight lower down the river, pursued them into the very midst of their town, though his force consisted of only seven small boats. Taking advantage of the narrowness of the creek at this place, the Chinese formed a line with their war-craft like a dam across the stream, and waited the next move of their enemy, confident of annihilating them should they dare to attack them. The assault followed swiftly and with terrific effect. A perfect hail storm of shot was sent into the midst of the foreigners. The commodore's boat, foremost in the action, was literally riddled into bits, his coxswain killed, and all of his crew wounded. The gallant commodore then ordered a retreat for reinforcements, though not till he had captured five of the largest Chinese junks. The courage and effective work of the British was a wonderful revelation to the Chinese, who were for the first time brought into actual battle with the "foreign fire-eating devils."

In a country abounding with fields of ripening barley, rice-patches, and orchards, at the junction of three waters called "San Shui," we find ourselves forty miles from Canton. Upon listening to the high-coloured accounts of the country to the north, we resolve to add a little outside trip to our itinerary by going up the Pei Kiang or North River, before seeking China's famous city. Thus we soon find ourselves passing through the finest district we have yet found, the scenery of which has been compared with that of Scotland.

Farther up the river we come to the pass of Tsing-yune, noted for three things: its natural wonders, its monastery, and its burial-ground. In the last, thousands of graves dot the hillsides fronting the stream, each mound marked by a faced stone cut in the shape of a horseshoe, or given the appearance of rest by the rounded back of a chair. The pass itself has no particular claim to description, being simply an ordinary narrowing of the valley between the two ranges of mountains. The noisy city by the same



MODES OF CONVEYANCE, HONG-KONG.

name is a typical Chinese town, where the noise of gongs and crackers and the odours of joss-sticks predominate. The Buddhist monastery of Fi-lai-sz, however, deserves special mention, as being one of the most famous and picturesque institutions of its class in Southern China. A hill-side set in deep woods forms the background for this quiet retreat, which is reached by broad stone steps leading up from the river bank to the

ENTRANCE TO SMALL TEMPLE, CANTON.

gate about midway on the slope. The stranger is welcomed here by the inscription in characters of gold, "Hioh Shan Miau."

Entering the sacred place with feelings akin to awe, the visitor soon finds himself inside the shrine, before which are grouped three graven images, one of which is supposed to be a likeness of the founder of the sacred edifice, and the others the effigies of its most illustrious patrons. The floor of the cloister is laid in paving-stones. The walls, that would be otherwise dreary in appearance, are illuminated with decorations in

bright colours, while large vases, ornamented with striking figures and filled with fragrant flowers, stand on the tables. Sought for its quiet and delicious repose, this place has become a favourite resting-place for travellers up and down the river. The monks here, with a weakness for things earthly rather than divine, lose no opportunity of appealing to these transient comers to buy of them carvings from the woods of the mountains, or crooked and quaint walking-sticks made from trees growing in the sacred grove, or of dealing out to the visitors with no apparent compunction portions of opium. Across the river, in a thickly wooded dell, the pious recluses retire, whenever they desire to atone for any errors of the flesh by secluding themselves from the world for awhile, that the spirit of Nirvana may return to them. That they do not leave behind all of the vanities of the world when they repair hither is proved by the scent of that pernicious instrument of deadly poison, the opium pipe.

The scenery along this river is varied and often wild and lonely, reminding us of vistas in the Bavarian foothills. Now we move at the base of hills rising with gradual ascents on either hand, their slopes smooth and covered with a rich growth of bamboo and other trees; anon these gentle hillsides are banded at the foot by wide belts of sand, as bare and glittering as if a slice had been cut from the great Sahara or the Obi of the North. These desert bands, reaching to the steep banks of the river, finally become a mile in width, and the sun flings its warm beams directly down upon us. Then we begin to realise that the valley is growing narrower; the hills are drawing nearer; the barren belts become mere ropes of sand; the country grows wilder and more rugged in appearance; quite abruptly we find ourselves battling our way between bold walls of frowning rocks, with angles, buttresses, and corners thrust forbiddingly into our very pathway. Our progress seems suddenly blocked. A curve in the stream only adds to the obstacles in our course. The boatmen seem oblivious of this granite barrier stopping our passage, as they bend almost superhuman efforts to keep the craft from being sent backward from whence we have come, or from being hurled upon the rocks thrust above the foaming waters in their midst.

We come back this way, and we shall never forget the descent of the passage. It is late in the afternoon when we abruptly enter between the two jagged walls of rock that lift their ragged breasts high into the air.

The sun has sunk so low in the western sky that little light penetrates here, and the gloom adds so greatly to the uncertainty of our wild surroundings that we tremble for our safety. The boatmen — and few boatmen of the world can outdo these sons of the rivers of China — bend all of their energies toward keeping the light craft from being shattered on the gray heads stuck above the white crest of the rapids. Fortunately the worst is speedily passed, the skilful crew guide the boat into safer waters,

HONAM, OR "SOUTH OF THE RIVER," CANTON.

and five minutes later we are gliding gently along a smooth course with the pure sunlight of an Oriental sky shedding its rare effulgence across our pathway. We have made Mang-Tsz-Hap, or "Blind Man's Pass," in safety. This rugged rent in the river-way is the most remarkable in the whole course of our journey upon it.

Above this famous pass the hills beat a hasty retreat, as if ashamed for having crowded down in this unceremonious manner. But here and there some isolated limestone pillars, that seemed to have been belated in getting

away, remain, held firm and fast in their solitary footing like Lot's wife. Many of these present fantastic figures, in which it is easy to picture a resemblance to a human form. One of these is known as the "Woman that Weeps," and is in reality a good figure of a woman standing with bowed form, with great tear-drops caught upon her cheeks. If the expression on her countenance is any key to her heart, she indeed weeps over some great sorrow beyond the ken of human understanding. Another sight is a happier one, being the group of a family, — father, mother, son and daughter, while a babe rests in the mother's arms. Nothing is lacking but the divine spark of life to make this picture perfect.

GROTESQUE ROCK CARVINGS.

From the mountains one looks down upon miles of cultivated plains, which bear some resemblance to the meadows of Japan seen on the road from Tokyo to Nikko. Here, as there, the country is cut up into small fields, and embankments are raised around them for the purpose of irrigation in the growing season. Beyond the lowlands rise scattered hills, with rounded crests, on nearly all of which stand, under groves of evergreen trees, temples dedicated to religious personages, while still farther away, looking in the distance like emerald seas, forests of green bamboo lift their feathery plumage to the horizon.

The bamboo is common all over China, and, as in the Philippines, is a tree of great value as well as beauty. Raised with no care or tillage, it is a source of income, so that in this region frequently a husbandman's financial standing is estimated by his clumps of bamboo. This, it is claimed, with rice, will supply all the demands of a Chinaman. In the first place, the humble dweller seeks to protect himself from the hot suns of summer and the cold winds of winter by encircling his home with a hedge of this growth, the pale green foliage making a rich setting for his abode. The house itself can be and often is built entirely of its branches and stocks, and thatched with its foliage. The owner proceeds to make his household utensils, his chairs, couches, tables, water-cans, drinking jugs, measures, fans, flutes, and even the looms upon which he weaves the silken fabrics for which he is noted. His water-proof coat and hat are both made of its leaves, overlapping like the scales of a fish. His wine-cups, water-ladles, pipe, and chop-sticks come from the same source. So do his pens and paper. His cradle was a bamboo basket, and as he started out in life surrounded by his favourite wood, so his hope, when he has ended his earthly career, will be to rest under the bamboo brakes on some sunny hillside. The bamboo has a religious signification, and is treasured by the pious followers of Buddha. The avenues leading to the temples are often shaded by the luxuriant foliage of rows of bamboo, while, inside, the courts are fanned and made cool and fragrant by its waving plumes. On strips of bamboo the ancient authors cut the Buddhist classics, and the stems of this wood served to make the divination sticks and the covering for them.

After the harvest season, the farmers in this vicinity, if the crops have been good, are wont to gather in bodies to offer praises to the god of agriculture for his beneficence. The grain, already stacked in the farm-yards, is threshed out by flails or beaten out by the steady tread of the oxen let in upon it. The Chinese have always been patient, industrious farmers, knowing well that one's land, to yield crop after crop, must be fed as well as his ox or ass, and they have tilled it with this understanding so well that they are able to get two crops each year, and in some sections more, from the same plot. These are known as the green crop and the grain crop.

In Japan we saw many graven images of the goddess of mercy, the good Kwannon, and to-day we see China's noted goddess of nature and

merciful love amid surroundings and storied fame in keeping with her wonderful presence. Her temple here, instead of having been raised by mortal hands, is one designed and perfected by a power nobler than man's. It is a natural grotto at the foot of a limestone cliff, which rears its bold front high into the air, while the grand old North River, not yet grown to the dignity of its lower course, winds its way along the base of the cliff with merry songs. The entrance to this sacred retreat is near the water's

SOUTHERN SIDE OF ISLAND OF POOTOO.

edge, and is made by the ascent of a flight of granite steps. Within the strange temple, sculptured by no mortal hand, the goddess sits upon her throne, a huge lotus flower. What if the geologist says the image and flowers, the goddess and her throne, are the mighty fossils of rock and lotus! we have Buddha's word against man's, that the figure upon which you gaze was once a living, human being.

The history of this goddess is romantically told in legends of Buddha, and not always alike. She was the child of a peasant woman, and was born many ages ago, but not visible to the mortal eye until seen by the

Emperor Miao-Chwang, who adopted her as his daughter. She grew up to be very beautiful, and as soon as she had reached an age when the emperor deemed it time for her to wed, she declined the husband selected for her. In vain Miao-Chwang besought and commanded. Determined to have his way, the emperor condemned her to menial labour until she should relent. Finding this had no effect, he ordered her to be put to death, a threat which was carried out without causing her to yield. With the ending of her brief earthly career she entered upon a higher sphere in the spirit world. For the good of man she went into Hades, where she displayed such rare qualities of goodness and devotion to duty, that the wicked fled from her, the grim executioner threw aside his blood-stained weapons of life destruction, and the sin-cursed washed of their stains, the abode of evil became the abiding-place of the peaceful and happy. Her work accomplished here, the goddess returned to earth, to take up her abode in the grotto of North River, and from her lotus throne she looks down upon her worshippers with a gracious smile and loving care.

A little band of priests dwells constantly in an upper apartment of the cave, which it must be said has been given some finishing touches by the hand of man. For a small sum these aged ministers show us over the place that has little else to attract. Upon shelves and in crevices in the wall several small idols, each with a taper kept constantly burning before it, keep company with Kwannon in her long and lonely vigil. The priests are aged and bent with the burden of years, looking far from healthy; the goddess is sadly in need of physical repairs, and the fairest, prettiest picture of the secluded place is the flock of milk-white doves that have their homes in the niches of the rock-wall. Frightened at our appearance, they flutter about our heads, until, growing bolder, one after another lights upon our extended hands and shoulders.

FAT-EE, OPPOSITE SHAMEEN, CANTON.

CHAPTER VI.

MODERN CANTON.

THE grotto of the goddess of mercy is about 150 miles north of San Shui, the "Three Waters," which in turn is forty miles from Canton, the London of China, with its estimated population of three millions, and its din and confusion, which is beyond estimation. This city lies about ninety miles, a little west of north, from Hong-kong. Between the two cities steamers built upon the American plan ply regularly, making the passage "between suns."

Many have tried, but none have fully succeeded in describing the clamour and uproar arising from the multitude of boats battling fiercely for first place at the steamer's side, the shrill-voiced demands of the innumerable boat-women screaming over some fancied wrong, the howls of the coolies, and the distant rumbling of the great city's traffic and tumult which comes down to the river shore like the mutterings of peal upon peal of thunder, crash following crash with a rapidity which makes

A PUBLIC GARDEN, HONG-KONG.

them blend as one. As many as eighty-five thousand boats have been registered by the city government, a large percentage of them being managed by women and children. These become very adept in the calling, and boat life here, as elsewhere in China, is an important feature. We see here in a larger way what we witnessed at Hong-kong, the phase of life upon the water. Here thousands upon thousands of people are born,

SLIPPER BOATS, CANTON.

marry, live, and die, without mingling with the population of the earth. The boats, which constitute their homes, are to be seen along the river banks for miles, and in the great system of creeks indenting the vast city. This life has the advantage of being safe from fire and free from rent, and the occupant who does not like his neighbour has only to weigh anchor and float to some more desirable quarter.

This city, which for a long time was the only port in the vast empire of China known to foreigners, is at the head of the Kwangtung province,

and it has a most checkered history, beginning in obscurity and ending in confusion. The first intelligent mention of the province is found in the writings of the historians of the Chow dynasty, B. C. 1122. But it had no communication with the outside world until after the introduction of Buddhism, when some religious devotees opened intercourse with India in the early part of the fifth century. The two empires soon afterward entered into a commercial relation which existed for centuries, though about two hundred years ago it became confined to Canton alone. Recently this field has been broadened.

The stranger who wishes to see the great city pays the bearers of a sedan-chair to take him wherever he wishes, or, if he be wise, he will let them choose his route, when he will be borne perhaps in a procession with many others sightseeing like himself. One after another of the most noted features of the town is reviewed. Now it is the water clock in the temple on the walls, by which the official time is marked; and now it is the Temple of Five Hundred Genii, with its wonder tales and curious graven images expressive of the many attributes of life, good and evil. Here is to be seen a reputed statue of the celebrated Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, a grotesque sort of hero grinning from beneath a huge sailor hat of tarpaulin. This place, known to the Chinese under the poetical title of Flowery Forest Monastery, is constantly guarded, and he who enters must obtain special permission to do so. The Temple of Horrors, a living picture of the Buddhist Hades, whose courtyards beggars and fortune-tellers seem to choose as their most fitting retreat, claims but passing attention. Here are portrayed the various punishments accorded to the wicked, the flaying alive, the hewing into bits, the burning in oil, the beheading, the sawing in twain, and dozens of other forms of inhuman treatment, which it is as well not to mention. In close proximity to this spot of hideous worship, we come upon a strange medley of shops and warerooms of goods known and unknown, — more of the last named, — entire streets of jewelry dealers and silk merchants, dens of thieves and caves of gold-beaters, shoe shops, cabinet shops, meat and cook shops, where unheard-of scents fill the air, and cooking attracts, but does not tempt, the sightseer. Chinese theatres are often seen, while dealers in wardrobes and make-ups for the profession are numerous in a section that seems to be set apart for them. Dealers in

cast-off clothing are common, while curio and pawn shops are still more plentiful. On the bank of a tributary stream stands a temple erected to the memory of the noted Governor Yeh, who was carried prisoner to Calcutta by the British during their trouble with China in 1857.

In the vicinity of the Temple of Five Hundred Genii is to be seen the ruin of a former grand marble structure known as the Flowery Pagoda. In this section, too, is the magistrate's court, the spot in all Canton

PRESERVING GINGER IN SYRUP, CANTON.

most dreaded by its population. Few indeed are those who can endure the tortures and punishments which lie next door to that still more horrible place, the execution ground, known by the rows of potters' jars waiting to receive the head of some hapless victim, as well as by the miserable creatures grovelling in filth and rags, while awaiting the finishing act in this terrible farce of justice. Despite the shudder of horror at the sight of the half-starved wretches begging, it may be with their last breath, for the stranger to give them money with which to buy

rice, freedom, or the means to gamble with their jailers, the feeling of relief at the small number there affords a ray of satisfaction. In a city of three million souls the number of criminals, as shown here, is remarkably small. Across the city we see what is of far more interest and pleasure to us, the old English yamen, which was the abode of the first foreign legation in 1842.

We find the shopkeepers located by themselves, and on most excel-

VIEW ON THE FOREIGN BUND, CANTON.

lent terms with their neighbours and customers. The proprietor, who may be a gentleman of means and refinement, speaks English, is attired in a jacket of Shantang silk, breeches of dark crape, white leggings, and shoes of embroidered velvet, meets his customer at the door, and parts with him when his call is over with the same urbanity whether he makes a big purchase or goes away empty-handed. He is assisted by men displaying equal care and taste, whose places are behind ebony counters surmounted by glass cases filled, it may be, with rare curiosities, artis-

tically arranged to catch the eye. Everything in the shop is labelled, and the price marked plainly upon it, whether it be a roll of silk or a square of grass matting. If the shop occupies two stories, as many of them do, the second floor is given up to a display of rich bronzes, porcelain, ebony furniture, and lacquered ware. The business in the markets of the Chinese sections is generally completed by seven in the morning.

The streets of Canton are narrow. The law says they shall not be less

BRIDGE TO THE NATIVE CITY, CANTON.

than seven feet, but the law and the narrow lanes overhung with matted awnings often come into intimate association. Along these crooked passageways, black, gold, or vermilion sign-boards hang in close proximity, many of them giving a picturesque aspect to the crowded scene by their inscription in Roman characters along with others in Chinese. These are in constant danger of contact with the surging mob continually passing here. Two chairs cannot pass each other without careful manipulation on the part of the bearers, and in turning the frequent corners the long poles

have to be thrust into the front of some shop. In case the approaching chair is that of a mandarin, you are dumped hastily into the most convenient shop, lucky if you escape without a serious bump or tight squeeze. Canton affords the best example of Chinese life to be found in the empire, the foreigners living apart in a settlement of their own. Says Miss Scidmore: "This seeing the sights of Canton is a most bewildering, dazing, fatiguing day. When it is over and the boat slips down the river, past the French cathedral and the busy Whampoa anchorage, out between the quiet and level fields, one can hardly remember all the scenes. But he dreams of this city of Oriental riches and barbaric splendour, the city of the greatest wealth and the direst poverty, and he sees again the narrow, seething thoroughfares, the blaze of gold and vermilion, the glitter and glow of showy exteriors, where, if the Queen of Sheba did not live, she certainly went a-shopping."

In the display of their goods and the filling of their shops with a bewildering array, the Chinese show a characteristic the opposite of the Japanese, who seem loath to show their goods and ashamed to acknowledge their business. It will be remembered that the trading class until recently has failed to receive social recognition in Japan. But in China it is different. The shopkeepers are among the best of her citizens, and as a rule they are pleasant and prosperous.

In an exceedingly narrow street, filled with miserable hovels, whose roofs fairly touch over our heads, we find ourselves in one of the manufacturing centres of this Manchester of China. Here everything is produced, from the simplest novelty to the finest embroidered satin robe. From this section of Canton, and others like it, come those beautifully embroidered and woven articles that we see in our market at home, all done by hand, and often calling for many days of patient and skilful work. Yet they are sold here at prices defying the competition of machinery. It is the choice of the labourers that machinery has not been introduced into China, and not long since a riot was barely averted when an enterprising manufacturer undertook to place foreign machines in his shop. Though working through long days at a mere pittance, these operatives show remarkable skill and cheerfulness. Mr. Thomson, who paid several visits to one of these places, says: "I like to linger here and to meditate on these scenes of ceaseless industry, where all goes on with a quiet harmony

that has a strange fascination for the observer. Amid all the evidences of toil, the poorest has some leisure at his command; then, seated on a bench, or squatting tranquilly on the ground, he will smoke or chat with a neighbour, untroubled by the presence of his employer, who seems to grow fatter and wealthier on the smiles and happy temperament of his workmen. Here, too, one can see how the nucleus of this great city is more

AN ANCIENT TEMPLE, CANTON.

closely populated than at first sight one would suppose. Most of the workshops are kitchen, dining-room, and bedroom, too; here the workpeople breakfast on their benches; here at nightfall they stretch themselves out to sleep. Their whole worldly wealth is stored here, too. An extra jacket, a pipe, a few ornaments which are used in common, and a pair of chop-sticks, — these make up each man's total worldly pelf; and, indeed, his greatest treasure he carries with him, — a stock of health and a contented mind. The Chinese operative is completely content if he

escapes the pangs of hunger, endowed with health sufficient simply to enjoy the sense of living, and of living, too, in a land so perfect that a human being ought to be happy in the privilege of living there at all. It is a land, so they seem to suppose, wherein everything is settled and ordered by men who know exactly what they ought to know, and who are paid to keep people from rising or ambitiously seeking to quit the groove in which Providence placed them at their birth." By this it must not be understood that all Chinese are devoid of ambition, or desire to live in ignorance and hopeless toil all their lives. There are parents who seek to educate their children, and who look forward to the time when they may dignify their families by becoming a member of the Imperial Cabinet, and who themselves thirst after the power and glory that comes from great wealth and political prestige. Singularly enough, next to the humble, ignorant toiler, the educated men are those who help keep in servile bondage as bad as any slavery the great working mass.

The stranger cannot fail to note the marked difference in the appearance of different parts of the city. One radically different from those described is that quarter populated by the descendants of the Tartar captors of the city during the fifteenth century. The indifference toward the pursuits of peaceful life is evident in the decay and shabbiness of the low-walled dwellings, which show a painful monotony in their construction. With the fading of the glory of arms has vanished the prosperity of its inheritors. Their more enterprising neighbours, whose ancestors had been the victims of the prowess of their forefathers, have bought, reclaimed and rejuvenated some of the houses falling into ruins; while here and there the many-storied pagoda and lofty temple, with its gilded roof showing conspicuously above the tops of the ancient trees, or the imposing edifices built of gray bricks, which upon closer inspection prove to be not shrines of divine worship but of the worship of Mammon, the Chinese pawn-shop and money lender's establishment, relieve the dreariness of the picture. But the proud Tartar, too ambitious to descend to the menial calling of a trader, remains a sad relic of former grandeur.

At an elevated place called "The Heights," where a fine view of the city to the south is obtained, the visitor comes upon one of the prettiest deer parks to be found in China. In close proximity rise the dark,

REAR OF A PRIVATE HOUSE, HONG-KONG.

irregular walls of an old pagoda said to have been built under the reign of Emperor Wu-Ti, in the first part of the sixth century. It has the famous nine stories, and is about 175 feet in height. The tin-chai relates a thrilling story of a party of British sailors, who, getting tired of the tameness of life on shore, sought to make it more lively by ascending the odd-looking, octagonal column, which they did hand over

VIEW FROM FOREIGN QUARTER, CANTON.

hand, as they would have climbed a ship's mast. The strange spectacle quickly called about the spot a crowd of Chinese whose curiosity soon gave way to anger as they looked upon this desecration of their sacred edifice by these *fau kuei*, or "foreign devils." Before the daring sailors were aware of their danger the whole space at the foot of the pagoda was filled by a howling, maddened mob, which threatened to tear them limb from limb the moment they should descend. While they were trying to devise some way of escape their comrades on shipboard came to their rescue,

putting the crowd to flight, though not until they had brought their firearms to bear upon the Chinese.

It is in Canton that one sees the celebrated gardens of Fatee, where landscape gardening on a small scale is so well represented. In this nursery for shrubs, flowers and trees of rare species are cultivated. A place which affords a more pleasing contrast to the manufactories of the

BOAT LANDING, CANTON.

alleys and the crowded shops of trade, the dilapidated homes of the degenerate Tartars and the humble dwellings of the toiling masses, is the public garden, where we come nearer to China as she has been pictured to us. This typical spot is enclosed by a deep-set wall, and we enter through a high gate under the shadows of a three-storied pagoda. We quickly find ourselves in a cool, shady, secluded retreat, the brightness of which is somewhat dimmed by the resemblance which it bears to an American graveyard. On our right we see the mournful drooping willow so often stand-

ing at the entrance to some burial-plot in our native land, while an air of solemnity and sacredness seems to hang over the scene. But we soon overcome the feeling of sadness, and, advancing along a twisting path, find ourselves upon the margin of a lotus pool, where bright-hued barges float dreamily to the farther side. On our left the path winds over a willow bridge spanning an Elysian sheet of water, in which a couple of birds with

EARTHEN WATER-JARS, CANTON.

beautiful plumage and high, graceful necks, are swimming lazily to and fro. Everything about the rare retreat bears a sluggish, dreamy air, possessing the peculiar and not altogether unpleasant power to make one forget the world, and even himself. Moving slowly along, — it would be out of harmony to move rapidly, — one soon becomes used to stumbling upon cunningly contrived bowers, or along archways overhung with mossy festoons, or along the margin of a sparkling lakelet, made bright by a myriad of darting goldfish, and where a grave frog sits complacently on a lotus leaf,

blinking dumbly in the sunshine, as he gazes with bleared eyes upon the intruder. We are in fairyland, the same which we saw pictured so often in our boyhood on the chinaware our mother prized so highly. It was all there; it is all here. The idea is encouraged by the soft notes of a flute borne to our ears from the distance. Then the spell is rudely broken by the shrill notes of a voice more lusty than musical, and we move on to come out upon an open-air saloon, where a party of natives is partaking of a light repast of cake and tea, while they chat over the latest gossip.

Aside from these pretty retreats and other attractions, which are rather curiosities than added beauties, there are many features about Canton disagreeable to the traveller. None of these narrow, crooked streets, overtopped by roofs, encroached upon by business, has a system either of proper drainage or of modern lighting; while the water-supply obtained from the river, and of a quality unfit for a Western palate, is brought into the city by the primitive method of the generations who existed before written history. Everywhere one sees dirt and disgusting filth, until he wonders not at the origin of disease here, but at the fact that the people live and flourish as they do. It will be remembered that the bubonic plague of 1894 started here, and gained such a headway that the only way to estimate the number of the dead was by the records kept of the coffins taken through the gates of the city to the burial-grounds outside. Throughout this terrible epidemic, when it would seem that the survivors must awaken to some sense of the necessity for resistance or for proper safeguard, no attempt of a sanitary nature was made to check the pestilence, while the demon of disease continued to strike its deadly blows, desolating the homes of the city and peopling the graveyard out on the plains at the rate of hundreds a day.

The foreign population of Canton is collected on the island of Shameen, which is reached by a bridge that has a closed gate and guards. Until recently there was no hotel to accommodate foreigners, and newcomers must content themselves with remaining on shipboard. But this is not so now, and the stranger finds himself met in a spirit of friendliness, while surrounded by a scene of Arcadian beauty.

Official residences of foreigners are denominated yamens, and are surrounded by walls, with a huge gateway at the entrance, and a series of rambling buildings in the background. The avenue leading to this enclosed

residence may be bordered by noble old trees, and the dwelling raised above a terrace paved with flags. A common and pretty adjunct to the yamen is a deer park at the rear of the buildings, set with thick woods where the sportive creatures can find easy ambush whenever a stranger appears on the grounds. At every yamen in China stands a small gong called the "Cymbal of the Oppressed," which is to be sounded by a victim

POTTERY YARD, CANTON.

oppressed by any wrong. This custom has, however, fallen into disuse of late years.

Until lately it has been the opinion of Europeans and Americans that the cities of China were densely populated, and accordingly the statisticians have credited those places with numbers of people far in excess of the actual facts. Canton is not as densely populated as many parts of London, or even as our own New York. In the central portion is a district which at first gives the foreigner the impression that he is in one of the great beehives of humanity, but almost before he knows it he has passed

outside of this territory, and finds scattered about him extensive parks, ponds, parade-grounds for military bodies, and even rice-fields. Beyond these are the clustered suburbs relieved by the open spaces and gardens belonging to the residences of the officials, avenues shaded by aged trees, and orchards teeming with fruit in its season. Upon the whole, in spite of the broad area of tiled roofs, and the plains thickly lined with their miniature houses of the dead, the panorama of the city, as seen from the old city walls, whose neglected armaments and grass-grown sides no longer afford a barrier against enemies or a boundary for its people, conveys but slight indication of the density of population we had expected. The city proper contains an area a little in excess of six miles, and, taken in conjunction with the outlying sections which extend far to the right and left out over the plains, contains probably two million inhabitants, possibly not as many; it is credited, however, with a population greatly exceeding that.

CHAPTER VII.

ALONG WEST RIVER.

FROM the sights and scenes of Canton we turn westward to begin our inland journey toward the vast Tibetan plateau and the mountains of Kokonor. We are told that the Si Kiang, or West River, has just been opened (1898) as far as Wuchau, near the junction of Fuho, or Kwei River, so that steamers from Hong-kong make three trips a week, carrying passengers and produce. If we should take passage on a steamer as far as that important place of inland commerce, we should then be obliged to change to one of the river boats that go as far as the stream is navigable for these craft built especially for the purpose. We learn that one of these is about to start for Po-se, at the headwaters of the southern branch of West River, and we resolve to start as we shall have to end, where we begin our trip across the interior on foot or by horse.

This part of China has three routes of trade, but this is the natural waterway; though, until recently, no effort has been made to develop it as it deserves. For that reason much of the trade and business has gone to the routes of the French on the Gulf of Tongking, northward to Lungchau, or by Red River to Laokai and Mengtse farther west. But as soon as the spirit of improvement and the introduction of modern ways of travel get started in China, a remarkable transformation will take place. We see this illustrated in a small way by the rapid displacement of the sedan-chair by the jinrikisha of Japan, though this is but a straw in the current of events that is shaping the future of the Middle Kingdom.

Our course will take us through that ancient wonderland known as Chrysê, which Col. Henry Yule, who has been considered an authority on the subject, says "is a literal version of the Sanskrit Suvarnabhumi, or 'Golden Land,' applied in ancient India to Indo-Chinese regions. Of course, where there is no accurate knowledge, the application of terms

must be vague. It would be difficult to define where Ptolemy's Chrysê (*Chrysê sho aut Chrysê Chersonnesus*) terminated eastward, though he appears to give the names a special application to what we call Burma and Pegu. But Ptolemy, from the nature of his work, which consisted in drawing such maps as he could, and then tabulating the positions from those maps, as if he possessed most accurate data for all, neces-

BOULEVARD IN THE SHAMEEN, CANTON.

sarily defined things with an assurance far beyond anything which his real materials justified. If we look to the author of the 'Periplus,' who has no call to affect impossible precision, we find that Chrysê is 'the last continental region toward the east.' North of it, indeed, and farther off, is Thina, that is, China. Chrysê, then, in the vague apprehension of the ancients, — the only appropriate apprehension, where knowledge was so indefinite, — was the region coasted between India and China. It is most correctly rendered by 'Indo-China.'" Accepting

this as the actual situation, we shall now leave the region to our south, though our route will enter a portion of the country by common consent so designated.

Again we find ourselves back at Fatee Creek, winding our way past the throng of boats, "ferries," vessels, large and small, hwa-tings or flower-boats, floating palaces, and many a craft that we cannot name, which fill Fatsang's river-street. Among the great number we notice a boat decked in beautiful shape to represent a bower of flowers, which

CANTONESE MUSICIANS.

is under the charge of a bevy of Chinese beauties, who appear under the friendly rays of lanterns and the spell of music in a profusion of paint and adornments that is quite remarkable, if not productive of personal charm. These youthful houris, some of whom are really beautiful, but all of whom are illiterate, have the credit of being sweet poetesses, an illusion which neither time nor truth has been able to remove from the impressions given by accounts of the misty past. This floating palace of flowers, where the floral offerings of the Flowery Kingdom are so well pictured, bears the fanciful, but not inappropriate,

name of "Snow-drop." Farther on we see another, poetically styled the "White Pearl," and then two, which are bound together by bands of lilies and bright flowering vines, and which share in the romantic term, "Blush of Lips."

Then we leave Fatsang, with its bustle and earthenware, its boats and flower-barges, its poets who do not sing, and its beauties that do not charm, and swing from the meeting-place of the three rivers into the broad channel of the one coming from the sunset land. It is pleasant to be freed from the noise and confusion, excitement and crowded traffic of the beehives of humanity, and find ourselves where the deities of the river rule over a landscape touched with transcendental beauty. The sluggish stream sweeps majestically along banks overhung with a rank vegetation and far-reaching open country, dotted here and there with groves of palms, bamboo, and banyans, amid which, we are told, wander the creatures of the woods unmolested by the people, who hold a high veneration for those who cannot speak for themselves. Anon the river banks are overhung by the strange-looking dwellings, the stone walls of which rise from the water's edge, and overhead the towering temples dedicated to the god of nature; then we pass under the sheltering arms of ancient forests whose dense perfumes fill all the air. Most aptly could the words of Sir Walter Scott, in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," when he speaks of the Thames, be applied to this far-away scene: "Here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all of its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole."

The "hundred barks and skiffs" that ply on West River are the singular boats and barges peculiar to the country, not the least conspicuous of which is the *ho-tau*, which means literally a "river ferry," of which class we are often meeting specimens, while others are following in our wake. It will be remembered that we took passage on one of these, the owner of which agreed to carry us to Po-se, six hundred miles from Canton, for one hundred taels, equal to a little over $150. He calculates it will take us forty days to make the passage, which will make an average of fifteen miles a day. It is a slow

method of travel, but the best in China, except where the few steamers ply.

The ho-tau, which looks in the distance like a huge floating house, is commonly used by mandarins and well-to-do traders in their trips up and down the rivers. The better class liking luxury and comfort even when travelling, these house-boats are roomy and well-furnished, so as to afford the greatest ease and delight. In summer they furnish a very

BOAT SCENE ON THE RIVER, CANTON.

enjoyable way of travelling, to him who does not put a high valuation on his time. They are made flat-bottomed, and draw from a foot and a half to two feet of water. A deck-house, with about eight-foot posts and running nearly the entire length, is divided into several apartments by movable partitions. These are lighted and ventilated by glass windows, which have wooden shutters that can be closed at pleasure. A foot-board or walk-way about a foot and a half in width runs the entire length of the boat on both sides, to support the crew when navi-

gating the craft by means of long poles. These boatmen keep time to their strokes with unearthly cries; the more noise and confusion they create the better. On account of the danger that exists to this day from river pirates who infest many of these streams, these boats usually carry an armament of firearms, some ancient horse-pistols, pikes, both straight and pronged, and halberds. The last two named are the

CHRIST CHURCH FOR FOREIGNERS, CANTON.

famous weapons of Chinese history, and the tales of old are filled with the wonderful deeds performed by the redoubtable warriors of a day and amid scenes that are hard to locate at this time.

These boats are all appropriately named, as well as being properly christened, and bear sometimes several proverbs from favourite authors carefully engraved on a panel or tablet. We notice the following suggestive lines: "Mountains are famous as being the abiding-places, as well as for their heights;" "Rivers are more renowned for the dragons inhab-

iting their waters than for their depth;" "This boat, where I live with virtue and contentment, is safer and more desirable than the imperial throne."

The sun was sinking behind a dark mass of rock and earth and scanty vegetation on our left, marking the speedy approach of night, and all of those on the boat who had the leisure were watching the abrupt frontage of country ahead, when the ho-tau swung lazily around toward the left bank, though there was no sign of a landing-place anywhere in this vicinity. The watchers instantly turned their gaze from the landscape to seek the cause of this sudden and unexpected change of course, fearing that some accident had fallen to the craft. A rapid glance along the rough bank showed only the solitary figure of a man, whose form was silhouetted against the sky with remarkable boldness. His long, straggling white beard, if nothing else about his tall, slender figure, told that he was long since past the prime of life, though he stood erect as a youth. He remained perfectly motionless until the boat swung near enough for him to spring from the point of rock on board, when the boatmen brought their craft back into the middle current, and resumed their laborious poling against the stream.

Now that we get a closer look at this stranger, who has so unceremoniously joined our party, we can see that he is older than we had judged from a more distant view, but his dress shows that he does not belong to the lower class. In our country we should look upon him, with his threadbare garments and travel-stained appearance, as a gentleman in needy circumstances. But if his means are not the best, his countenance is cheerful, and the moment we hear his voice we are pleased. He suggests a phase of life we have not seen before, and which we do not yet understand. Upon inquiry, we learn that he is well known to the crew of the ho-tau, and then our tin-chai introduces him as "Go Mung, the Talebearer."

This awakens further curiosity, and the result is that we learn something both surprising and interesting. Mr. Go Mung, the Talebearer, is more strictly speaking, a news-carrier, of which we are told there are many in China. Though book-making has been carried on to a considerable extent, the Chinese have no newspaper, as we understand the term. But the news is pretty well circulated by personal mediums, every man, woman, and child being a sort of walking daily, going about diffusing

the accounts of the day. In the interior districts, it may be readily understood that these affairs are often months old before they reach the people of these districts, but it is news there, and as such passes current. This seems to have aroused Mr. Go Mung to the fact that it might be made profitable for some one to devote his time to making periodical visits to these places, carrying the latest happenings in the coast towns. So our strange passenger is a personal newspaper bent on circulating the news to his patrons hundreds of miles away, it may be. He has come recently from Hong-kong, which is proved by his giving us bits of affairs

A COUNTRY FARMHOUSE.

that have taken place since we left there. He is a fluent talker, who can speak ten or twelve different languages and dialects, among which, we are glad to find, he counts the English. He seems pleased at our appearance, and immediately we begin to wonder how our tin-chai will look upon this intruder. He appears unconcerned, as if it did not matter to him, as long as he got his pay, and we are sure the pleasure of our trip will be doubled by the other's companionship.

By this time we are in the midst of a wild, picturesque scene, that even in China is noted for its attractions. In America or Europe it would be visited by tourists from far and near as a popular resort. Shau-hing-hap Gorge, as it is known, is nearly four miles long, flanked on either side

by steep mountainsides that look as if the whole mighty body had been dropped here by some great power. The channel of the river becomes compressed to one-fifth of its usual width, and the sullen waters flow swiftly between its granite barriers at a depth, in places, of a hundred feet. The wall of sheer rock, destitute of vegetation at places, becomes here and there the fountain-head for torrents of water leaping forth to fall into the river below. Along the base of the rock winds a well-worn foot-path, and we fall to wondering where it leads, and for what purpose travellers can be wending their lonely way here under the mists and the shadows of the mountains.

Go Mung is standing by our side, and we are about to ask him its explanation, when he points out to us a weird figure standing on the summit of the rocky height overtopping us. Then the ho-tau swings around enough for us to see, to our surprise, a woman's form clearly defined to her waist in the sunlight which falls on the mountains, and standing with head inclined forward, as if in an expectant attitude, looking for the coming of some one. The old Talebearer must have noticed our look of wonder, — perhaps he had anticipated it, — for he begins to tell, in a low tone, the legend that he has no doubt told many times before, of the "Expectant Wife," as the stone image of Shau-hing-hap Pass is called.

"Once a man and his wife lived in this region, each with unfaltering faith in the other, and both extremely happy. But after a time it became necessary for them to be separated for awhile, he being called away from home on business. Both knew he was entering a country filled with war-like people, but they parted firm in the belief that they should be reunited after three years. As might be expected, the time sped slowly and sorrowfully to the waiting wife. But it soon proved different to her husband, who had forgotten his pledge to her, and was basking in the smiles of a siren of the country of Kwangsi. Finally he recalled the loving wife he had left at home, and he decided to pay her a visit, intending to return after a short tarry, believing that he could come on an excuse of further business. But the fair wooer of Kwangsi, unable to dissuade him from leaving her, and suspecting his object, feared he would never come back. Once out of her presence, her power would cease over him. Unknown to this recreant husband, she was a sorceress, so she tried by every means to stop him. But the strength of the love of the faithful wife seemed

to draw him away, and in her desperation the siren followed him down to the river on which he was to go by boat to Shau-hing-hap. The moment of parting came, and, having failed in all her artifices, the baffled woman resorted to her last and only hope. Under the pretence of a hopeful parting, she went through a strange form of magic, and he was changed to stone just as he was leaving her side. He is still to be seen in a cave close by the river, a spot which is known to this day as 'The Held Man Cave,' while the mountain above is called 'The Husband Expecting Hill.' The grieved wife, worn with anxious watching and waiting, had prayed to the supernatural power to send her husband, which accounted for the siren's failure. When her husband was turned to stone, singularly the wife herself was changed to the same element, where she was standing on her lofty lookout, and there she remains to this day. It is believed that some day the pair will be brought together, and the faithful wife be thus rewarded for her long years of separation."

BEGGARS ON HILLS NEAR NANKIN.

Near the upper end of the gorge stands the city that gives it its name, Shau-hing-fu, famed for its nine-storied pagoda, built after the style of the pagodas of Southern China. This town, once the provincial capital in the days when the Portuguese first landed off the coast, covers a large extent of territory, with a front of solid wall protecting it from the floods of the river, which are to be dreaded at certain periods of the year. Though this place has fallen sadly from its early grandeur, traces of that prosperous day are to be seen in the broad stone slabs paving the streets, and big,

THE SOWKEWAN ROAD NEAR WHITEFIELD STATION, HONG-KONG.

busy shops that speak of a time when bustle and activity reigned on all hands. Not far from Shau-hing, on the east side, rise abruptly from the green plain the seven lonely peaks of limestone known as the "Seven Stars," and formerly the resort of numerous religious followers. Temples were raised here, and in the caves at the foot of the peaks are several bronze images, and Go Mung assures us that there are many interesting legends connected with the place.

Above the gorge the hills beat a hasty retreat from the river, and the

PAGODAS ON GRAND CANAL.

country becomes covered with growth, where it is not dotted with hamlets surrounded by cultivated fields. This portion of the river passage has not yet lost its reputation of being dangerous for foreign travellers. The people are grossly superstitious and prejudiced against newcomers. Everywhere one goes one is followed by a crowd, which at the moment least expected becomes a mob, and a Chinese mob is the very worst rabble to meet in the world.

We soon find ourselves passing the ridge of black crystalline stone known as "Cock's Comb Rock." At its foot the waters dash madly

against huge boulders, which seem to have been thrown by a giant hand at random into the stream. The boatmen are kept busy battling with the current, and close down by the rocky wall we see the wreck of a ho-tau that was hurled upon the rocks only the day before. Beyond this place the north bank of the river rises abruptly from the water to a considerable height, while scattered along the summit are here and there Chinese pagodas, so common in this country. The landscape grows more inviting

COUNTRY SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI.

as we advance until we enter one of the finest regions to be found in the great empire. The river continues to run close to the base of the hills on our right, the scene, even to the blue sky above, not unlike the shores of Swiss lakes. But the novelty of the Swiss chalets is exchanged for the fantastic joss-houses, and the picturesque dwellings of the Alpine people are displaced by the odd-looking adobe buildings of the Chinese, marked as they are everywhere with clumps of bamboos. The stream is alive with river craft, and the medley of cries from the noisy boatmen fills the air and makes hideous a scene which would otherwise be exceedingly enjoyable.

A little later the setting sun throws broad beams of changing gold over the hillsides, which turns to silver on the river, while fleecy clouds with azure linings, such as we have seen overhanging Lucerne, float across the Oriental sky, finally fading into the deep blue background of the distance. As the twilight robs the lower country of its transient beauty, the straggling, irregular appearance of the tiled walls and thatched roofs of a Chinese village, embowered in the midst of bamboo thickets and other more ancient-looking trees, breaks upon our view. The buildings fronting

COLOSSAL ELEPHANTS AT MING TOMBS, NANKIN.

the river have stone basements, with walls overhanging them. Back of these, perched on stone under-stories and reached by tier on tier of stone steps, rise one above another the houses, topped like straw stacks, with here and there the curious-looking joss-house, supposed to hold the good fortune of the place. In the distance rises the picturesque Wa-piu-seh, the wooded belt of its upper half and the cultivated regions below giving it the appearance of being only half clothed. A thin, silver mist, hanging like a veil over its massive forehead, grows dark with the approaching night, as our ho-tau moves in against the river bank and the boatmen secure the craft from drifting away.

This part of the river, which sweeps around to the south here, is rich in the romance of other days, all of which has not fled. The Tale-bearer has sought the town to carry the latest news, his appearance everywhere hailed with delight by the people, who have looked eagerly forward for his coming, it may be for a long time. During his absence our tin-chai keeps our interest alive with tales of the river outlaws, who once, if not now, infested this part of the country, and whose daring deeds and reckless chivalry outrival those of Dick Turpin and Sixteen-String-Jack and their companions in the days when Hounslow Heath resounded with their ringing demands for money or life and the hoof-strokes of their flying horses in case the pursuit became hot. One of this outlawed band became especially noted for his boldness and cunning, until his name was a terror to all peaceful sojourners in the region. Like all of his daring type, his fate was as remarkable as his career had been romantic.

A peasant living across the river was visited in his dreams one night by a magician, who told him that on a certain witch's hour (midnight), if he would walk to the river's bank backward, he would find there a pair of slippers capable of enabling him to cross the rapid stream dry-shod. He would also find there a sword endowed with power to make him able to slay the bold brigand while he slept in his hut under the mountain. Saying nothing of his wonderful dream even to his wife, this brave fellow arose the following night at the appointed hour, and went down to the river just as he had been told, even counting his steps to know that he was right. Sure enough, he found there the slippers and the sword. The first he put on his feet, and the keen-edged weapon he clasped in a firm hold, while he walked over the rushing water without mishap. He found the pirate sleeping, as he had been told, and he slew him at the first stroke of his charmed blade. Flushed with the triumph of his feat, he returned over the river, keeping the sword and the slippers as proof and mementoes of his night's adventure. The hero died long since, his home has crumbled away, the sword and magic slippers cannot be found, but the story of his great deed is still told as the boatmen move past the place where he is supposed to have crossed on his merciful errand.

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL WONDERS.

THE landscape constantly pleases the traveller by its varying phases. No two scenes are alike. The land capable of cultivation along this river is, as a rule, a mere band of earth, the background consisting of detached hills or long, ragged ridges. The physical appearance of the inhabitants shows that they are inured to hardships and persistent toil in order to obtain a subsistence. But for all that they are better clothed and seem more prosperous than some of the people farther north, whom we have since met.

Now the hills crowd themselves down into the water, narrowing the stream to its utmost, or anon the landscape flattens, the stream, but a short time before deep and sullen and narrow, becoming a broad sheet of water as much as three miles in width. The bare hillsides of a short time previous are succeeded by slopes covered with the graceful bamboo, the higher ascents are marked by patches of a lesser growth, while, lower down, dense greenwoods cover the plains. The scarceness of timber on the hillsides is not the fault of nature, but is due to the improvidence of man. The soil and climate are both capable of producing abundant growth, if he would only allow them to carry out their part of the great order of things. In justice, it should be added that the government has begun to see the need of official assistance, and already measures have been taken which will ensure a restoration of the original garb of these uplands, and thus add materially to the wealth of the country. If the hills have suffered neglect, as much cannot be said of the fertile valleys, which are in a high state of cultivation everywhere. In this region the overflows of the river, like those of the Nile, materially enrich the soil.

This evening we have seen a sight which is well worth many miles of travel to witness. It is nothing less than the famous "fire tree" of China. It stands near the summit of a slight elevation of ground, — a

shapely tumulus of earth, — just as if it had sought this position to show off to its best advantage. But this only comes to us upon second thought. We at first see only a shapely tree of medium size, every part of whose straight trunk, graceful branches, and delicate foliage is ablaze with unwonted splendour. Overhead, a circle of brilliant light shows for a long distance, while the earth around for a wide circumference glistens and sparkles with the transparent illumination of the living lamp, one of nature's wonders. We are dazzled, bewildered, by this magnificent spectacle, of which we have heard what we had considered exaggerated accounts, but which we find have done but scanty credit to the beautiful object. Nor does our admiration cease when we know that all this bright, phosphorescent illumination comes from a myriad of little creatures called the "lantern fly" (*fulgora candelaria*) of China. The light radiates from the transparent sides of the insect's long cylindrical proboscis.

BRIDGE OVER CANAL AT SOOCHOW.

The Talebearer, though he has doubtless seen just such a phenomenon many times, seems greatly affected by the sight of the fire-tree, and, as we turn away, he tells us the following curious story to account for its origin:

"Many years ago, so many that the learned writers cannot compute the time, though one of them spent his entire life in reckoning the ages, there lived two youthful princes of great beauty and manliness. This couple loved each other dearly, and they were always seen together. One day, as they were out in the country walking about, they came upon a deep, wide ravine, spanned by a bridge of flowers. While they stood admiring the beautiful structure, they discovered on the opposite side

two maidens of wondrous beauty. They fancied these beckoned for them to cross over, and, regardless of the frailty of the bridge, they passed over to the sunny bank of the ravine.

"The fair twain proved as sweet-tempered as they were beautiful, and the youths were fain to tarry with them, the four talking the romantic nonsense in which the young delight. Finally, after what seemed to them a brief stay with the enchantresses, they reluctantly bade them adieu. But when they turned to retrace their steps, they found that the flower bridge had vanished, so that a wide gulf lay between them and the farther bank. Thus were they obliged to go around the ravine, which took them so long, they claimed, — though the wise heads said it was because they had tarried such a time with the pretty, bewitching maids, — that they were old men when they reached their native place. Nor was this the worst, for the home of their father could not be found, and they could find no one who knew him. After many vain inquiries, they came to understand that a new generation of people was on earth, and that their kindred had slept, lo! many, many years under the silken sward of the village's ancient burial-ground. They did not care to linger long amid a scene so painful to them, and at the close of one summer day they were carried side by side to a place of rest near their parents. As for the maids, who had proved themselves sorceresses, they were transformed into those living lamps, the beautiful 'fire trees.'"

GREAT BELL TOWER AT NANKIN.

This is the Chinese version of the tale of Rip Van Winkle, which

is common to all lands, in one form or another. On many of the fans of the Flowery Kingdom have been painted the scenes of this legend, the young maids in flowing pink and blue silk gowns, the bridge of flowers, and the youthful lovers about to cross over to the sides of their waiting sweethearts.

As we progress, the cultivation of rice becomes less common, its place taken by Indian corn, supplemented by pumpkins raised with the cereal. Then fruit orchards gladden our sight with their abundance, these having been rarely seen in the lower regions. Then the country of red sandstone hills is entered, presenting less attraction.

We soon approach the end of steam navigation, the most important city between Canton and Yunnan in the west, which lies at the junction of the Kwei and West Rivers. It is a walled town, affording but little interest to the tourist, but presents a most active appearance, with its markets situated on scows moored near the north bank of the river, its chain of rafts running up and down the stream for a long distance, and other craft beyond counting and naming lining both banks. The rafts are made of logs held together by cross-ties of stout scantlings, overlapped by planks. Each has its house raised upon wooden posts, and thatched roof overlaid with sawed planks running horizontally on the slopes. This place has a population of from thirty thousand to forty thousand people.

We begin to see a change in the landscape as soon as we leave Wuchau, and by the time we reach Mong-kong the scene becomes grand and picturesque. The river winds through a perfect maze of hills, set with a background of mountains, whose wooded sides rise into the sky with outlines softened by the liquid azure of the Southern atmosphere. We are told that the hillsides afford good hiding-places for bands of robbers that are the terror of the country. Their favourite places of resort are the forts raised during the Taiping rebellion, which were left to ruin when the insurrection had been ended. The stories of the boatmen are now graphic accounts of wild adventure, which the traveller has to accept with a certain amount of allowance. Fortunately, none of the bold marauders offer to molest us.

This leads us to say that the inhabitants of the "Two Kwangs," tung (east) and si (west), are looked upon by the rest of the inhabitants

BEACONSFIELD ARCADE, AND HONG-KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK BUILDINGS.

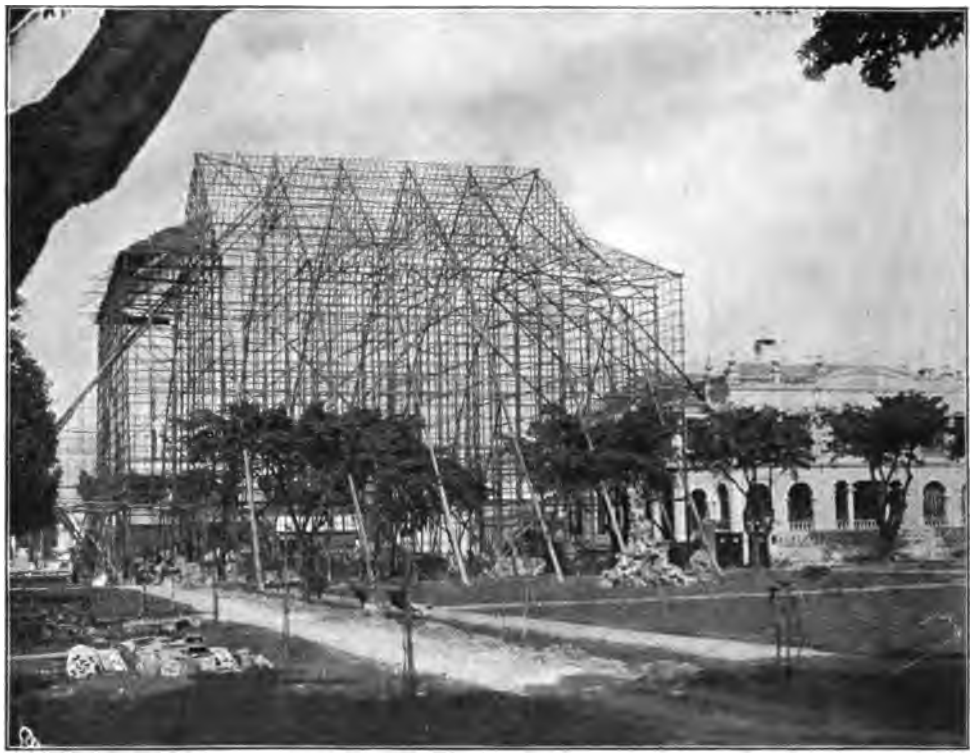
of the empire as "barbarians," and not fit to receive into association. The stranger cannot fail to notice a marked difference from the Cantonese in demeanour and personal appearance. As we continue north we shall find a still more marked difference. On the whole, they are not as agreeable, and their language, dress, bearing, and individual traits go to show that they must have sprung from different stock. In this connection, it may be added that all Chinese consider the people of other

VIEW ON ISLAND OF POOTOO.

countries to be a part of the "cut-off regions," and that they are barbarians. We are now in West Kwang, or country.

The Fuho, or Kwei — meaning literally "demon" — River, which we are to follow, enters the main stream where it is much smaller than at Wuchau. The Fuho has its headwaters in the highlands between the valleys of the West River and the Sang-ka, or Red River. Running through a broken country, of which we have begun to get an example, it is not navigable for steamers.

We soon begin to hear about that inland city of Kwangsi, Naning, which is situated on this river just above one of its sharp bends. The country in this vicinity is comparatively level, rising gently from the banks of the stream into the interior, which is thickly wooded. The town stretches along the encircling river on the north bank, and is a walled city larger than Wuchau, having, perhaps, fifty thousand inhabitants, though it is never safe to figure on the population of a Chinese



BAMBOO SCAFFOLDING FOR A FOREIGN HOUSE.

town. Years ago, before the rebellion of the Yunnan Mussulmen and the Taiping insurrection, it was more prosperous than it is now. The trade during those troublesome times, of which we shall have occasion to speak more definitely hereafter, was driven northward to the Yangtse Kiang, and it has never returned. Probably it will never come back, though the situation of Naning is a promising one, and whenever the country south and west is opened, as it should be, this would become a flourishing commercial centre. Still, before "banking on" the

future of this place, it should be considered that the province of Kwangsi is broken, and only a small proportion of its territory is fit for cultivation. These tracts are along the banks of the streams finding their sources in the mountainous interior. This province, which is about the size of our State of Kansas, and Kwang-tung, a little larger, are remarkably thinly populated, according to the general idea of the empire, if the cities are left out of account. Not all of the land suitable for tillage has been taken up, strange as this may seem.

Buffaloes, called here "water oxen," many of which are white and very docile, are common in this region, being used in the cultivation of rice. They are considered to be worth from fifteen to twenty taels, or twenty to thirty dollars, apiece. Oxen are very scarce and higher in price. We have seen two or three scrub ponies. White being looked upon in China with ill-favour, and considered to belong to mourning, we are struck by the great number of white kerchiefs worn about the head by the people in this vicinity. It may be also a sign of poverty, for the larger part of the inhabitants are very poor.

More and more are we made to believe as we go ahead that we are not wanted here. Every stranger is looked upon by the natives as come to do them harm, to take away their *po*, which short expression is equivalent to saying "Rob us of our good fortune." Ten-li stones are to be seen occasionally along the country routes, but seldom with any particular regard to distance, the slabs being sometimes thrice as far apart as at others. On our asking concerning this, we are told that if the distance is greater the route is more easy to travel, which evens up the seeming discrepancy.

Many of the men of this part of the province, and in fact elsewhere, have Chung-koo women for wives. The women of this class in Kwang-si have a wide notoriety for possessing powers not belonging to humans. It is claimed they can cast a spell over their husbands or lovers which cannot be broken by them. The man who forsakes his wife, or the lover who deserts his prospective bride, is sure to become unfortunate and die at the end of three years. Our tin-chai has many accounts of this kind to tell, the majority of which fell under his own observation, if we are to believe all he says. Among others that he tells is the story of the Cantonese man who married one of these women, but finally tiring of her, resolved to

abandon her, believing he was cunning enough to do it without arousing her suspicions. Thus he never hinted of going away until the morning of his intended departure, when he abruptly declared to his wife that he was going home for a short visit. She appeared unconcerned, but when she invited him to eat he pleaded indisposition, and did not eat or drink for fear she had touched the food with some magic potion. Upon the eve of his leave-taking she gave him a pen with which he might write to her, and he took the gift without dreaming of any evil consequence. Soon after, in using it, he touched it to his tongue, and at the end of three years, not returning to his wife, he died. It is said with apparent good reason that there are few recreant lovers or unfaithful husbands where these artful women make their homes.

PAGODA AT KEWKIANG.

Our next place of interest is Ngan-pai Gorge, where the river is again compressed into a narrow channel, and the banks rise abruptly from the water's edge. Above this rugged spot the bold front of granite known as Tchu-tan, or "Pig's Head," stands out in such prominent relief as to attract the attention of the passers-by. Some years since the boatmen

discovered the image of a Buddhist goddess, when she in some way conveyed to them her wish to be taken to a place on the hilltop, where she was borne by her willing followers, and a temple was erected in plain sight on an opposite hill. The name of the first hill was altered to Ne-to.

Chinese temples are composed of a series of cloisters surrounded by a court, the temple or hall being connected by terraces or galleries, their proportions plain and meagre, and without any claim to strength or bold-

THE HORSE GOD, TEMPLE NEAR SHANGHAI.

ness of design. These temples, associated with halls of different guilds and assemblies, with the yamens of the official residents, afford almost the only public buildings to be seen in a Chinese city. And these have little to distinguish them from other buildings or to impress the visitor with any special importance. They are far inferior to the Buddhist temples of Burma, and lack the impressive sacredness belonging to the temples of Japan.

We see here the prettiest joss-house that we have found. It is a hand-

some structure raised in three tiers, built of gray-coloured brick, the upper story being square, while the one below is hexagonal, which gives the building a striking effect not common with Chinese edifices of this nature. The ground floor is ornamented with several rude, bright-coloured images, prominent among them being a grotesque figure in flowing skirts, and with a horn on either side of its head. The right hand is uplifted, holding in the air a huge Chinese pen, which is believed to prove him to be a god of literature, though why the horns are considered a necessary part of the figure is beyond our understanding. The mythology of the ancients called for these horns on the river gods, and it may be these Chinese gods of literature are related to them. We cannot say. But the Talebearer is ready for a story, and we must listen, or incur his displeasure for an indefinite period.

"The story is of the peasant who loved the daughter of the mandarin. She was very beautiful and her father extremely rich, so it seemed the height of presumption for him to think of marrying her, but he was determined, and she was willing. So the lovers persisted in meeting after her father had positively forbidden her even to see him. To make matters worse for them, the mandarin had selected a rich tea-merchant for his only daughter, and this trader was not only very old but exceedingly ugly. He had had many wives already, and they had all died mysterious deaths. But he offered the mandarin a large sum for his daughter as a new wife, and the temptation of the money, together with his desire to get rid of the peasant-lover, caused the father to consent.

"The lovers used to meet on the top of yonder hill, which you see from this side is very steep, though on the other it is more gradual in its ascent. Now it so happened that as the mandarin was returning home on the eve preceding the day he had set for his daughter's wedding, he discovered that she and her lover were about to start for their trysting-place at the summit of the hill. Knowing that it would fare ill with them should her father find her with him, the peasant told the maiden to get into a big sack he had with him, when he flung the bag, with her in it, over his shoulder and started homeward.

"But the mandarin stopped him, and pretending he did not know what he was certain was true, asked what the youth was carrying on his shoulders that seemed so heavy.

"'If it does not displease you, sir,' replied the frightened peasant, 'my burden is not as heavy as it may appear from my actions. A bag of grain weighs less than a hundred pounds.'

"'So it is a sack of grain?' cried the mandarin. 'Look here, sir youth, to prove to me it is not heavy let me see you carry it to the top of yon hill, without once resting on your way.'

"Thoroughly alarmed, the peasant knew not what to say, and while he hesitated the mandarin said:

BUDDHIST TEMPLE, NEAR NINGPO.

"'Hark you! As an encouragement for you to take this trouble to humour an old man's whim, I will give you my daughter in marriage if you succeed in carrying that sack with all in it to the hilltop. But if you have to stop to rest, or fail to reach the summit, you are never to speak to her again as long as you both live. Will you agree to this?'

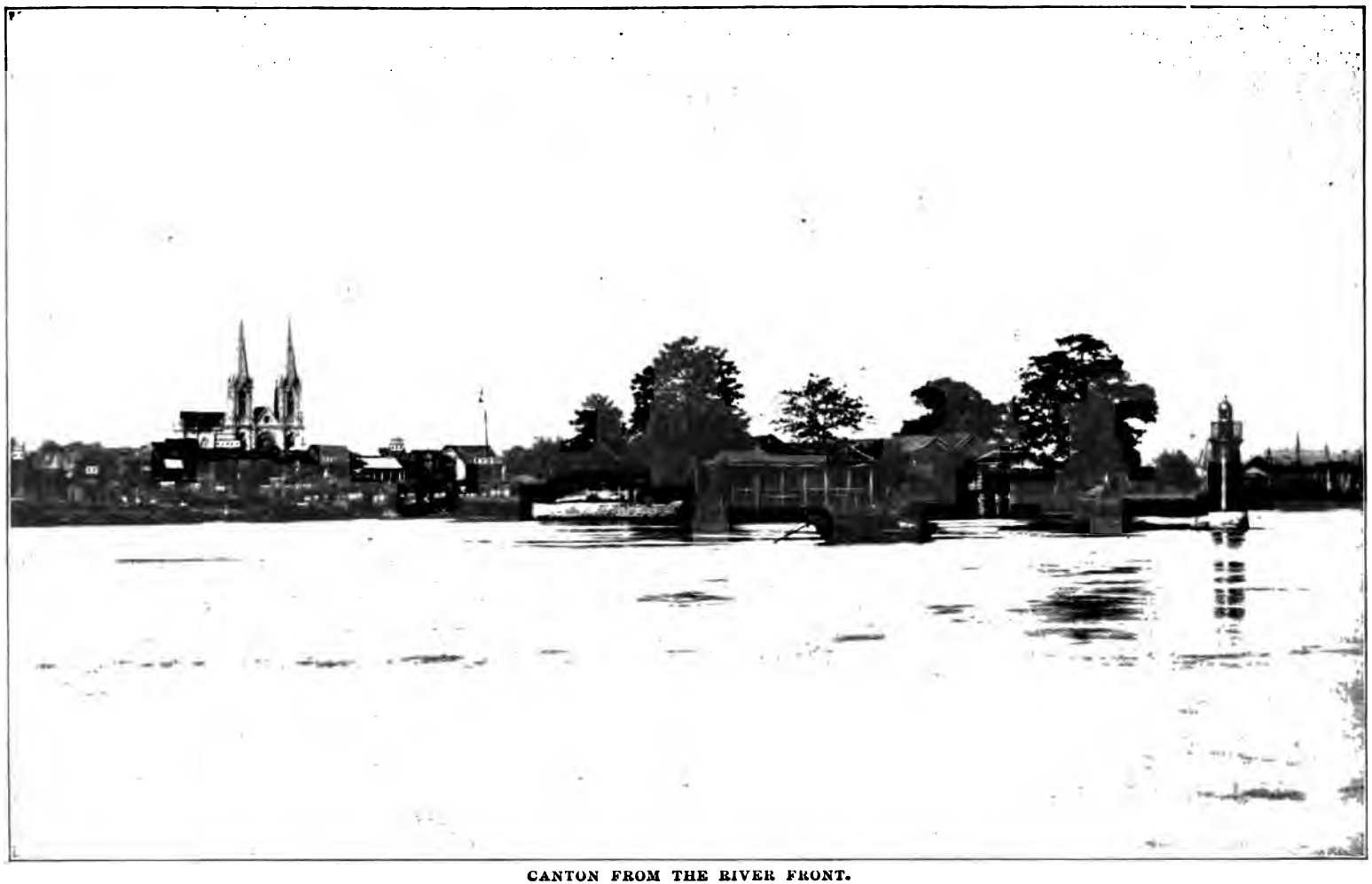
"The poor youth looked up the steep ascent, which was so difficult to climb even unhampered with a burden, and then at the hard-featured mandarin. He saw that a crowd of people was beginning to gather, and for a moment he felt dizzy from the thought of his situation. Fore-

most in the line of spectators was the rich tea-merchant, who laughed heartily at his discomfiture, having been apprised of the situation by the mandarin. With a very pale countenance, but resolved to accomplish the feat if possible, he whispered a word of encouragement to the concealed maiden, and started on his laborious journey.

"He moved slowly at the start, knowing that he would need every particle of strength before he should gain the summit. This the mandarin mistook for weakness, and he laughed long and loud, in which merriment the tea-merchant joined. But the crowd, as crowds generally do, favoured the unfortunate, and a mirthless silence fell upon the rest of the spectators. Picking his way with extreme care, feeling that a single misstep would send himself and his precious charge to the bottom of the precipice, the youth continued to mount high and higher. Now he is midway in the ascent, and the onlookers see him hesitate for a moment, as if doubtful of his ability to move on. The mandarin and the merchant cease their laughter. The situation grows more serious. What if the youth does succeed in reaching the top? Then the yet more startling alternative enters their obstinate minds, what if he fails? Will the maid be dashed to death upon the rocks below? With the others they now watch the arduous movements of the young peasant with breathless anxiety.

VIEW IN RAVINE AT TA-LAN-SHAN.

"Two-thirds of the distance has been made, and again the lover hesitates, while for a moment a face of deathly pallor is turned backward. Then he rallies, he moves sideways, he staggers upward, his steps are



CANTON FROM THE RIVER FRONT.

short, his feet move close together, it is superhuman effort urging him on; the sack breaks open at the top, a pair of arms is lifted upward, as if to help lighten the burden of the struggling bearer. Even the father prays now that they may reach the summit. See! he is almost to the brink, he staggers backward; a groan of despair leaves the lips of the spectators, it is their first utterance; he rallies, he lifts another foot, he reaches the level of the top, he staggers again, he falls, but it is forward. With the maid clasped in his arms, he lies at the summit of the hill. He has won! A shout of joy goes up from the crowd, while the disappointed merchant raves in anger.

STONE ANIMALS AT MING TOMBS.

"No move is made by those at the crest of the hill to rise, and the wondering spectators soon start hurriedly toward the spot, both the mandarin and the merchant, the first with emotions that even he cannot understand, and the other filled with rage, following the others. But it is a long way around, and it is some time before the foremost, a nimble-footed friend of the peasant-lover, reaches the side of the still motionless couple. They lie face to face on the ground. A single look and he springs back.

"'They rest after that terrible journey,' declared the mandarin.

"'Separate them!' yelled the angry merchant.

"'The Goddess of Mercy forbid that they ever be separated,' said a spectator, fervently.

"'Well might they rest after that awful ordeal,' said the young man, speaking respectfully to the mandarin first; then to the glowering merchant he replied:

"'It is not in your power to part them; they are both dead!'"

Farther up we see the famous rock called Pang-tong-ngan, which rises abruptly from the water's edge to a considerable height. In a cave near

by, it is said, the noted emperor of the Ming dynasty, Kinmun, took refuge with his army when pursued by his powerful enemies. As they did not find him here, he transformed the cave into a temple, and became himself a priest.

The scenery above this historic cave is beautiful, the richly wooded hills taking on a purple tint, while those nearer the river stand out in a deep brown, relieved by the silver of the stream and the soft azure of the sky.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEAD OF RIVER NAVIGATION.

WE are both amused and surprised at the number of soldiers to be seen on dress parade at the different villages as we advance. A placard on the breast of each uniformed member of the marching ranks proclaims him to be a "Brave." How effective this bit of literary conceit would prove in battle we cannot say, but if it does add a ridiculous appearance to the moving column it certainly lends picturesque effect, and reminds us of a semi-military organisation at home which was shrewdly described by an anti-admirer as "invincible at the banquet, invisible in battle."

The Tu-yang tribe of natives, whom we meet on this trip, has a curious custom resembling that of our St. Valentine's Day, which takes place on the first three days of the year. All the young people of the village, divided into two parties according to sex, station themselves on opposite sides of the valley. Songs, feasting, and love-making are the leading features of the occasion, which opens by the swains singing improvised love-songs to such damsels as they desire to captivate. If these serenades are received with favour by any maid, she throws a coloured ball, wound by her own nimble fingers, to him whom she wishes to catch it. If he misses, woe to his future peace of mind for at least that year, unless she grants him a second trial. When successful, the lover escorts his sweetheart to the fair arranged for this fête, and for the three days he is subject to her slightest caprice, being expected to buy whatever she may choose. It can be said to the credit of the fair ones that it is seldom one goes beyond the means of her companion. The festival over, the even tenor of the old life goes on, until another year sees a new fair planned, intended perhaps to eclipse any former effort.

Notwithstanding the many little inconveniences and annoyances that we experience, the trip grows more attractive as we progress, though we cannot deny that much of its interest is due to our genial and versatile

companion, Go Mung, the Talebearer. Each evening, the day's sight-seeing over and the boatmen at rest with their inseparable pipes, he seats himself at our feet, and while we listen and doze, and awaken to listen again, he tells some new tale of olden times, arouses our interest with some new development in the picturesque mythology of the country, until our sketch-book contains treasures equal to the fascinating entertainments of the "Arabian Nights." That which surprises us most is the singular purity of thought and expression in the myths of this region,

A BRICK AND TILE YARD, NEAR NINGPO.

which, in this respect, is wonderfully rich. The ancient religious accounts of no other Oriental country can match it in this regard.

"Once upon a time," began Go Mung, "a poor man planted a bed of ginseng, and it being his only crop he guarded it with zealous care, both by day and night. As the season grew cooler he built him a temporary shelter, which he could move about, as a protection during the hours of night-time. He had no sons to take his place when he began to tire of these lonely vigils, so that finally one night he fell asleep at his post. He did not believe that he had slept long, but when he awoke and looked

around, he was horrified to find his ginseng all gone, even to the smallest plant.

"As he had depended greatly upon this crop, he was sorely grieved over his loss, the more so because it had been snatched from his very presence while he had fallen under the influence that he could not well withstand longer. But his countenance brightened, as he selected from among his neighbours him whom he had good reason to think had committed the theft. This guilty man, as the other looked upon him, had

VIEW NEAR SOOCHOW.

long been unfriendly to him, and he judged him capable of this contemptible act. Without loss of time he hastened to the nearest magistrate to enter his complaint, with tears in his eyes and venom in his heart.

"Now this magistrate, who knew both the aggrieved and the accused, was a very wise man — wiser than the people knew. He began to question the accuser closely.

"'You say you were asleep upon your watch, and yet you accuse your neighbour of stealing away your ginseng. Pray how do you know this?'

"'Because he has only hatred for me. It has been a good three years since he has deigned to speak to me.'

"'And you think this sufficient reason for him to steal your vegetable? Does the fact that the man is your enemy show him to be a rascal and a thief? Stay, do not think me unfaithful to my duty. Did the thief leave no clue by which he can be found?'

"'Alas, sir! my portable hutch is the only thing left about the place.'

BRIDGE OVER CREEK AT KIASHAN.

"'Very well, bring that to me, and rest assured that I will punish the thief, besides restoring to you your stolen ginseng.'

"The man thought this a strange request, but he did as he was told, though he had slight hope that the magistrate would fulfil his promise. His lack of faith changed to bitter contempt for such a silly officer, when he heard that his portable hutch was to be tried in court the following day for stealing his ginseng. Who ever heard of such a thing as trying an inanimate object for theft! Others must have thought the same, for at the hour of the opening of the court the building was crowded with the people who had come from far and near to see what the foolish (he was

no longer considered wise) man was going to accomplish by such a senseless trial. The loser of the ginseng saw among the spectators the one whom he believed to be thief, and whom he was resolved to have another magistrate arrest before he could get away. But he thought it would do no harm to wait and see this strange trial over.

"Well, the magistrate ordered the constables to bring the hutch into the court, when he proceeded to charge it with the misdemeanour, following the same course of action he would have taken had it been a person. Upon proceeding, and the hutch failing to offer any defence, as it could not well be expected to do, he commanded the constables to beat it till it confessed whom it had seen steal the ginseng, or, if it had been asleep at its post, until it had confessed its fault. Then the officers went to work with a merry will, dealing such terrific blows that the poor hutch soon fell to pieces. The crowd, which at first had looked upon this proceeding with disgust, could no longer keep quiet, and loud and prolonged peals of laughter filled the court-room, arousing the magistrate's anger, in appearance, to such a height that he ordered the gates to be closed so that none could escape, and imposed upon the persons present a fine of a pound of ginseng!

"As the fine was not great, the people soon recovered their good nature at this action of the magistrate, which they considered in keeping with his whole course. Of course few there had any ginseng to sell or pay in fines, and the magistrate delegated officers to accompany parties of the condemned to buy it wherever they could. In this way the fines were obtained and paid over to the court, until not an ounce of ginseng could be found in those parts. Then the magistrate very good-naturedly called the plaintiff to his side.

"'Can you pick out the ginseng of your raising?' he asked of the man.

"'Certainly, sir. It was a kind of plant that I obtained elsewhere, and there is none like it raised in town.'

"'Select a few bunches, then.'

"When the man had done this, the magistrate looked over the records he had carefully kept, and found out the name of the greengrocer who had sold this vegetable that day. This man was speedily arrested, and, upon pleading his innocence in the matter, gave the name of him who had sold him the ginseng. This person was present, and, when arrested,

confessed the crime. But he was not the villager the plaintiff had unjustly accused. As the magistrate ordered the thief to be punished for his offence, he said to the poor gardener:

"'Now you see how a little prejudice warped your judgment. Because your neighbour did not like you, you judge him as a thief. Go and ask his pardon, and then return to me for your deserts in the matter.' Trembling with fear, the plaintiff humbly sued for the forgiveness of the suspected neighbour, who freely overlooked the mistake, and the two

COLLEGE OF MATHEMATICS, WUCHANG.

became from that time the best of friends. Thereupon the magistrate gave to the poor man all of the ginseng which had been accumulated from the odd trial, so that the best of good feelings prevailed, while the magistrate added greatly to his previous credit for wisdom."

Soon after we come upon another district showing distinctly different characteristics among its people from those we have seen below. We learn that until about two hundred years ago these provinces of Kwang, each large enough to be considered as a distinct country, were known as the "two kingdoms of Yueh." Two centuries ago they were subjugated

by the northern powers and brought under the imperial sway of Pekin. The aborigines have intermarried with immigrants from Kwangtung, and thus a mixed race is found to some extent. These people are designated as Man-tzu, which was claimed to mean "sons of barbarians." We find such specifications where we go in China, until we understand that the term of "barbarian" or "savage" is applied promiscuously wherever the inhabitants have become "civilised" later than others. The term Man-tzu is now generally given to a tribe on the Yangtse Kiang, which has been a source of considerable trouble to the government. There is one thing certain, from the great number of religious temples scattered over the country, the inhabitants are a worshipful people; and when it is taken into consideration that many of the sacred buildings are exceedingly costly, the inhabitants have been producers of wealth, even if to-day the common masses appear poor.

This fact is apparent all along this noble waterway, where we see constant evidence of a richness and importance which has largely passed. Ruined cities meet the eye at intervals singularly regular on the route, all of which must have been both powerful and prosperous sometime. One of these we saw in a valley of Yunnan, where we walked deserted streets that formerly must have been thronged with hurrying feet, and gazed on noble walls now crumbling away and echoing only to the sharp hisses of insects and the whir of many wings, where once King Trade sat on his throne and the working multitudes had their homes. The air of desolation hanging over the pitiful place is laden with the dust of ages, while the loneliness of the abodes is felt more keenly than amid the conical-shaped graves on the hillside where rest the silent sleepers, some of whom may have helped build these same abandoned dwellings and commercial quarters.

Go Mung assures us that this decay is due to the fact that the carrying trade between Yunnan and Canton has been changed to the Yangtse Kiang. This country is not populated with as numerous a people as it could well support, for much land available for cultivation is undisturbed by the spade or the plough. Still it must be understood that it is a hilly region, whose areas suitable for cultivation are comparatively small in proportion to its vast extent. The navigation of this great watercourse is susceptible of profitable improvement, and the something like two weeks

required in making the passage could be reduced by several days. From Canton to Pose, the head of navigation, it cannot be far from eight hundred miles, there being an ascent of five hundred feet. The scenery continues beautiful, often being grand, and as one passes town after town wasting of a lingering death, he feels a sadness over the decline of former grandeur, and longs to hear the shriek of the iron horse breaking the solitude, and wishes for the energy of Yankee-land to revivify the scene with life and activity.

EXAMINATION OF A PRISONER.

No doubt the character of the inhabitants has been greatly influenced by intermarriage with the so-called savage tribes scattered over the country. Considering how little these people can understand of the government, they seemed to us very tractable, though Go Mung declares that in their hearts there is great bitterness. This he lays at the door of the educated class near the head of the empire rather than to the ignorance of the far-distant population, who are in reality little better than aliens. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, who is perhaps as well fitted to judge as any one, believes there are but three non-Chinese races in southern China, which he designates as the Shan, the Lolo, and the Miaotzu. The first he judges to be descendants of the aborigines of Kwangsi. The origin of the other races is more uncertain. On the whole, very little actual

knowledge has been obtained of the inhabitants of these regions, and none seem to know less about them than the powers at Pekin.

Pose, or Pak-shik, formerly Pe-se, stands on a promontory overlooking the river, the narrow valley overhung by high hills. Above the town the hills appear squat, with bluffs and knolls of soft red sandstone underlaid with white. Speaking of this sandstone reminds us of the familiar and sometimes grotesque shapes these rocks assume through the action of wind, storm, and the atmosphere. Within a week we have seen remarkable likenesses of an alligator, a dog, an ox, a snake's head, a man and woman (the first of the last couple being the Detained Husband seen opposite Tsam-pan-hu, and looking very much like his deserted wife), a bearded sentinel, and now a graceful swan, which stands with spread wings as if about to soar away.

At no place have we seen a prettier stretch of the river than here. Groves of tall bamboo, swaying gracefully in the gentle breeze, dot the landscape, with all the beauty and languid repose belonging to the far-famed vistas of India's sacred river, while the stream here, coming down with rapid strokes from the highlands above, winds in and out upon the scene like a huge, silvery serpent stretched at full length across the country. The town, presenting a busy aspect, in marked contrast to the places we have been passing, stands on the northern bank, where stepping-stones and landing-steps made of bamboos lashed together, with here and there sections of planks, afford a simple way of gaining the street that comes down to the water's edge. Boats are moving sluggishly to and fro, or lying bottom up along the banks of the river. Men and women are bustling about, trafficking, chatting, engaged in washing clothes in the stream, and performing countless duties. Lusty children, shouting and laughing in high glee, play in the sand or paddle in the warm water. They appear prettier, handsomer, and healthier than those seen lower down the river, while many of the women are especially good-looking, their loose trousers, turned up to the knees as they move in the water, displaying pretty ankles, and well-rounded calves with graceful upward curves.

This is the end of the first stage in our journey. How we shall manage to keep on is as yet unsolved. But as we have got along so far without mishap, we settle with the owner of the ho-tau, pay up the tin-chai in full,

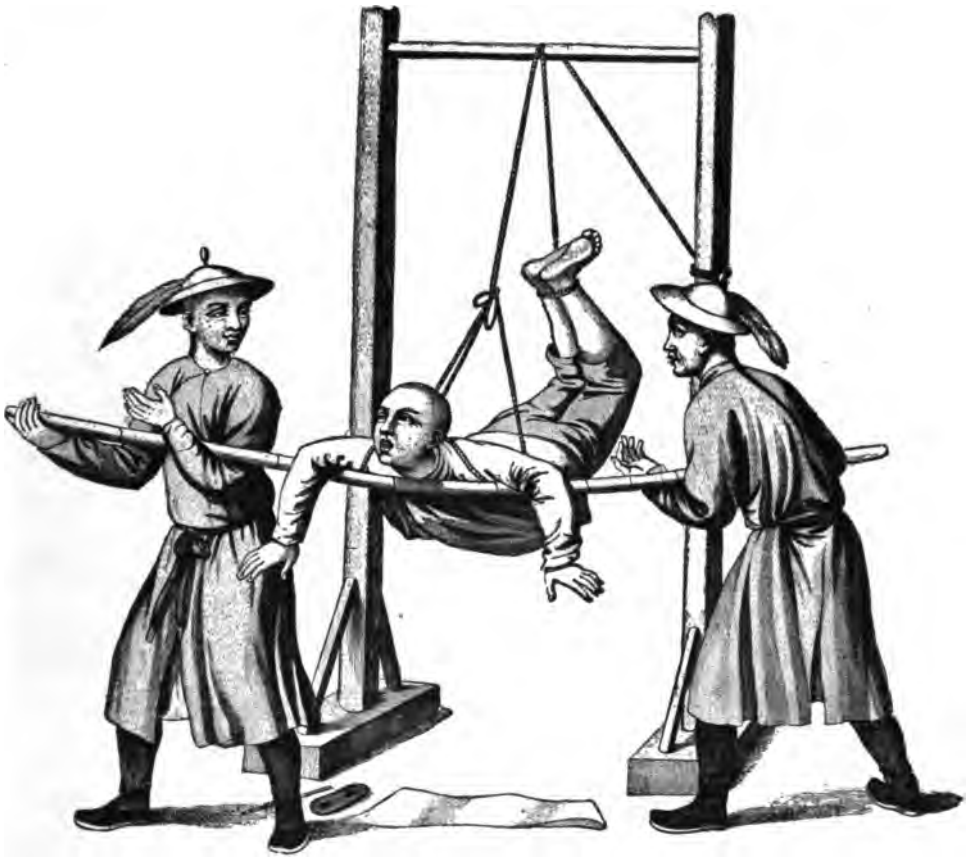
and others of our train, especially the cook, our only real dread being that we shall have to part here with Go Mung, who has actually endeared himself to our hearts. Just now we doubt if he is thinking of us, for he is the hero of the hour. It is amusing to see the crowd which follows him wherever he goes, but it is always a good-natured mob. This is saying a great deal in China, where one never knows what to expect of a crowd. At the close of the day, when the busy portion of Pose settles down to a calm, and the quiet section of the few hours before grows noisy, we are gladdened by the sight of the familiar figure of the Talebearer, who seeks

STREET PUNISHMENTS.

us at our stopping-place, and shows that he has not forgotten us by dropping squat upon the floor. Then, as he removes from his mouth his tobacco-pipe — Go Mung scorns opium — with a stem a yard long and bowl the size of a thimble, he knocks the ashes out, sticks it in the leg of his stocking, fastens his tobacco pouch to a hook on his tunic, and begins the following tale:

"Most noble sir, the brief tale I have to tell to-night illustrates the power of good over evil, which is ever the precept that our teachers seek to show. A very rich man, who was also very wise and good, gave a birthday feast. Many of his friends were present, and the rare tributes they brought expressed their love and loyalty to their host. It so hap-

pened that while the merry party was seated at the banquet, and the servants were busy attending to their wishes, a lonely wayfarer came that way. He was hungry and ragged, and as he heard the expression of joy from within he was attracted thither with a feeling of malice in his heart. Knowing that he was ill-fitted to join in a respectable festival, he entered the house by stealth, and, climbing upon one of the cross-timbers



STREET PUNISHMENTS.

overhead, he looked down upon the scene of enjoyment, and noted with avaricious gaze the well-spread table, and not less than the food the display of rare and costly presents.

"Immediately his thoughts were filled with a desire to partake of a portion of the feast, and to carry away the treasures. He had made bolder robberies than that, and he resolved to remain in his concealment until the guests had retired, when he would undertake his part of the work. I need not describe to you his eagerness to see the guests go away,

but he curbed his impatience, and, hungry as he was, remained silent and motionless until the last visitor had departed, and even the host himself had retired, leaving the presents scattered about where they could be seen and admired.

"'What a lucky wight am I!' thought the thief, as he prepared to descend from his lofty perch. 'If I must partake of a cold banquet, I shall be solaced by the thought that when I go away it will be with the company of the rich presents of this proud old mandarin, whose avarice

PUNISHMENT OF THE RACK.

is equalled by his foolishness in leaving all this tempting display unwatched.'"

"He had barely finished his soliloquy, and was about to move his benumbed limbs, when he was amazed to see the rich man reënter the room, followed by his servants, all of whom were laden with their arms full of steaming dishes of food. These were set upon the long table, and the servants ordered to retire, after they had placed the new feast in readiness for two. While the thief was looking on with surprise, the host suddenly looked up toward him and, with a graceful wave of his hand, invited him to come down and be seated at the banquet!

"If terrified at first by this invitation, the thief dared not refuse, and he

obeyed in silence. Then the rich man not only seated him at the table, but assisted him to the best there was at the feast. He chatted with him gaily, without hinting of the dark purpose for which the stranger at this strange feast had lain in wait so long. The repast over, the host presented his guest with a bag of silver coin, and bade him adieu with a wish for his future happiness. Was ever thief treated like that, and thus cheated of his intended prize?

"The years flew apace, and with them departed the *fu tsu* (riches) of the mandarin's abode. Through no fault of his he was now a poor man, and his many relatives, disappointed at losing what they had hoped might prove flattering legacies, turned disdainfully upon him. In the fulness of his grief he would fain have slept on the green hillside with his departed kindred, whose graves he had tended kindly.

"In the midst of his distress, however, when he was now too old to retrieve his shattered fortune, a stranger stopped before his door, but before entering he sent by a servant a gem of great value. Now, if exceedingly poor, the other had not forgotten his dignity, and seeing that the gem was very valuable, he sent back word that he could accept no present from an unknown donor. If the giver was some one whom he had ever known, he would gladly welcome him.

"Thereupon the stranger sent in word that the gentleman forthwith order a banquet, and that when the feast was spread for two, he should, with the rare politeness naturally his, invite the *gentleman on the roof beam to partake of refreshments*. Then the good man remembered, and at the banquet which followed he was told how his kind conduct had saved a sinner, and that now this person had returned, after many years, rich from the investments he had made of the bag of silver money given him. If the people wondered at the good fortune come to the wise mandarin, they all declared that he deserved it."

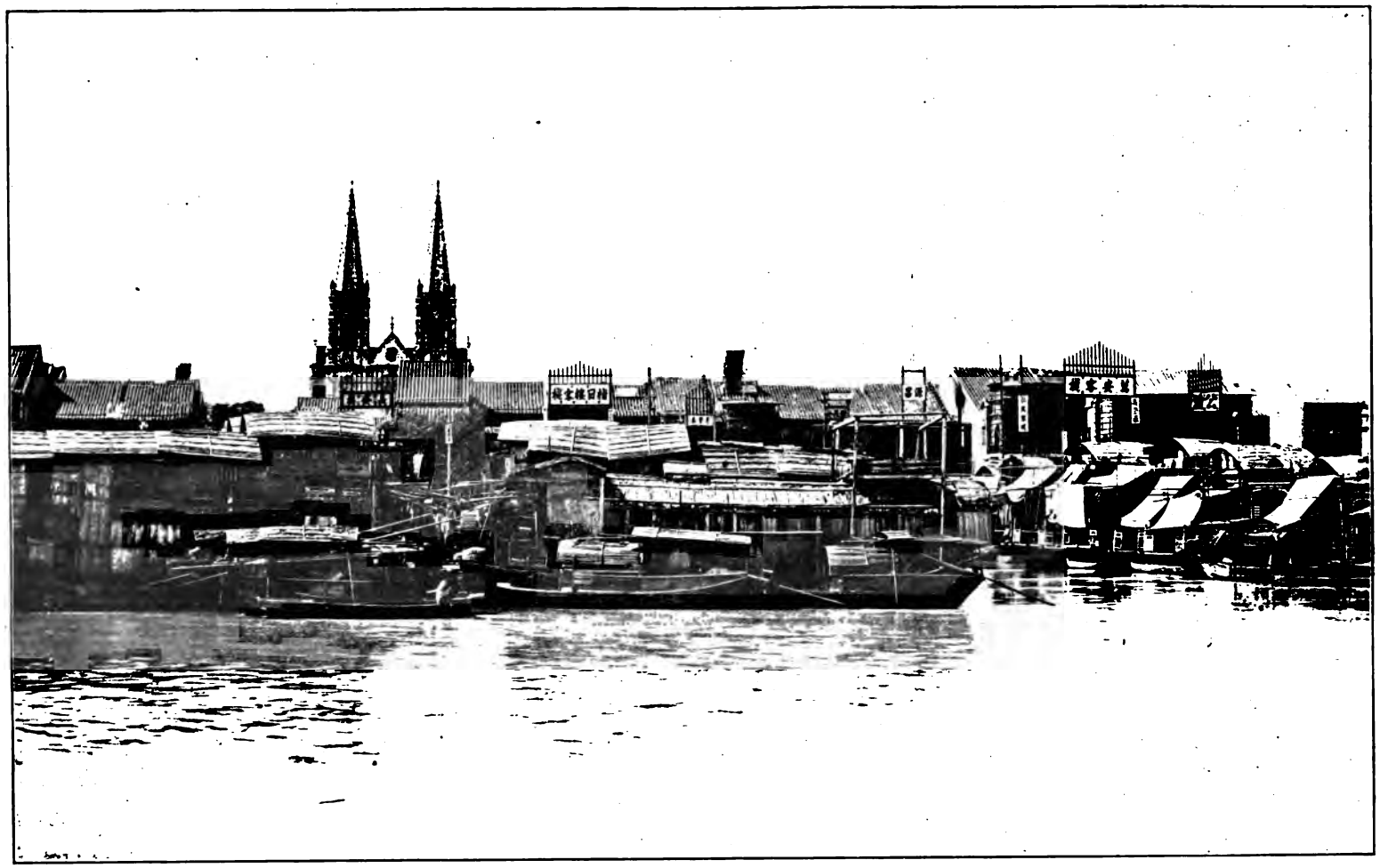
CHAPTER X.

SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS.

FINALLY the arrangements have been perfected for us to resume our journey, Tali, in the province of Yunnan, being now our objective point. We shall be able to make this portion of our trip partly by boat, and to finish by a nine days' overland tramp. We are assured that all along the way we shall meet hostile people; that we shall pass

PUNISHMENT OF THE BAMBOO.

through the very birthplace of the plague, and other equally fatal diseases; that obstacles of many kinds will constantly confront us, and we are advised to turn back. It is certainly unpleasant to contemplate such a prospect. Then we recall that we have been facing just such alarms ever since we left Wuchau. Pose has been pictured as the seat of disease, where no stranger could live a week! We have braved all these perils,



THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL IN CANTON.

real or imaginary, and are still alive and hearty, though tired of our cook. We have reason to believe the prospect ahead is worse, but that is no more than we expected. Pose is as healthful, so far as we see, as any town we have passed. But we are told that this is a healthful season — uncommonly so! Out in Chay-song, not far away, the people are dying at a rapid rate from a species of boils, a most painful and peculiar epidemic.

Go Mung, to our joy, willingly consents to keep on with us. Our cook, also, is led to consent by an increase in his wages; a boat is hired with a crew to take us as far as the stream can be followed, a two days' route; then six days of marching across a country beset by dangers, and too broken to be traversed with ease, will take us to Kwang-nan, in the province of Yunnan. So we part with our tin-chai with a light heart, and look for the last time on the temple and odd-looking houses, and yet more odd-appearing people, of Pose.

The boats used on these inland streams are mere canoes, covered with thatch, and almost identical with those plied on the rivers of Burma, except that they are broader and draw less water, so they may be better managed in the numerous rapids.

The country is now level, except for the numerous rounded knolls which rise abruptly from the plains, looking like huge haystacks. The hillsides are covered with a scrubby growth, which looks stunted and forlorn, until, coming down to better soil, the bamboo flourishes in all its glory, while along the river banks a stout, dense grass nods its feathery crests in the west breeze or droops under the midday sun. Suddenly the shining gravel and shingle shoals are exchanged for the rocky rapids, as the scene becomes more wild and rugged. Were it not for two features, the bamboo and the wide-hatted peasant seen on the bank, it would require no grievous strain of the imagination to feel that we were advancing up one of the New Zealand streams, closed in by precipitous hills, and frequently running sharp curves and twists in the foaming river which make us think we are suddenly coming to the end of navigation, even with our frail craft. We are now amid those serrated cliffs for which this country is noted, the sheer banks of the stream often rising 150 feet above the water, with red fronts that make them conspicuous for a long distance.

Signs of human life become more rare, until only at distant intervals are we rewarded by the sight of a raft moving with the current. One of these is well worth special mention. It contains but two persons, and both of these belong to the gentler sex. One, sitting at the stern with a long steering-pole in hand, is an aged woman, looking far from attractive. At the forward part of the simple craft stands a fairer person, — May with December. She is sixteen or seventeen years of age, has a perfect figure, graceful poise, and is by far the prettiest maid we have seen since

BOHEA HILLS, PROVINCE OF FO-KIEN.

we started. Her oval face is set in a frame of dark hair, ornamented with silver bangles, while bracelets encircle her wrists, and anklets of the same glistening hue sparkle on the shapely ankles seen vividly in the white spray, which half conceals, and then, as if repenting of its jealousy, discloses their rare beauty. The raft is loaded with earthen pots holding their little store of rice, which they are taking to market hundreds of miles away. The glimpse of the pretty face is seen for a moment, a sweet voice rings out with the music of song, and then the craft is caught in the swirling eddies of the river, and the strangely mated occupants disappear around the bend, though the vision of womanly

grace and loveliness lingers in our mind, and the soft melody of the song, whose words we cannot understand, remains like the echoes of a silvery bell ringing out its magical notes over hillside and valley.

We notice a smile of disdain on the lips of Go Mung, and the boatmen nod their heads, one of them saying in a low, compassionate tone: "Poor savages!"

No Chinaman of one section of the empire has a high regard for the

SHORES OF THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

women of another, nor can they understand any freedom in the conduct of the sex contrary to their own perverted ideas of modesty.

The timber in this region has been nearly all cut off on the lowlands and the hillsides, though the mountains are still clothed in their evergreen forests. In every direction dark lines run over the landscape, which Go Mung assures us are the tracks of some fire blaze. Here and there are small hamlets scattered over the scene. At one place a joss-house, with an inscription on its portals made uncommonly bold by its crimson characters, stands under an arcade of bamboo-trees and maples, the

branches of the different growths interlacing with good effect. The houses are built mostly of bamboo, and are raised on bamboo posts, with verandas running the entire front length. The dark green background of the landscape is brightened in places by the red "fire-wood flower," affording a happy relief for what would otherwise be a monotonous picture. The river now narrows to less than two hundred feet, while for the thirty miles, since leaving Pose, we have ascended five hundred feet.

We cannot fail to notice the readiness and swift action with which the boatmen act. There is no lagging on their part, as with remarkable skill they row or track together, pole or lift bodily the boat at such places as they cannot follow the stream. Their favourite plan is to charge directly against each rapid as they approach, and, being dashed by the current over to the more placid side, then to unite in pulling the craft up against the stream.

But the time comes when we have to abandon these boats, to begin at last the stage of overland travel. Sedan-chairs are in use in the Yunnan district by every one who is of any account. To go on foot shows at once, to Chinese eyes, the low station of the traveller. Chinese have a great aversion to walking, even for a short distance. Thanks to the efforts of Go Mung, we soon secure assistants for the next stage in our journey, and, bidding farewell to the boatmen who have served us so well, we start with our new servitors. Though the means of travel are now more arduous than by water, we find ourselves brought into closer companionship with the inhabitants, and thus are pleased by the change. But we are made painfully aware of China's great weakness to an extent which we have not as yet stopped to realise.

In the matter of opening up the country by means of proper communications, the empire has been far behind the worst scheme of Spain. Small wonder the great nation, with its almost unlimited possibilities, has remained an unknown quantity under the condition of her ways of transit and the utter contempt of her officials for doing anything to improve them. In the first place, the government does not step in to bear the burden of keeping the roads in repair, or of even claiming to own them! The land remains the property of the individuals along each route, and they have to pay taxes on it as they do on the rest of their real estate

Government does compel them to yield land enough to make these highways, more properly speaking byways, and there it ends its care. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that, when a new road becomes a necessity, the landowner causes it to run along one of the borders of his boundaries, so that his neighbour shall be obliged to furnish one-half of the strip of territory required. It is easy to see from this custom that the road may make many sudden and most unexpected angles and curves, often going a long distance to get but a little way in order to satisfy the

COURT IN FRONT OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

caprices of those who are forced to yield so much or so little for the public advantage, always losing sight of the fact that they themselves share in the common benefit. The way thus grudgingly afforded is narrow as well as crooked, seldom if ever being wide enough for two teams to pass each other without one driving out upon the cultivated field adjoining. To prevent this the farmer cuts a ditch along the roadside, and the complication of matters grows worse.

When it comes to repairs the condition is fully as bad. There are no side strips to plough up and afford earth with which to fill the hollows and

gullies, for the tract allowed for the road was not wide enough for this. As the man who owns the road or section of road against his estate is expected to keep it mended, it naturally does not get its proper dues, but is suffered to wear and wash out. The roadway is soon lower than the adjoining land, and when the rains come it grows to be the natural channel for the surplus water. This eats down into its bed, and during the wet season the road is filled with running water. This impromptu floodway empties into some larger stream, the bed with each succeeding rainy season becomes deeper, until a river may open into it, and what was once a road becomes the course of one of the great waterways. This not infrequently happens. But if the degeneration of the highway does reach this extent, the old road is completely washed out, and a new one has to be contributed by another landholder. Thus the intercourse between villages near each other often becomes difficult, and it may be for months not only impracticable but impossible. As there is no time when at some locality or another one of these difficulties is not liable to confront the traveller, the delays and difficulties of making a long journey may be imagined, but cannot be really understood until the person has attempted it.

WHEELBARROW RIDING AT SHANGHAI.

In some localities the curiosity of the people is the cause of inconvenience and discomfort. A mob will often press around the place where a stranger is staying until the door is broken in and the foremost of the crowd falls head-first into the building. Another device for getting a glimpse of the foreigner is to wet the paper of the window, or to scratch

holes in the plastering of the walls. This is often carried to an extent which threatens the utter ruin of the partitions. We remember once having such a surging mass of people crowd against the building where we were stopping that they burst open the frail door. As the leaders fell at our feet we swiftly rose from our seat at the ancient table, and giving them a sharp command to get out, the crowd took to their heels. At least that portion nearest the door did, and in their frantic retreat they ran headlong over the rear portion, so that in less time than it has taken us to describe it there was a howling, kicking, struggling, frightened medley of Chinamen outside. Those who stood far enough away to escape the onset laughed heartily at the discomfiture of their companions, and soon goodnature was restored, and we were left alone.

The Chinese language is noted for its poetical expressions, and from that of the lowest subject to that of the emperor, each name has some individual signification; the designations, also, of China's cities and physical divisions, of her rivers and mountains, her valleys and plains, are rendered more impressive by some meaning that is half concealed but full of poetry. But the happy signification of the Chinese names disappears when we come to the country villages, and our bright opinions are clouded by the haphazard, elusive, delusive, and mysterious methods used to designate these hamlets. There is neither system, beauty, uniformity, perspicuity, nor poetry. It may be that the multiplicity of the subjects was too much for the non-inventive faculty of John, or it may be he had too many famous or infamous cousins to remember, for hamlet after hamlet bears the surname of some person. Unfortunately, too, there seem to be as many Chang-Wangs, or Wang-Changs, as there are Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons in the American nomenclature. Again, these self-same centres of celestial inhabitants are liable to have half a dozen names, and these subject to change from generation to generation. There is yet another cause for confusion in naming the public places of trade along the main thoroughfares, which are often designated after this manner: "Two-li Shop," "Five-li Shop," "Ten-li Shop," "Twenty-li Shop," and so on. This appears very appropriate at first and easy to find; but upon investigation it is learned that the shops on every road running from a certain starting-point are given similar designations, and it becomes confusing to the newcomer. This is still further complicated by the fact that the adjoining

village has a network of so-called trade-houses named in the same manner. This is repeated over and again, until the traveller looks upon them with dismay, and resolves to end all inquiries.

In the Yu-sang district it was our fortune to find scattered along our route in regular order such an array of names as the following: "Red Dog Village;" "Broken Tooth Village," from the fact that a prominent man there once broke one of his front teeth; "Village under the River," from an account of a great freshet at one time; "Man with the Iron Hand Village," "Talking Horse Village," from a tradition of a horse that talked; "Boy in River Village," from the fact of a boy once falling into the river there; the more disreputable designation of "Man with a Black Eye Village," where it is said there once lived a big bully who got the worst of it in a fight and received a black eye; "Lost House Village," where a dwelling once slipped from its precarious perch on the river-bank into the stream and floated away, and other names quite as odd and ridiculous almost without number.

BLIND FORTUNE-TELLER.

As might be expected from their superstitious natures, the Chinese are

firm believers in the potency of charms. This belief is shared by the Shans of Southern Yunnan, where all kinds of amulets are worn by the people to ward off real or imaginary dangers and diseases. We were offered the horn of a female deer as a guarantee that we should be able to make our journey with greater ease and rapidity, and the person who proposed the trade seemed very much surprised at our refusal. Time and again we were offered charms that would protect our life against all dangers, and finally, acknowledging a doubt of the invulnerability of the

STREET CONJURING PERFORMANCE, SHANGHAI.

talisman, we agreed to buy one if we could see it tested. As an experiment, we suggested that the owner jump from a high cliff near by, depending upon his talisman to save his life. The man quickly left, though we offered to pay his funeral expenses if his talisman failed to do its duty.

Speaking of a funeral, we witnessed one of these odd features of Chinese life to-day, as we passed one of the numerous hamlets along our route. In front of the train of mourners is borne a sedan-chair made of a bamboo frame covered with paper, paper banners, which denote that the deceased was a man of consequence, flaunting alongside. Next come two couples

scattering money made of paper, paper houses, and figures, some of which are of a pattern too grotesque to describe. Just behind these comes the most striking feature of the procession, a horse of life-size, bridled and saddled in readiness for its rider, while a groom walks beside leading the animal by the bit, both man and beast made so realistically from stout paper on a framework of bamboo that we have to look the second time before we think it other than actual. On occasions like this, we are informed by Go Mung, it is the custom to make paper effigies of whatever the deceased loved most about his house, the practice being to offer whatever may be deemed necessary for the well-being of the dead in the life to come. It is interesting to note that, however extravagant these offerings may sometimes seem, they are burned at the closing of the ceremony, with the exception of the edibles, which are saved for the feast to follow.

The Chinaman who has not been contaminated by foreign influences considers the most important act of his life to be that of preparing for this ceremony which is to follow the breaking of the thread that is to send him into the life unknown. To live pretty comfortably, according to his simple ideas, possess fairly good health, die with becoming dignity, and be buried with appropriate display, comprise the principal aims and objects of existence on earth. He may live in a dwelling of the poorest construction and made of the vilest material, but his coffin must be the best that can be procured with the means at command. Often this needed article is bought at some time when the purchaser hopes his death to be still far distant. Thus the rich man will pay his thousand dollars for a casket, while the poor man will do even more, — give his all for one; and cases are not uncommon where a son has sold himself into slavery that he might obtain a coffin as good as he wished for the clay of his father.

Scarcely has the breath left the body before a friend of the deceased rushes to the house-top, and looking into the north lifts the skirts of his coat, and holding them in the air cries three times the name of the dead. Turning to the south, he folds the garment slowly up, and, descending with measured steps, places the garment over the face of the dead, where it is allowed to remain under the belief that it will restore life to the inanimate form if such be the pleasure of the great ruler of life and death. Meanwhile an altar has been built in one room of the house, around which the bereaved ones gather to mourn their loss. Garments of mourning are

made in white, and about these robes and hoods are worn girdles of hemp.

Believing that the deceased will need food on his long journey into spirit-land, corn and rice are placed in his mouth, and sometimes silver and gold. On the day of the funeral cooked provision is placed beside the coffin. As in the procession we noticed, a man leads the way, scattering paper money as a peace-offering to the spirits that may be about. Effigies of men, women, elephants, and tigers are often borne in the procession, the object of these being to drive away evil spirits, or to give honour to the dead. This custom comes from the religion of Buddha. The grave, whose site is selected with great care, is made deep and on as "sightly" an eminence as possible, where the sleeper may be supposed to be gazing upon some beautiful landscape, while the spot itself may be dry and retired. The grave always looks down-hill, except in rare cases. The mounds are of truncated shape, and the stones are inscribed with proper inscriptions. Lime is strewn freely over the earth used to fill the opening, while crackers are fired, prayers solemnly mumbled, and paper models burned as offerings.

GRAVES NEAR NINGPO.

If the dead belonged to the better class, banners and devices illustrating the rank of his family are carried in the funeral train. Altogether it is an affair in which neither expense nor effort is considered, so that many a rich man has made himself poor in order to bury his father properly, and a larger percentage of the poor have been stricken with poverty from the expense of interring a friend or relative.

Go Mung told us to-day some pretty conceits of these people in regard to the rainbow, which is called "the spirit bridge to heaven." Happy indeed is he whose spirit takes its flight while the beautiful arch spans earth and heaven. He tells a story of how a mouse, which dearly loved its master while he was on earth, climbed into heaven when the latter died, by means of a rainbow, and gnawed at the door of the Celestial Home until its master was freed from his prison and his soul returned to its body here.

The rainbow is held in high veneration all over the Far East, as it is in many other parts of the globe. If the Greenlander and Slavonian look upon it as the road of souls, so the Shans and Chinese name it the spirit way; if the peasant of Ukraine sees the angels descend by it to obtain water from the earth to refill the great reservoir of heaven, so as to afford them the dews and the showers, so does the husbandman of Japan behold in it that unfailing sign by which he knows the earth will be blessed with copious rains; if in it the Samoyedes behold the border of the "garment of the supreme being," the Caribs the basket of their god Joulouka, so does the Kamschatkan see his god Bilouca, so does the Samoan recognise in it his god of war Pava, and its glistening arch his bow; if the ancient Inca looked upon it as one of the servants of the sun, and reserved for it a niche in his temple at Quito, the Tahitian considers it to be one of the children of his god Taaroa; if in Austria-Hungary it is known as the bridge by which St. Elias descends from heaven, the thunder being the roll of his chariot wheels, and if the peasant of Russia knows it as the "inclined bridge," New Zealanders regard it as a ladder by which their chiefs climb to the sky, and certain tribes of the Philippines look upon it as a stairway by which the souls of those who die violent deaths may reach heaven.

METHODIST MISSION SCHOOL AT KINKIANG.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HIGHLANDS OF CHINA.

THE province of Yunnan comprises mainly an uneven highland, from which rise several mountain ranges, whose most lofty peaks reach a height above the line of perpetual snow. Between the lofty barriers are deep ravines, whose bottoms afford the beds for some of the big rivers of this country, the Mekong, or Cambodia, the Salween, and Shweli. In the interior, particularly in the vicinity of the capital of the province, are several lakes of considerable size. There are also large, productive plains, rich valleys, and sunny slopes teeming with good crops.

The carrying of the country is done largely by caravans drawn by mules or horses, generally the former, which are exceedingly sagacious in picking their way over the uneven pathways. Decked out in head-gear of red braid, with bright-coloured plumes waving above the shoulders, while blue beads decorate the harness at every available place, they make a picturesque appearance, and the gentle symphony of tiny bells lends an alpine air to the picture. The rate paid for transportation is fifty cents a day for each animal.

The scenery here reminds us of Switzerland, the villages clustering under the hillsides, the rivers rushing noisily along their rocky channels, while above the harmonious sounds of nature, tinkling musically on the scene, fall the notes of the soft-toned bells of the mules and horses belonging to the caravans.

Presently this charming situation is exchanged for the barrenness and

WELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG.

dark dreariness of the "black country." This is in the region of great forest fires, whose work of desolation has reached to the Eden-like valley of Kweichau, an earthly paradise where beauty reigns supreme and an abundant harvest is the reward of labour.

Above Kweichau, with the south of Yunnan territory two weeks' journeying to our left, hamlets and villages scattered along the pretty stream of this valley repeat the features seen on the West River. We see again the windings of the tortuous river, the shingle shoals, the rocky walls,

narrowing the stream to half its greatest width, the rapids, the foaming waters, the high-walled gorges; anon the forest creeping closely down upon the river's banks, the network of delicate foliage such as is seldom seen in a semi-tropical country, the deep green of cultivated meadows lending to the wild mountain scene a home-like air amidst an isolation that is sublime. The loneliness of the region is increased by the decay and devastation lingering over the towns and villages, which show upon the grandeur of an ancient greatness the ruins of war-like raids made by hostile armies. The ruin may have been the result of the rebellions of the Mussulmen, or the uprisings of roving clans of warriors, or both. Be that as it may, the evidence of what they cost the inhabitants is here; the outlying walls bear ample proof of severe battering, many of the temples are broken down, while the yamens of the mandarins are wrecks of their former beauty, and a vast number of homes are laid in waste.

We are pleased by the greater freedom allowed the women of this region, who come boldly forward to greet us, instead of skulking behind some obstacle in the distance. They are not plain by any means; many of them, on the contrary, are really pretty. They have brown hair, which, with the majority, is gathered at the back of the head and brought in a single plait over the forehead. Dark blue turbans are bound over this wealth of cranial adornment. They wear large earrings of gold or silver, while close-fitting jackets are held at the neck by large silver buttons, a row of these bright fastenings running down over the right breast. Petticoats, reaching from the waist to a little below the knees, are looped up in front so as to disclose gray trousers worn underneath. Tradition says they wear no underclothes. The sombreness of this attire is relieved by the bright buttons mentioned, and by gay-coloured or white borders around the sleeves and at the bottom of the jacket. The most of them are barefooted, though in some instances the feet are covered with rough stockings and ill-fitting shoes. As a rule, particularly among the younger women, they are good-natured, light-hearted, and buxom.

One of the uncomfortable features of this country is the *ma-tien*, or stable inn, a one-roofed, shed-like structure spread over a large area, in which guests, baggage, and animals constituting the caravan are stowed away. Climbing a bamboo ladder, we gain our bedchamber, which is simply a loft in the barn, where the fumes and smoke of the lower floor,

with its dumb guests, send up their bountiful supply of odours. We sleep upon mats which we dare not inspect for fear of arousing the army of insects and vermin we know only too well are lurking there, while overhead in this cramped apartment dingy rafters are within reach of our arms.

We eat our breakfast from small tables set upon low stools, while we sit, watched by a throng of curious natives, on low benches or trestles,

BOOM ACROSS PEARL RIVER, BELOW CANTON.

similar to those holding up the beds. Among our observers we see several pretty girls, with light skins, regular features, and piquant ways. Following our gaze, Go Mung, evidently wishing to make our stay as pleasant as possible, points out one of the prettiest maids dressed in white, whose demeanour is a singular combination of coyness and curiosity. He then begins a tale of chivalrous adventure, in which she figures as heroine, against a band of inland pirates overrunning the country a short time before. Learning of one of their intended raids against a neighbouring

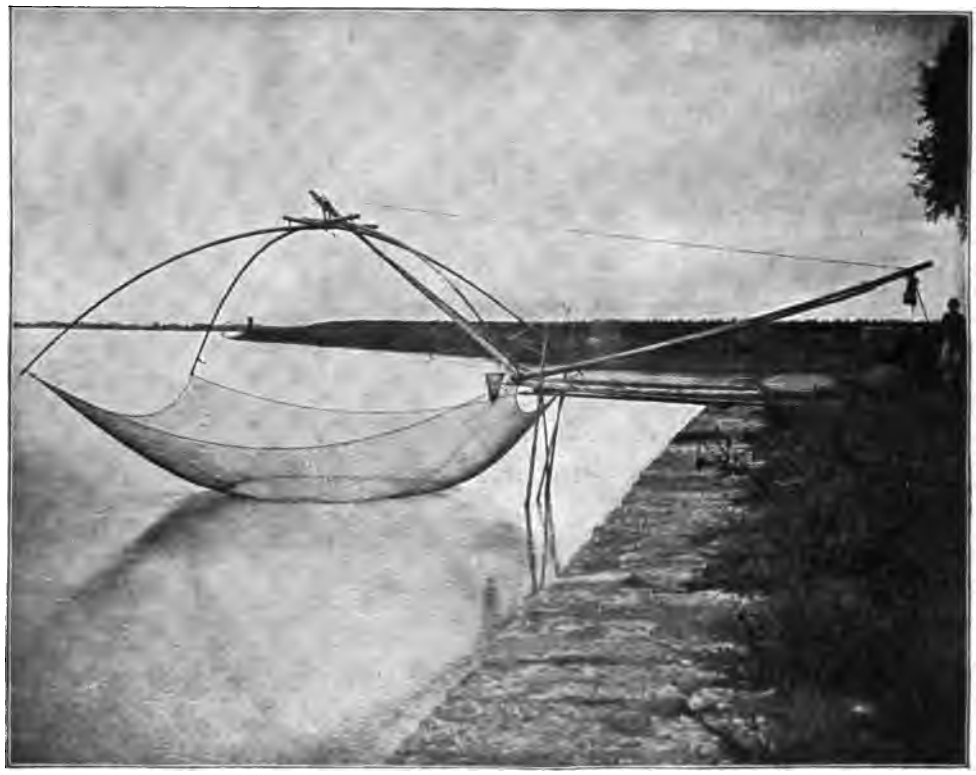
A MANDARIN'S HOUSE, CANTON.

hamlet, through one of its young men who had fallen desperately in love with her, she resolved to save the town, even if she lost her lover by it. Thus, without saying a word to any one, she managed to catch one of the half-wild ponies roaming near by, and, putting a halter on his head, sprang upon his bare back, to be borne swiftly away upon her merciful errand.

But it quickly proved to be a dangerous mission. She had not gone far before she found her path beset by three of the marauders who had started to join their companions. Urging her wild steed forward, she rode over the trio, and, with their loud cries of vengeance ringing in her ears, sped on. Although she had escaped the men, she was startled to find that the halter had either broken or slipped from the head of the pony, and she was now borne on at the mercy of its own frenzied mood. To add to her discomfiture, night was fast setting in, with a storm about to break upon the earth with such fury as the tempests of these plains know so well. But she did not become frightened and throw herself from her steed, which would have ended her life. She retained a firm seat, and resolved to make the pony perform his part of the work she had chosen to do. If it offered to veer from the proper course, she would immediately reach out a hand to cover the eye on that side, and thus she kept the creature sweeping ahead at the top of its speed in the direction she wished to go. Notwithstanding the breakneck pace at which it flew along, darkness and storm set in before she had reached her destination, and she found herself at the most hazardous place of her risky ride. The pathway here crossed a turbulent stream, which from the sound of its rushing water she knew was uncommonly high, by means of an old shaky bridge that had long been unsafe. What if it were gone — swept away by the swollen stream? These thoughts flew very rapidly through her mind, as she rode down to its edge, and the next moment felt it quiver and sink beneath the pony's hoofstrokes. But the span was short, and she was beginning to think it would be passed in safety, when suddenly the pony was struggling in the river and she was flung over its head into the space beyond. Fortunately, she fell upon the soft ground at the edge of the water, and, suffering no more serious effect than some severe bruises, she scrambled to her feet in a moment. After a vain search for her pony, which she feared was drowned in the furious stream, she resumed her

journey on foot. As she was then near her destination, she reached the imperilled town in season to warn its inhabitants, while she was thankfully praised for her heroic endeavours.

We thank Go Mung for his stirring tale, which serves a good purpose in drawing our attention, to a certain extent, from our miserable breakfast, and, with a last look at the heroine of these strange people, we resume our journey, soon after entering a forest of fir-trees, with high



SQUARE DROP NET WITH BAMBOO FRAME.

ranges of mountains in the background. Farther on we are shown by Go Mung the ruined bridge, where the maid in white rode at the risk of her life, and that is the last we hear of her.

A little farther along we see one of the prettiest sights of the entire route, consisting of a series of waterfalls no less than a dozen in number, one tumbling into the arms of the next in a pretty confusion of misty waters and arches of spray, the combined distance of the list making a grand fall of 150 feet. Added to this sparkling overflow of silvery

water is the offering of a volume of nearly the same size from a subterranean source, which bursts from its inner fountain in a spiral curve with all the colours of the rainbow. We reluctantly turn from this happy scene, and a short distance above cross the stream on a trembling bamboo bridge weighted by stone gabions.

Among the native tribes we notice some that wear horns on their turbans, while others have queues or pigtails hanging down between the shoulders. Soon after we meet with the Hwa Miao tribe, where every one seems especially fond of flowers. This is another people where the women are accorded greater privileges than are seen nearer the coast. They dress quite becomingly in blue jackets, skirts, and aprons, with white leggins.

Go Mung tells us of the singular custom still prevailing here with these people, which is called by them *convade*, when the husband takes to his bed and remains there six weeks, his wife during the time working in the field. This practice is intended to make more even the trials of the sexes, and exemplifies the couplet of Hudibras which says:

"Chinese goe to bed
And lie in their ladies' stead."

We have spoken of Yunnan country as being a broken territory, and everywhere we see the truth of this. Hills from five hundred to one thousand feet in height rise on every hand, nearly all presenting volcanic appearance. These cone-like hills are black, barren, and desolate, with singular markings in red where the clay of that colour has washed down the sides in streaks. The water here, as it is almost everywhere in China, is far from being a wholesome draught. The peasantry drink tea universally, while in the provinces of Kwangsi and Kwangtung they drink hot water. Water is seldom drunk in China unless it has been boiled or distilled.

As we pass through the villages, curious people seek every way to get a glimpse of us, some by perching themselves amid the branches of convenient trees, and others from behind bushes and buildings. The hill-people are inclined to warlike ways, and the emperor has never been able to harmonise this turbulent element with his ideas of government, so he has contented himself by letting them severely alone.

We reach the plain of Mentzu after a tedious march across five miles of sterile country. This level tract is bounded on the south by a mountain range rising some two thousand feet abruptly above the plain. Most of the house roofs in this region are flat, the walls being generally of limestone rubble, laid in cement, with alternate rows pointing in opposite directions. The doors are made mostly of poles lashed together. The flat roofs are terraced with a coarse substance laid on without any attempt at evenness. This district is noted for its linked lakes, separated by narrow ridges of barren earth raised into the dreary mounds so common in this country. Though so sterile, it might be made more fertile by inundation, the locality being well adapted for irrigation. This whole region was once known as Chrysê, or the "Golden Land," to the inhabitants of ancient India. Where the gold came from, and whither it has fled, remains the mystery, though Yunnan has rich deposits of minerals in some parts.

CAST-IRON TOP OF FORMER PORCELAIN PAGODA, NANKIN.

Wherever one goes, one finds that the Chinese either have or persist in claiming to have the densest ignorance in regard to the geography of the country, the ways of getting through the empire, and the people one is likely to meet. This becomes one of the worst features of Chinese travel. As remote as this country is from the sea-coast, the Cantonese traders penetrate here on their business trips, walking much of the way with their packs on their backs, often along mere paths winding over mountainous regions and through wide stretches of unproductive country. Every year some four or five hundred of the adventurous peddlers, bound together as

a sort of secret brotherhood, going in parties of from half a dozen to a score, cover every part of the provinces of Yunnan and North Tonquin. Some of them work northward into the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, and others as far south as Burma. They carry such articles as we should style Yankee notions, — needles, pens, paper, matches, small hand-mirrors, etc., always going on foot and often carrying their pack-loads for hundreds of miles. It is said some of these trips prove very profitable, while others

ITINERANT RESTAURANT.

turn out most unsatisfactory to the adventurous peddler. Each party has a leader, or head-man, who lays all the plans and looks after the welfare of the men under him. He is often the principal owner of the goods. One consideration which induces them to follow this course is their escape from paying the duties they would otherwise have to meet on their merchandise.

We often meet a market-woman struggling along to some place of trade, perhaps twenty miles away, loaded down with rice, eggs, poultry, baskets

of firewood, and great coils of grass rope. Now and then we see some poor peasant staggering under a load of fagots eight feet in length by half that in width, packed in a wooden frame, and held in place by stout thongs of hide, with strips of the same material passing over the shoulders and binding this enormous load of nearly half a cord in measurement in position. Again we meet long caravans of mules, horses, or oxen, laden

VIEW NEAR NANKIN.

with packs of salt. One day we saw as many as a hundred oxen all loaded thus, and moving at a snail's pace.

A peculiar feature of South Yunnan is the *pai-fang*, or stone portal, erected in honour of political position, old age, or widowhood, which seem to share the same grade of distinction. But we notice that the last is most common, judging by the number of pai-fangs. Gaudy colours prevail everywhere in China, often spoiling, according to Occidental ideas of harmony and beauty, what would be otherwise a pretty picture.

Now we reach the Yuan-chiang plain, where we see pines of several

kinds, some of the largest being six feet in girth. The foliage is of a deep green, very thick and beautiful, with graceful curves to many of the branches which remind us of the trained trees in the gardens of Japan. The Yuan-Kiang valley, the Sang-ka or Red River of the French, is gained after a tedious descent. High mountain ranges shut it in, the slopes of the uplands are terraced by flat-roofed cottages, placed in settings of dark green woods, while profusions of roses and white azalias grow to the edge of rocks and cliffs, making them look like huge flowering tables and walls. The Yuan is the noblest of Yunnan's great rivers.

We are now in the track of the learned Garnier and his intrepid companions, who made such a resolute attempt to explore this region for the benefit of the French in 1867. There were five of these pathfinders. The tomb of one, De Lagree, the leader, we see at Saignon. Two others of this little band fell by the way, one of these the noble-hearted and educated Garnier, while the fourth, Le Carne, died soon after he reached home, from injuries received on the journey. After reaching Saignon, under the shadow of the loss of their beloved leader, the others pushed on into the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, where we hope to go. They were two years — long and tedious years — on the trip. At that time the French were doing their best to secure the best route through the country, and boasted that they had succeeded, though succeeding events have failed to meet their sanguine expectations. It should be added, perhaps, that Garnier's expedition was made during the reign of a bloody civil war, when a fearful pestilential disease was ravaging Yunnan, while they were here during the rainy season.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAND OF THE "GOLDEN TEETH."

THE river Yuan where we cross it at Yuan-Kiang is really impassable for canoes down as far as Manhao, the stream passing almost constantly between high hills, and often under lofty cliffs, where the current is very rapid, having an average descent of twenty feet to the mile. The district has an unfavourable reputation for miasma, so that travellers abandon their canoes at Manhao, and push on overland to Mentse, Linan, and northward to Yunnan City, if that be their destination. Our course is westerly through Taling, and then more southerly to the river Li-hien, or, as it is known in the province of Tongking, Sang-bo, which means Black River. This stream eventually becomes a tributary of the Sang-ka, or Red River, already mentioned. The Li-hien has its course about midway between the Yuan-Kiang and the Mekong River to the west, which is larger in its volume than both of the others. In the next valley, on the west, the broad Salween flows sluggishly down into British Burma, finally to render over its treasures to the Bay of Bengal. The Mekong, though separated for a long distance from the other by a narrow background of earth and rock, flows through the French territory of Siam, or Cochin China, and empties into the Sea of China.

This recalls the bitter lesson that China learned in breaking faith with Great Britain, and ceding to the French Tongking, after which she made reparation by giving to the English the rich Shan state on the south of Yunnan. The Salween runs through the heart of this district from the extreme north to the ferry of Kun-lung, where the Mandalay railroad, nearing completion, connects Rangoon and the Bay of Bengal with the valley of China's great river at a point navigable for big steamers. It is sixty miles air line from Kun-lung to the Yunnan frontier. This district is believed to abound in gold and silver, but it has not been explored sufficiently to warrant this statement. Once the iron horse penetrates these provinces, as he is surely destined to do at no very distant day,

A PRIVATE GARDEN, CANTON.

and the barriers of the wilderness which separates this region remote from the seashore, and the shackles of a people too long bound in superstition, will be broken. Whatever of wealth Yunnan possesses will then be found, and, what will be of greater importance, the ancient empire will be crossed by a line of direct and easy communication from the mountains and plains to the sea.

As we move slowly along we are attracted by the bright-coloured foliage on every hand. Roses, dazzling azaleas, and a sort of large pink

SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI.

of a deep red are common, while among the woods we are gladdened by the sight of several varieties of pines, ash, and birch, the last especially shapely and happy in their colouring.

Upon reaching the Li-hien River, we head northward toward Talifu, situated on the shore of a lake by the same name. In doing this we leave the walled town of Puerh a few miles below us. We are told that it has few attractions, having been laid in waste not long since by one of the frequent civil wars that have been such a curse to this country. An interesting region lies to the west; Burma is on the south. A hundred

miles, or such a matter, on the southeast is the tea-growing district, whence comes the noted Puerh tea. We have not failed to notice that no poppy has been seen since leaving the hills on the north bank of the Yuan-Kiang. The iron trade is carried on in this region to a considerable extent, while copper comes from Yunnan and lac from the Shan country. Tea and cotton, however, are the main products of this district.

We frequently meet with men wearing the dark blue turban of the Mussulman, while the sturdy physique, the flashing black eye, the straight nose, and haughty, defiant, independent demeanour afford a marked con-

WATER COOLIE, SHANGHAI.

trast to the oblique eye, the sallow countenance, the slender, emaciated figure, and the cringing air of the Chinese. An evidence of the former greatness of this country's inhabitants is furnished by the ruins of noble stone bridges and mighty causeways. But if a powerful people once lived here, they left a fallen race incapable of keeping in repair the proud structures that they built. Everywhere in Yunnan falls the shadow of a greatness long since departed. This is shown in another way by the few priests to be seen at the numerous temples scattered over the province, where only periodical visits are made by the canonical fathers.

The people are kind and hospitable. The women, who are especially attractive, wear a striking headdress, a sort of tiara of silver bound about

the head under a conical crowned turban. They are a musical people, and, although unable to read and write, they speak with pride of their ancestors who were masters of the arts.

Well-cultivated and fertile fields are seen, bordered at places by bamboo growth, its light green set off with good effect by the dark foliage of the pines on the hillsides. Beyond these rise the majestic mountains whose purple slopes deepen into black toward their summits.

We soon find a different people, whose men wear enormous bamboo hats with rims two feet in width, while their waists are girdled by bright-coloured sashes, from which protrude the handles of stout knives of the Burmese pattern, called *dhas*. These men, who ride fine horses with grace and distinguished skill, carry conspicuously that peculiar article of common use, the mandoline, which is capable of being utilised as a pipe for smoking opium, a fan to cool the heated brow, and an umbrella to protect the bearer from sun and rain.

Presently the river passes through a most picturesque region, along a channel smooth and wide, where the shallow water glides with a soft murmur, or between high cliffs of rock, its course narrowed to one-fourth its natural width, the foaming waters driven headlong down long series of cataracts, tumbling furiously on the jagged rocks, gasps for breath a moment, whirls around as if to get its bearings, then plunges down another rocky stair, recovers itself as before, and repeats its mad dash for freedom over and over, until finally, churned into foam and mist, it reaches a still pool in some secluded spot, where it smooths itself into sleep, before running the gauntlet of another race-course of falls. The roar of the stream suggests, in places, the noise of angry beasts clamouring for something to devour, and then all this wild tumult gradually dies away, and the silence of the primeval forest drops on the scene. The dark pines afford a cooling shade at the hottest noonday, while in the distance the mountains thrust their silver tips into the clear sky. Our way winds now close to the bank of this beautiful stream, or anon over a spur of the hills beyond sight and sound of the capricious companion we have learned to like so well, and whose endless song, if strained at times, has become welcome music in our ears.

The flora of this region is especially rich, roses, pink and white camelias, rhododendrons, wild raspberries, and strawberries being seen

on every hillside, while firs of several varieties, the cypress trees, numerous kinds of cactus, a kind of palm known as the "fairy," and the round-topped or "genii fists" make up the border to the forests on the uplands. We see to-day in full blossom the orange flower, which measures a foot and a half in length and six inches in width, a beautiful object.

CHINESE WOMAN WITH BOUND FEET.

This region is peopled by a race called Lolos, many of whom live in large, two-storied houses, with elaborate carvings over the door, with eaves having fantastic paintings on the plastering and with mouldings done in fancy work. But the attractiveness of all this artistic ornamentation is diminished by the corroding touch of time, which is laid everywhere in this land on the work of man.

Before we have reached this romantic region, Go Mung has awakened our interest by tales of a fair Lolo maiden, who delights to escort parties of strangers through that part of the province. She is pictured by his

graphic tongue as being very beautiful, but capricious, having the habit of "dropping one of her petticoats when anything displeases her." Just what this last means we are still in ignorance, as the Talebearer either could not or would not tell us, and the bewitching maid was either in ignorance of our coming or was too coy to seek us. We did not see any one that could possibly fill the place glowingly pictured by Go Mung. The Lolo women love to deck themselves out in silver ornaments. Among them we noticed one, who had small claim to be the belle of the village, according to our judgment, but who wore finger rings of enormous size, bracelets of great width and weight, earrings of massive pattern, and about her forehead a wide band wrought in silver, and yet another pendent from her hair.

Another stage of our journey takes us into a wild, broken region, where the population is sparse and the inhabitants poor, living mainly on maize, the only crop that can be raised successfully, though other cereals are cultivated more or less. Here are mountains of perpetual snow, the peaks of a long range rising to fifteen hundred feet and upwards. From the summit of one of the lesser mountains one looks down on a vast sea of uplands, the range after range of high ridges, all trending north and south, having the appearance of huge billows sweeping in, one after another, from the hazy horizon on the east, the ocean of space.

This part of Yunnan really belongs to the extensive plateau of Tibet, and was at one time a kingdom of itself, with Tali for its capital. Later this has been the battle-ground between the Mohammedans and the Chinese, and the burial-place is still pointed out near the town where many of the latter race sleep for all eternity by the side of their hated enemies. Some of the stones placed to mark the graves of these soldiers are now being used in building the fences of adjoining fields. So quickly do men forget even those who fought for them. The slabs are of marble, and some bear inscriptions in Mohammedan characters.

Tali has been an important city in the troublesome times not so very long since passed, and it has a checkered history. To-day it is one of the largest centres for trade in the province. It has one building which is unequalled in this country. This is the college building, which was erected by a man who was both feared and hated by the people. His name was Yang-yu-ko, and he was at the time military governor of

Western Yunnan, but he was more unfavourably known as the "Chinese Bluebeard." It was his ambition to secure the independence of the province and place himself at its head. As his headquarters he built the fine structure mentioned, with the peasants and coolies compelled to work for him at a mere pittance. His infamous nickname he won from his inordinate propensity to create a harem which should outrival that of Solomon, and so far and wide did he carry this intention that not a woman in the province dared to consider herself safe from him. Complaint was

NANKIN UNIVERSITY.

finally made to the government, and in the midst of his high-handed rule he was recalled. Thinking it was better to yield than to rise in revolt before he was prepared to do so, he went peacefully to Pekin, and the inhabitants of the west country, very much to their relief, saw him no more. His fine palace he gave to the college, and he donated a certain sum toward its maintenance, hoping thus to assuage the hatred he had aroused against himself. The grand structure was built after the Chinese plan of public buildings, with yamens, paved courts, and a garden. The carvings and ornaments on the doors alone must have cost a princely sum.

Tali was for many years noted for its fairs, to which a large crowd came annually from far and near. An important feature of the occasion were the Burmese pedlers. The grounds are the grades of the Tali Hills on the west of the town. Near the entrance, bespeaking their present prestige as well as being relics of former power, stand Mohammedan minarets. These are built square, and there are several of them. One standing inside a small fort on the old battle-field is encircled by cornices which decrease in size as they rise, giving the appearance of a gradual tapering from the base up. These fairs are losing their former attractions year by year.

If the centre of considerable trade, Tali has no big shops, nor does it show any particular commercial bustle. The main street is of creditable width and cleanliness, considering that it is in a country noted for the filthy habits of the inhabitants. A marble quarry near by affords the most profitable industry. Nearly everything is of Chinese make.

This is the land of "Golden Teeth," spoken of by Marco Polo. The name came probably from the habit of the people of chewing betel and lime, which gives the teeth and gums a yellowish hue, mistaken by the great explorer for a foil of gold wrapped over the first. This practice of chewing betel with lime is common with the Burmese and the inhabitants of the Shan country, as well as with those of West Yunnan.

The temperature of this vicinity is one of remarkable equality, there being but little variation on account of the protection afforded the valley from the disagreeable winds of the country to the west by the mountains. As many as three crops are harvested here from the same land, — first a crop of poppy, which is followed by one of wheat, and that by rice.

On the whole, Yunnan does not offer very flattering prospects. In the north the population is scattering and in poor circumstances, which indicates that the physical features of the country are not the best. Western Yunnan is more favoured in its natural bounties, but even here the promise is not high. There is some mineral wealth stored here, but the Chinese have never tried to develop the mines. In the south the wet season continues from the last of May to the middle of September, but the fall of rain is not heavy. Except where broken by the mountains, a steady breeze sweeps over the country through the dry period, and the temperature is comfortable and invigorating.

What we have said of the population along our route we judge applies to the whole, with but slight modifications. Except in the cities, where the Chinese predominate, the aboriginal races, distinct from one another, prevail as the ruling people. These are better-looking, have stronger physiques, do not crush their feet, wear more picturesque clothing, and are more friendly to the foreigners than the Chinese. But owing to the lack of trade, which is explained by the lack of proper means of transportation,

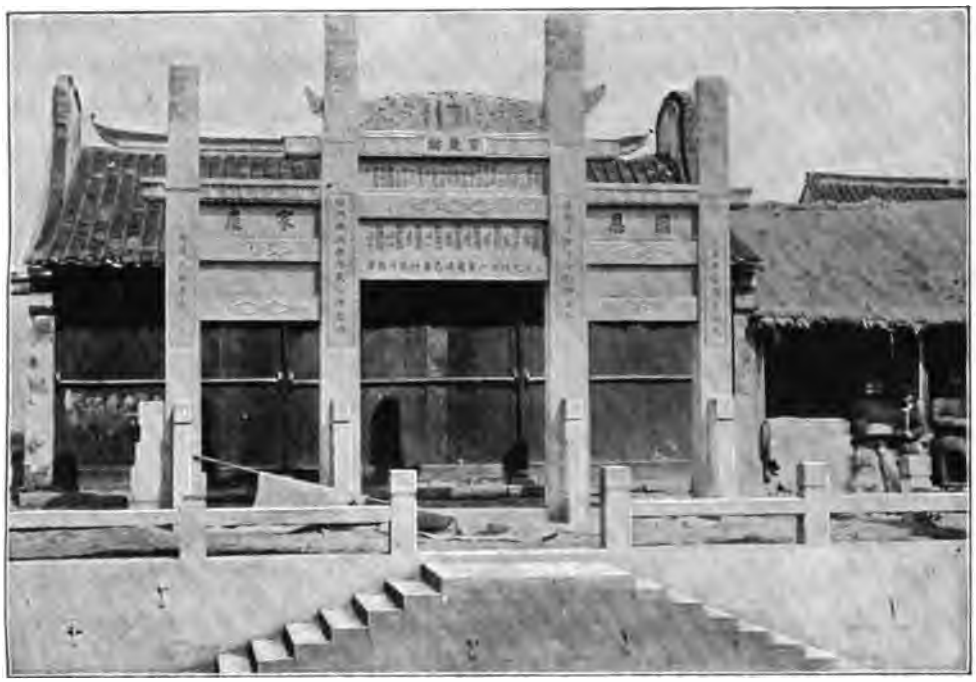
BARBER AND MASSEUR IN TEMPLE GROUNDS.

they are mainly poor. Another cause of this general poverty has been explained as arising from the numerous rebellions among the people, and the raids into the country by stronger tribes. The products of the plains are rice, maize, peas, beans, sugar, poppy, and tobacco plants. A large percentage of the cultivated land is seeded to poppy, the most of which is sent out of the province. Sometimes two crops of this plant are raised on the same piece of ground, but more often the first crop is followed by a crop of peas. Such European fruits as apples, pears, plums, and peaches

AN EXECUTION AT CANTON.

are found growing fairly well, while prominent among the flora are the roses, rhododendrons, and pink and white camellias.

It has taken us over seventy days to get from Canton to Tali, forty of these having been made by boats, and thirty-two by travel in sedan-chairs and on foot. But the prospect for better ways of penetrating this country are already planned, and the day is not far distant when this great overland journey will be accomplished, perhaps, in as many hours as it has taken us days. A railroad has been proposed to run from Pak-hoi, on the



MONUMENT TO A WOMAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

shore of the Gulf of Tongking, to connect with Naning, and from that city along almost the route we have followed to Po-se, at the headwaters of West River. There will be a short branch of this road built to connect with the road already in operation between the capital of the province of Tongking and Ling-chai on the southwest border of Kwangsi. There is now being built another railroad from the heart of Tongking to Yunnan city, capital of the province. Another railroad is proposed from Siam to Yunnan City, passing through Puerho and across our path. Still another is to run westward from Yunnan to Mandalay in Upper Burma. Tali

will be connected to the road. Besides these, Yunnan is to have two ways of getting into the rich valley of the Great River. So when we go next time to Yunnan we expect to travel behind the iron horse, and to find this remote, inland capital a bustling railroad centre. While an important item in regard to the matter of time and comfort will have been gained, we shall have lost the picturesque part of the trip, missed the noise and bustle of the river boatmen, and have only a prosaic story to tell.

FARMHOUSES, CANTON.

BRIDGE ACROSS GRAND CANAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIVER OF THE GOLDEN SAND.

GO MUNG, who has now become our tin-chai, guide, and confidential adviser, reminds us that the season is too fleeting to remain long in the former capital of the Hui-Huis, improperly called Mohammedans by Europeans, if we would enjoy to their fullest extent the attractions of the wonderland of China, the valley of the Great River. Hence we bid an early adieu to Tali-fu — noted for its ancient fairs and its monuments of a religion foreign to its people, as well as for having been the seat of government of the miscalled Sultan Suliman and the rebellious faction that waged their war for years, until nearly every town within a radius of fifty miles was desolated — and start overland across the great watershed of the Burmese borderland of Yunnan.

Tali-fu has a population of about three thousand Chinese families, and not quite as many native inhabitants. The city is situated a little less than seven thousand feet above the sea level, and is overlooked by the "Snowy Mountains," which reach an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet.

We pass along within sight of Lake Tali, whose shore is now nearly two miles from the limits of the city, though it is believed that once the water reached to the town. We are following in the footsteps of the intrepid expedition led, in 1868, by the gallant Lieutenant Garnier, who was the first to penetrate the Tibetan border. Along nearly this same course came Captain Gill, in 1877; he was compelled, however, to abandon his survey of the Kin-sha Kiang to its source, on account of war in that

RUINED PAGODA NEAR CHEFOO.

section, and to find his way out in the direction of Burma. Although the first to bring back written accounts of this isolated region, these adventurous explorers found others already ahead of them, and Lieutenant Garnier relates how he discovered one of those lonely missionaries in this country. Upon having learned by accident that a solitary preacher by the name of M. Léguilcher was living in that vicinity, he sent forward a messenger to announce his coming, and prepared to meet this zealous anchorite, describing his approach and meeting as follows:

"We were moving with considerable difficulty along the northern shore of Lake Tali, when one of our guides pointed out to me, some hundred metres below, a little platform hung as it were in mid-air against the flank of the mountain; there were a few trees planted in rows, and a group of houses surmounted by a cross. The sight so thrilled me that I instantly started to run down the winding, breakneck path, and before long I came in sight of a man with long beard standing on the edge of the platform, who was attentively regarding me. In a few minutes more I was by his side. 'Are you not Père Leguilcher?' I asked. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, slowly, as if at a loss to understand how I should know him. 'But you?' My dress, my unkempt appearance, my rifle and revolvers, must have made me seem to the peaceful father like some buccaneer strayed into that lonely region. 'I am he who sent you word of my coming; I am Lieutenant Garnier, an officer of the French navy, whom I trust you have only a kind greeting for, although I come unexpected and unheralded.' For reply he grasped my hand, and then silently folded me to his breast. I saw the tears coursing down his bearded cheeks, and I could not see for those in my own eyes. I knew I had found a warm friend, while it was not difficult to understand the cause of his emotion."

Could the experiences of these hardy missionaries have been preserved by written account they would have afforded a most thrilling and interesting work. The fortunes of M. Leguilcher were among the most exciting and hazardous. During the protracted uprising of the Hui-Huis, which has been called the Mohammedan rebellion, he underwent many hardships and was in constant danger. At one time driven from his abode, he was forced to flee into the forest, where he built him a hut of cinnamon-trees, when, finally coming to the verge of starvation, he began to eat his house!

This is a country of strange surprises, of remarkable freaks of nature, of striking proofs of the strength and glory of the inhabitants who once occupied this broad and diversified territory, but whose descendants have found it a precarious abiding-place. One of the strangest features of this region are its waterways. It is never safe to count on the continued progress of a stream. Rivers appear without any previous indication of their arrival, and as suddenly and mysteriously disappear. A river may divide into two, aided perhaps by the track of some caravan train and the

limestone formation of its banks. The truant branch flows sullenly away until finding union with some other river, while the waters of the main fork pursue the old course. Again, a river has been known to desert its native bed and to make a new one, while eventually another stream will appropriate its unused channel, rushing proudly and noisily along as if at home in its own course, while that becomes overgrown with bushes, is filled up with débris, and is lost. Here, on this great watershed, streams

VIEW ON THE CHINA COAST.

may rise but a short distance from each other that will find their ends thousands of miles apart. The stream that separates and seeks an independent course has been known to reach by one branch the Sea of China on the eastern coast of Asia, while the other flows into the Bay of Bengal.

But the storied valleys and highlands of Southern China, with their lonely towns and empty plains, become, like their vanished grandeur, a memory and a shadow, as we stand at last on the right bank of the Mississippi of the Far East. As we look upon the foam-frosted flood of

the Great River, mighty even here in this mountain fastness, with snow-crowned peaks of Alpine hoariness and rock-bastions of American majesty, we seem to feel that we are being borne on with irresistible power into the heart of the ancient empire. Whence comes this long river no man knows, any more than he knows the origin of the race that founded its homes in its fertile valleys long ere written history sent its messages abroad over the world, a people that may have flourished in the era of the Toltec dynasty in the West, or before the ancestors of the Children of the Sun founded the golden capital of Amarca, the most ancient America. We have said that it is a river of many names, and to-day, as Go Mung enumerates them, we are forcibly impressed with the bewildering array of Chinese nomenclature.

As the Chu-mau it has its source somewhere in the mountains that form the southern boundary of the great sand plain called "Gobi," or "Shamo," at about the same longitude as Calcutta. It flows along the base of the lofty range of Bayan Kapa mountains, from whose northern slopes China's second great river, the erratic Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, gathers its tribute for the sea which it names. Opposite the birthland of that Missouri of this big river, the Ya-lung, the Chu-mau exchanges its baptismal name for that of Dre-chu, a designation which it loses when it crosses the border of Sifan into the province of Szechuan, to become known as Kin-sha Kiang, "The River of the Golden Sand." Under this poetical name, it rushes across a corner of the Szechuan and Yunnan provinces to leap with dazzling glory from under the "Sun Bridge" overhung by the "Throne of Snow," whose massive front of twenty thousand feet is nearly one-half a sheer precipice, into the great basin of China. It is now known as the Kin ho, and continues an unmanageable torrent until it reaches the level country of Ping Shan, situated forty miles above the junction of the Min River. Here it exchanges its name for that of this tributary, and as the Min Kiang it sweeps along down to Ichang gorge, when it takes on its final and most glorious designation, Ta Kiang, or, as foreigners seem to like best, Yangtse Kiang. This time Yang means sea; tse, son; and Kiang, river, — the whole denoting "Son of the Sea." It has a length under this name of one thousand miles.

The geographical features of this extensive waterway are worthy of a brief description. One of its most striking features is the remarkable

descent it makes in the upper half of its explored course. Col. William Rockhill, the American explorer, who penetrated deepest into the realm of its headwaters, reached an altitude of 16,400 feet. From this lofty outlook to the head of navigation, Ping Shan, an estimated distance of fifteen hundred miles, the aggregate of its stupendous falls cannot be less than fifteen thousand feet, the greatest descent of any of the large rivers on the globe. From Ping Shan to Hankow, a distance of nine hundred

ON THE YANGTSE AT CHINKIANG.

miles, the descent is estimated to be in the vicinity of one thousand feet. From the last named city to the sea, a distance of six hundred miles, it falls only about fifty feet, or an average of only one inch to a mile. The width of this river at Hankow, where it becomes a tidal stream, is nearly a mile, while it becomes at low water in shallow places less than ten feet in depth. Below the gorge at Ichang, one thousand miles from the sea, it has a width of three-fourths of a mile, and is navigable to this place for large steamers. Other great rivers may carry a larger volume of water into the ocean than this "Son of the Sea," there may be longer

PRIVATE HOUSE, CANTON.

rivers than the Yangtse Kiang, though this remains for the coming explorer to show; but it does drain, with its mighty network of tributaries, the largest cultivated valley in the world, an area estimated to cover almost 660,000 square miles, equal in extent of territory to the American States comprising the Pacific slope, and affording sustenance for its peaceful and agricultural population numbering over 180,000,000 souls.

The most effective survey made of that portion of the Great River

SHANGHAI AND WUSUNG RAILWAY.

which is known as the "River of the Golden Sand" was made by the redoubtable Captain Gill in 1877. Poor Gill! he perished most miserably on an expedition to the sheikhs of the Sinai desert in the late summer of 1882, in company with Professor Palmer, the great Oriental linguist, and two others. This little party left the Wells of Moses on the 8th of August, to fall into the hands of a body of Bedouins on the morning of the third day, after a night's stubborn fight against overwhelming numbers. Their captors lost no time in deciding that they should be put to death, and the hapless quartette were given the choice to leap from a high preci-

pice or be shot down like dogs. Captain Gill and Professor Palmer chose the first alternative, and, goaded on by their inhuman captors, threw themselves over the brink of the chasm overhanging the rocks of the Wady Sudr, nearly fifty feet below. Their companions were shot a few minutes later.

Standing on the bank of this great mountain stream, looking northward into the province of Szechuan in the distance, we realise that we are on the borderland between India and China. To the west and north lies a dark region, filled with the most mystic tales of unrecorded deeds, a vast country from which the mists of the past lift slowly, leaving a background difficult to trace. Early European explorers met on its frontier a barrier they could not pass, and even to-day Tibet is but imperfectly understood, and there is much for the future discoverer to unfold. The mountains and valley of this interior realm bear evidence of having been formerly clothed in rich forests, but, denuded of these by the agency of man, the whole territory bids certain to become as arid and barren as the mountain regions of Northern Persia.

The missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church must be given the credit for the first actual entrance into this strange country. These devout and indefatigable men, surmounting obstacles that required almost superhuman effort to compass, penetrated even the most remote regions, establishing a continuous line of religious posts from the sea to the farthest inland frontier. In these have been sacrificed to what was deemed the duty of one's life many a soul on the altar of patient suffering, and hardly a modern explorer has not found somewhere, however remote the place, one of these anchorites living alone and unknown to the world, forgotten by his nearest kin, while he performed the simple work of his isolated life. As the object was not for worldly gain, these exploits, which would read in many cases like romance, have never been published to the world, and thus have perished unknown with the brave doer. More's the pity. On the great Tibetan plateau we met one of these hardy followers of the Church, an old man, whose long, flowing white beard and hair gave to his noble presence the air of one of the patriarchs of old.

The privilege to enter the interior of China and to travel where they pleased, with proper consideration for the feelings and customs of those they met, was granted to Europeans, provided they had passports, in the

treaty of Tien-tsin, Article IX., ratified June 26, 1858. This is the starting point from which to date modern exploration and discovery in China by foreigners. From this time the empire began to be known; previous to that period it was an unknown land, even to the imperial head itself.

We stop at one of the villages in this vicinity, meeting with a more cordial reception than at certain places along the West River. Go Mung assures us that a fine view of the surrounding country is to be obtained

BUDDHIST MONASTERY, POOTOO.

from the summit of one of the hills not far away, and we quickly decide to improve the opportunity. We invite the disgust of our Chinese companions by concluding to walk, something a Chinaman never does if he can help it. Another trait peculiar to him is that, upon arriving at a place, he spends his time between eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping, seldom seeking any means of enjoyment. Thus the restlessness and constant activity of the American is a characteristic which he cannot understand.

In this respect he differs from the Japanese, while he lacks the imagination and inventive power of the latter. The Chinaman paints nothing but what he has seen, carves nothing but what he has been acquainted with, does nothing which he or his father has not done. In short, he is not original. Captain Gill relates a case where a couple of Chinese returning from a visit to Europe, wishing to learn what they could of navigation, gravely asked permission of the captain to copy the ship's

ORDINARY CIVILIAN'S CHAIR.

log day by day. At the end of the voyage, they having carefully guarded their secret during the time, it was found that they had done it under the impression that, should either of them ever take a vessel over the route, these notes would be their guide.

We found our destination to be one of the loftiest hills in that region, reaching an altitude of nearly a thousand feet above the river bed. On its crest stood a seven-storied pagoda, with the ear-marks of ages upon it, while its elevated top was made still more lofty by a good-sized tree

growing upon it! The silvery orb of the Oriental night was hung like a pictured gem against the naked wall of the translucent sky, lending the happiest effect that we ever saw to the valleys, mountains, plains, and forests of Yunnan. Added to the wild, grand panorama of nature was to be seen in the distance the coppery gleam of the camp-fire of some caravan halted for the night on the highlands. Yet farther away was a bigger and brighter sheet of flame, marking the onsweep of a forest conflagration, which is a sight only too often seen in this country. As we stand mute spectators of this scene, a dozen or more dark figures, looking at first like huge bats, dart out over the landscape between us and the sea of fire. They soon assume the shape of a body of horsemen sweeping over the plain with a velocity vying with the wind. Our gaze now follows them until, growing fainter and fainter, their outlines disappear into the distant gloom, leaving us to speculate as to who they are, whither they are bound, or what may be their errand.

As we continue to look out over this gorgeous autumnal scene, the words of him who penetrated into this region before us, Captain Gill, come into our mind, and we can do no better than to quote them: "Nature had draped the landscape in such gorgeous tints that she seemed in some wanton mood to be challenging the feeble hand of man to imitate her wealth of colouring. The mountainsides that rose on either hand almost precipitately glowed in yellow or golden red; down by the rill, which leapt merrily from stone to stone, the young willows had the fresh green foliage of early spring; and the very weeds growing by the roadside vied with the trees in the richness of their hues." Reluctantly we finally retraced our steps down the hillside, the sound of rushing water soon rising on the still air, its soft monotone in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN DARKEST TIBET.

THE countenance of the genial Go Mung shows an unusual look of anxiety, while we cannot fail to notice that he gazes often into the west, from whence comes the noble river sweeping past the little Chinese village, as if in haste to carry the news of its coming to the plains a thousand miles away. We have concluded to make a détour into the province of Szechuan, shaping our course so as to strike the famous river of Min, and by that storied stream reach the Upper Yangtse Kiang. This will take us through the territory of the Man-tse and the heart of that provincial empire, Szechuan. We did think of diverging enough to extend our journey into the edge of Tibet, but then Go Mung, to whom we owe too much not to respect his advice, shook his head, saying:

"It is but eighteen days' travelling to Batang, good master, and that town is well on toward the border of Tibet; but the way lies through a country little better than a desert, the upper portions of which are clothed in a wilderness of snow, and the lower slopes and valleys lying naked in their barrenness and hideous deformity. Is the journey worth the while? Provisions cannot be obtained on the way, such as we should want, the people in that country living principally on buttered tea and oatmeal porridge. But the quantity they will eat makes it impossible for a stranger to get even a small portion!"

"Well, tell us about Tibet, Go Mung, and the strange people who live within its dark borders. Then let us have a story, and we will fall in with your plan." The Talebearer shows his kindly appreciation, and in a short time we have learned more of Darkest Tibet than we had ever dreamed of. After all, we are made to believe that the source of dread of that country comes from the brotherhood of lamas, who are unfriendly to foreigners. As this conclusion comes from Chinese sources, it may be

well to give it some allowance. Strictly speaking, the lamas are priests of the faith of Buddha. They form a powerful sect, and wield throughout Tibet a power that is tyrannical. They live in large communities, forming lamaseries or monasteries. The extent of their power may be understood when it is stated that they comprise one-third of Tibet's population and two-thirds of its energy.

ANCIENT SHRINE IN CANTON.

The head of the sect is the Dalai Lama, who is credited with being the incarnation of the divine son. Upon his death, the believers in the faith hold that his spirit has entered a child born at that moment. Immediately a search is begun to find this successor, who is supposed to have certain mysterious marks upon its body easily understood by those expert in the secrets of the lamas. There is no reason to doubt the honesty of this search, for it often happens that a child is selected from some poor and not influential family. The child that is finally accepted is remarkable for the spiritual beauty of its countenance, and for the gentleness of its spirit. This may be a desired quality, for should one with the energy and ambition of the world's followers be chosen, he

would soon trample under foot the prerogatives of his would-be masters, and overturn the power of the lamas.

The lamas are described as poor and filthy. "They shave their heads, and wear a garment of a coarse red serge or sackcloth. This has no shape, but is simply an oblong piece of cloth thrown over one shoulder, the other being generally bare; for the lamas, not less hardy than their lay brethren, seem absolutely impermeable to cold. The lamas wear another length of cloth wound two or three times around the waist, which forms a skirt reaching to the ankle. Many of them are barefooted; others wear high boots of red cloth, with the lower parts made of leather. A yellow scarf is sometimes worn around the waist, and, with a string of beads and a prayer cylinder, completes their costume. The prayer cylinder is usually about three or four inches in diameter and in length; the mystical invocation, '*Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom*,' is written on the outside, while a small weight at the end of a short string keeps the affair in rotation; and all day long, not only the lamas, but the people may be seen muttering the universal prayer, and twisting, invariably, in the same direction with the hands of a clock. One or more great cylinders, inscribed with the sentence, stand at the entrance to every house in Tibet, and a member of the household, or a guest who passes, is always expected to give the cylinder a twist for the welfare of the establishment. At almost every rivulet the eye is arrested by a little building, that is at first mistaken for a water-mill, but which, on close inspection, is found to contain a cylinder, turning by the force of the stream, and ceaselessly sending up pious ejaculations to heaven, for every turn of the cylinder on which the prayer is written is supposed to convey an invocation to the deity. Sometimes enormous barns are filled with these cylinders, gorgeously painted, and with the prayer repeated on them many times; and at every turn and every step in Tibet this sentence is forced upon the traveller's notice in some form or another. A string, called a Mani string, is often stretched between the two sides of a tiny valley, and hundreds of little bits of rags are tied to it with the prayer written on all. At the top of every mountain there is a cairn made of stones, cast there by the pious traveller, thankful to have escaped the dangers of the mountain roads, and on each stone the prayer appears. Many sticks are planted in the cairn, with a piece of rag or cloth at the upper end, on

EDUCATIONAL TOWERS, CANTON.

which, of course, the prayer is written, and by the roadside are heaps of flat stones with the inscription roughly cut on them. These are especially frequent in the valleys; sometimes only a few hundred rods apart, they would appear to serve as a means for marking the road when covered by deep snowdrifts, as well as for some pious purpose. Sometimes the road passes between walls of flat stones, on every one of which the sentence may be read by the passing traveller. A light pole, from which a piece of rag flutters, inscribed with the prayer, is placed at the top of every

A SQUATTER INSIDE WALLS OF NANKIN.

Tibetan house, and wherever the traveller may go, he is constantly reminded that he is in the home of the Buddhist religion."

What the meaning might be attached to these frequent mementoes, as singular as it may seem, the wise Go Mung could not, or would not, disclose. But this custom is not confined to darkest Tibet, for in Persia the pilgrim to the sacred shrine of Inem Reze finds the trees and bushes along his pathway decked with innumerable bits of cloth, while he, if a follower of the faith, adds to the vast number one of his own, in acknowledgment of the divine joy attending this pious pilgrimage.

With the account of these mysterious prayers of Tibet comes into our

mind the stories we have heard of the marvellous Tree of Ten Thousand Images described by the Jesuit missionaries who have penetrated into the interior of the country. This strange tree was reported to have sprung from the earth upon the spot where the sacred mother of Lamas shaved the head of her first-born when she dedicated him to the divine faith, and sowed the ground with his hair. From this spot sprang the most remarkable tree in the world, the bark upon its trunk, the branches upon its

INFANTRY AND BOWMEN DRILLING.

body, and every leaf upon its branches bearing the prayers and symbols of the Buddhist faith. These were believed to grow annually, and, with the shedding of the tree's foliage, the singular messages were distributed over the country. Naturally, the priests guarded with zealous care such a sacred and mysterious sponsor of their religion. But the curious, unbelieving stranger eventually destroyed this pretty myth, and thereby rendered blank another picture from wonderland. The remarkable Literary Tree of Tibet is, after all, only a common *syringa villosa* seen frequently

in China. Its leaves are susceptible to any pressure made upon them, and are capable of holding these impressions for a long time. Thus the lamas, with their moulds, were able to imprint on the sacred tree of their lamasery such characters as they chose, and, by assiduous watchfulness, remained masters of the secret for a long time.

His tales of Tibet, many of which we have not space to give, seem to have awakened the fertile memory of Go Mung to a state of activity, and peopled it with mystical beings, as he prepares to relate the story of the famous Buddhist saint who gave away the world.

"This tale belongs to all humanity," begins Go Mung, folding his arms upon his breast, while he looks reverentially toward the east, west, north, and south, "and what I am to tell you is all recorded, with much more, in the Great Book of Buddha, the *Bkah-hgyur*, as kept by his faithful servants. This vast empire of the West was ruled most wisely by that famous king, Vasmitra, whose wisdom was glorified by noble deeds done wherever his power extended. But as good and great as was this noble ruler, his fame promised to be eclipsed by that of his son and future successor, Prince Vivantara, who was noted as much for his generous acts as his father was for his exact justice both to the strong and the weak. Even as a youth the young prince went about preaching good unto his fellow beings, and teaching that the noblest attribute of man was to be free in his acts of charity. Though many came for succour, none were turned away, and often the prince was known to go without his food that some poor starving outcast might eat.

"In time the prince wedded a young woman as beautiful and generous as he, so that his good deeds continued to multiply, until he became known far and wide as the great Buddisa, the noblest giver on earth. In his own home the good Buddha had blessed him and the fair princess, while two pretty children, a son and daughter, now belonged to his household. So far did his fame extend, and so much was it praised, that Sakara, the divine ruler of heaven and earth, listened from his golden throne and marvelled that a human being should possess such divinity of heart. Envious ones tried to poison the god's heart by saying that it was all a sham, put on that he might deceive the people. As soon as he should take his father's place, then would they witness a change of action.

"Still Sakara's faith was not shaken, and to prove that Prince Vivan-

tara was sincere, he offered to send some one to test the famous giver of worldly treasures. Most gladly did the others agree to this trial, believing that they could cause the prince to be put to such a test as would work his utter disgrace and ruin.

"Thus, as the prince walked one morning in his beautiful garden, dressed in the showy robes that belonged to him in his high station, a pretended prince of a noble line of ancestry, though unknown to Vivan-

OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL ARSENAL, NANKIN.

tara, begged that he might receive the other's fine garments, as his own had been lost through his own foolishness, and he dared not return home in such a plight. Overlooking the stranger's mistakes, the prince removed his costly mantle made of rare texture, and blazoned with gold and silver, to lay it on the beggar's shoulders, saying, when he had blessed him:

"'So would I give away the world that I might become wiser and better.'

"That very day, while the prince was out riding in his chariot, which was fairly ablaze with golden ornaments, and set with many rare gems,

rubies, sapphires, and turquoises, with lions' skins so thinly and mysteriously dressed that they looked like foils of gold laid overhead, he was met by a party of Brahmins, who immediately prostrated themselves at sight of him, saying:

"'O noble prince! so far has the fame of your generous deeds been borne by your loving admirers that, in a distant land, have we heard of you worshipped as the good Buddisa who would give away the world that he might become wiser and better. We beseech of thee to give us your noble chariot, that we may ride as becomes our station.'

INTERIOR OF BEAMLESS TEMPLE, NANKIN.

"The prince at once alighted, and freely gave to the Brahmins his chariot, returning to his home on foot. But this was only the beginning. As he was riding out with his elephant the following day he was besought to give that away, which he did as freely as he had given away his chariot. Then he blessed the receiver, saying:

"'So would I give away the world that I might become wiser and better.'

"Again the servant of Sakara came to the Buddisa, disguised this time as a homeless outlaw, and asked for the prince's palace as his abiding-place, and his wish being granted, he declared, fervently:

"'Noblest Buddisa, the gratitude of the gods shall be yours, and may

you prosper in all that you undertake, — in the world with people divine as well as here, where you are renowned as the all-giver.'

"This last act of his son awakened the anger of the king, who had been purposely told of all that the prince had given away, and warned that only evil could come of such prodigality, so he ordered that the Buddisa be sent away for a term of penance, unless he promised to mend his ways. Upon being told of his father's action, Vivantara shook his head, and immediately he prepared to go away. So it came about that the noblest man

HONG-KONG HARBOUR AND BOATS.

on earth went into the forest to live as a hermit in a hut. Did he repent of his generous acts which had cost him his fine robe, his chariot, his elephant, and his palace? Instead of murmuring, he cheerfully set himself about the task of beautifying his surroundings, and passing all of his leisure in prayer. So deeply was he missed by the people that they demanded of his father to allow him to return. The king was glad to send him word to come back, providing he would give up making so many presents. Still the Buddisa shook his head, saying:

"'O king! thou knowest not what thou sayest. As Sakara holds in the palm of his hand the mountains and the plains, to do with them as he wills, so must I be allowed the blessed privilege of giving as my heart dictates.'

"Now Sakara was ready to try Vivantara even more bitterly than he had yet done, and so his servant waited upon the saintly exile, and when he was alone said unto him:

"'O victorious Buddisa, the gods praise you for the generosity of your heart. I, a humble follower, having no slave, beseech of you your children that they may serve me.'

"Nothing like this had been besought of the Buddisa before, and it was little wonder if there were tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, as he bade his visitor take them with him, accompanied by his blessing. If Vivantara's wife chided him for this deed, she saw that he was sincere in his grief, and, believing that he was striving for heavenly perfection, she concealed her sorrow and remained faithful to him. Meanwhile, unknown to this couple, the disguised master of the children placed the unhappy ones in the market-place for sale as common slaves.

"Sakara, upon being told this, could scarce believe his most trusted servant, and he resolved to go in disguise himself, that the Buddisa might be given one more test, more trying than all the others. Thus a Brahmin appeared to Vivantara in his solitude, beseeching of him his wife as a slave. Did the Buddisa falter then? If he did he concealed his anguish, and led forth for the stranger's slave his own beloved wife, she whom he loved above even his mother. Neither did she reproach him, and she turned her tear-wet eyes away that he might not weaken at sight of them.

"Such a sacrifice as this was more than the king of gods could witness in silence. He cast aside his Brahmin disguise, and stood before the wondering Buddisa in his true character. The noble princess was frightened and fell upon her knees, beseeching of the god that he harm not her prince, who had never knowingly injured an insect. In the consciousness of his purity of heart, Vivantara stood undaunted before his god, waiting his judgment. While a halo of light filled all the hut, that seemed suddenly transformed into a palace, and the joyous cries of a happy people came from outside, the father of the prince entered with his grandchildren

in his arms, to place them between their father and mother. Laying his hands gently on the heads of the happy couple, Sakara said:

"'Blessed is he who gives away the world for heaven, and thrice blessed is the Buddisa[1] who gave away all that was dear to him that he might better rule the world. To him shall be restored all that has been lost.'

"So Vivantara returned to his father and his people, loved and respected more than ever. When he came to rule over the land the people rejoiced, for the kings and princes, great and rich men of other empires, bestowed upon him favours and gifts, and of all that he received the Buddisa gave away, with much more, in which way the poor of the land were blessed."

[1] There is historic evidence that such a person as the Buddisa actually lived about the time of Christ, and that, as the Lord was teaching the multitude on the Mount that it was more blessed to give than to receive, in the mountains of darkest Tibet a heathen prince was unknowingly performing the very sacrifices preached by the divine master.

RIVER SCENE, CANTON.

FAMILY MAUSOLEUM NEAR SUCHAU.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CHINA.

THE extensive plateau which holds the heart of Yunnan in its broad breast throws an arm down toward Burma, with diminishing altitude as it reaches southward, while another is raised toward the north, finally pointing past Batang, and gradually narrowing as it enters Tibet. The main road from the frontier city, Batang, through Li-Kiang, traverses this great upland, which we leave in our overland journey into the province of Szechuan. The valley of the Great River below us here seems to pierce a series of deep gorges claimed to be impassable for any craft. At any rate, we are advised to head northward, though not without warning that our course will lie mainly across the high mountain ridges, and through valleys where the sunlight does not penetrate save at high noon in midsummer.

Procuring ponies at a high cost, we prepare to make the trying trip, where we are informed we shall ride for days without finding even a hamlet, and if we see a human being outside of our little party it will

be one of the barbarians of the hills, who would consider it a happy treat to cut our throat! But we are used to these alarms of the Chinese. One hears them wherever one goes outside the cities along the coast, which in themselves are really the greatest danger-grounds to the foreigner.

Our last view of the Kin-sha River is not a pleasant one to carry with us, as it is a picture of abrupt sandstone hills dropping with almost sheer bank down to the river, with no cultivated land in sight, and our path clinging to a high embankment made more dangerous and difficult of passage by numerous small stones strewn along its narrow course. Then we suddenly plunge down a precipitous descent, where the loose stones and uneven surface present a constant menace to the safe advance of our ponies, and we lose sight of the River of the Golden Sand, which will appear under far different circumstances and environment when we return to its bank hundreds of miles below.

THE ARCHER.

The days that follow need not be recorded, while we climb long ascents or descend hillsides which are worse for our animals than the trying upgrades. On our left rises the lofty mountain of San-pa, nearly sixteen thousand feet above the sea. In the course of our journey we come upon one of the finest views of the country, a scene in which miles of lofty pines form a sea of evergreen, whose foliage, moved by the autumn wind,

rises and falls with the grace and regularity of the tide. Here and there, like a rocky island in the deep, rises above the surface a forbidding crag, black and barren, while above the line of living growth is a ghostly forest of dead trees whose seared bodies and skeleton branches were long since denuded of their foliage and beauty by that arch-enemy of the primeval wilderness, fire. The soil proving too thin and exhausted to produce another growth to take its place, it still remains a relic of bygone days. On another hand we gaze on a mighty army of pines, which seems to be struggling up the steep mountainside like an armed host of men seeking conquest. The result of this stern battle is apparent, for, while the lower ranks are strong and healthy, and unbroken, higher up they are thinned, the bare arms of dead companions flung into the very faces of the survivors. The higher the gaze pursues the faltering legions of trees, the more scattering and scrubby becomes the growth, until only stunted, scrawny, half-dead dwarfs are to be seen, and above them the bare, desolate cliffs. From this we turn to look upon a more refreshing sight, sunny slopes clothed in greensward, and dotted

A TARTAR OF THE CHINESE ARMY.

here and there with the thatch-roofed cottages of the mountaineers of China.

This is the land of red, luscious-looking strawberries, though not eatable. There is another species of a pale pink colour, which makes up for what it may lack in appearance by being extremely palatable. Holly grows abundantly among the trees, being similar to that which grows lower down on the Yangtse River, and resembling the English variety. To-day we have been reminded of the Cheng-yuan valley, with its picturesque "Cave of the Mirror." It is a lonely, desolate place, where the sunlight penetrates only at midday, and then the rays are filtered down through the matted branches of the towering trees so as to rob them of their noon-day lustre. In the long ago a very good man, tired of the evils of the world, took up his abode in the "Cave of the Mirror," but he soon found it too dark for him to cook his dinner. The Chinese love darkness, but this proved too deep for him, so he placed a mirror in the wall of his stone house in such a position that it reflected the sunlight, when he moved about with ease. On account of his many virtues, the moon even sent her beams into the dark retreat, so it was light for him by night as well as by day. The old hermit went to his reward many years ago, but the mirror remains to shower its light upon those who visit the place possessing the virtues of a good life. The black passages are made exceedingly bright for these, so they go on their way rejoicing. If there be those coming hither who fail to find the blessed light, they never confess it, and thus the abode of darkness becomes a place of happy renown.

We are now in good hunting-ground, and many wild tales of the chase, which would put to shame some of the marvellous stories of Marco Polo, are told around our camp-fire. To-day Go Mung volunteered to show us the very precipice where the red deer of the famous three days' chase given by one of the ancient rulers of the empire leaped to its death on the rocks at the foot of one of the wildest gorges of this wild country. We conclude not to go, contenting ourselves by gazing over a tract of rhododendrons, called by the Chinese *yang-ko-t'ao*, which flaunt their gorgeous plumage in the breeze farther than we can see.

Indian corn and bamboo cease to grow at about four thousand feet above the sea, and the hillsides between this and the region ahead are un-

cultivated, and covered with a dense green foliage. The fluent Go Mung relieves the monotony of many an hour by his tales, and among others that of Hsueh-Shan, which seems in some respects very applicable to our own situation. A tragic fate threatened whoever dared to ascend the dismal pathway leading to its summit. The condition was that no sound should break the silence of the mountain solitude, the penalty being a furious wind and snow storm to him who should dare to defy this mandate. So terrific have been these storms at times that the hapless invaders have been lifted bodily into the air and carried for miles, to fall at last mangled and shapeless masses of flesh and bones.

IMAGE AT TEMPLE ENTRANCE (NEAR SHANGHAI).

A great general once undertook to cross this country with his army, hoping by this route to overtake his enemies. He was from the far north, and a stranger to this mountainous district, but he had been warned of the result should one of his soldiers make any noise. He laughed in derision, and ordered his chair-bearers to move on. The way soon became so steep that he had to double the number of his carriers, and these had to shout as they had never shouted before in order to get up the difficult path. The Chinese always believe that

shouting lightens their burdens. The soldiers, too, shouted and laughed merrily, so as to ease their ascent. If the gods were angry they did not manifest it until the summit was almost reached, and the general was boasting of their accomplishment, when such a storm of sleet and wind came on as none of them had ever witnessed. In the scene that followed, the majority of the soldiers were killed, the rest were scattered beyond hope of recalling, and the general himself would have perished miserably had it not been for the ministrations of a kind-hearted Chinaman who found him nearly buried in the sleet. Thus, through the folly of their leader, was routed the flower of the army of the north.

This foolish general was not the only one upon whom the weather has turned unkindly, for we ourselves are beginning to suffer from the rains of the higher elevation. These attacks are peculiar and uncertain. One moment the rain will be pouring down in torrents, and the next the sun will be shining delightfully. A tedious march this forenoon into the realm of rain brings us to the crest of a high ridge, when we suddenly break through the veil of clouds and find a halo of light enveloping us. For a moment we are blinded by the brightness of the scene, but when we come to recover our dazzled vision, we find that we have really ascended above the rainy mantle covering the valleys and lower slopes, and that we are standing in a sunlit world. Below us lies the crabbed old earth, with its litter of dead pines and acres of wild gooseberries, currants, and briars, drenched with the falling rain; above is the unflecked sky, the sun shining with unwonted brightness, giving to the rainfall beneath the matchless colours of the rainbow, so that we cannot help feeling that the peak upon which we stand rests on a mighty shield of transcendent beauty. In the west, the glorious orb lends a dazzling halo to the Tibetan "King of the Mountains," Jara, wrapped in his snowy robe, a fitting rival to grand old Fujiyama, Japan's "Peerless Mountain." We look upon all this entranced, until the rain-cloud is scattered, and the withered arms of the forests on the upper slopes penetrate the veil of mist.

As an illustration of the lack of appreciation of the beauties of nature, our Chinese companions, even to Go Mung, fill and smoke their pipes complacently. This leads us to say that more opium is smoked in Yunnan than in any other province. Relative to this, there is a saying among

the Chinese that an opium pipe is in every house in Kweichau, while in Yunnan one is found in every room. This is equivalent to saying that not only the men but the women of the latter province smoke.

After another long descent and correspondingly long up-grade, twe find ourselves admiring another extensive panorama of country, which affords solace for the fatigues and weariness of our journey. It is a scene that would delight the heart of a Swiss tourist, as our gaze wanders over the slopes beautified and freshened by vast beds of delicate flowers of a pale blue, set with borders of dark green-sward. Higher up, holly-leaved oaks afford their vivid contrast of a deeper green, while, beyond these, pines clothe the mountainsides as far as we can see. On the hillsides are herds of horned cattle, while stubble-fields of peas, wheat, barley, and buckwheat gladden the heart with the

A PRISONER WEARING THE CANGUE.

suggestion that we are coming into an inhabited region. This is soon proved by the welcome sight of a cluster of the dwellings of these people living in this remote quarter of the globe, without dreaming of their isolation. To them the word America is an unknown term, the extent of their geographical knowledge barely comprehending a small portion of China, with an inadequate idea of Tibet, and a vague dream of Russia.

The road winds down the descent under long borders of yews, junipers, and pines, until we find it fenced with the ever-common gooseberry, which continues to the very houses of the little hamlet on the hillside. Here we are received by the people with a welcome quite pleasing, when we consider that we come as utter strangers, — in their eyes barbarians from a country unknown.

The following day we cross the Ya-lung River, which pierces gorges as terrific as those threaded by the Kin-sha, to mingle its waters with the latter river amid the mountain fastness overlooked by the "Throne of Snow." We are now in the province of Szechuan, "the Cloudy Province." This province is about the size of our State of California, and has a population estimated to be about the same as that of the United States, though this is probably too high by several millions. Its climate runs from a comfortable tropical temperature to a cold that is not severe. Its soil is as variable as its climate, and as favourable, and the eastern portion has been styled the "Garden of the World." While it is sparsely settled on the Tibetan frontier, the opposite side is densely populated. Something of the possibilities of its future may be realised from the estimate that it has coal-beds capable of supplying the entire world with fuel for a thousand years. Over these rich beds the people build their slight fires of charcoal, barely sufficient to cook their plain food, and shiver for the cold through the inclement weather of the wintry period.

We are now in the homeland of the remnants of one of the native inhabitants of China, the Somos, or Shan-shang-ren, which means mountain people, according to their claim. The Chinese call them Mang-tse, which means simply "barbarians." They are divided into four tribes at the present time, and number about twenty thousand. Each clan or tribe is ruled by a chieftain called, in their language, *tu-tse*, who is appointed by the emperor, but generally from a hereditary line. This

A RESIDENCE, CANTON.

is not wholly unlike the government of one of our Indian reservations. The Chinaman who has settled within this state has to pay rent for the ground he occupies, and is restricted from making charcoal. If he wishes to marry a Mang-tse woman, he must pay the tu-tse a certain compensation, which amounts to about twenty-five dollars. Go Mung proves a true prophet in this case by saying that we should meet a more unfriendly reception than from the tribes of Yunnan. These people have given the Chinese more trouble than any other tribe within their domains.

SOWING RICE AT SUCHAN-FU.

Their religion is Buddhism, patterned after the style prevailing in Tibet, display seeming to be the most important object. The common expression heard everywhere in Tibet, "Om Ma-ni Pe-mi Hom," is constantly dinned into our ears here. Prayer-flags flaunt from the top of every dwelling, and prayer-wheels are to be seen everywhere. Daily offerings are made in every family, and every second son is a lama. Above each village, on some rocky height, is raised a lamasery, and the image of Buddha appears in rock or drawing. As in Tibet, the lamas are a power here, improving every opportunity to obtain recompense from the people. Their harvest seems to be at time of their subject's death,

when big fees are exacted for prayers and services, the clothes of the deceased being claimed by them. The family has the right to redeem these, but it must be done within a certain time. Besides prayers and reading of the Buddhist scriptures, loud chanting, the blowing of horns, and the beating of drums accompany the performance of a Somo funeral. The dead are generally cremated.

One of the brightest features of the Mang-tse people is the high respect

PORCELAIN AND EARTHENWARE SHOP.

shown woman. She is looked upon as man's equal, shares in his sports, associates with him in his every-day life, and may have any office from the lowest to the highest of the tribe, even to that of tu-tse. The maid is permitted free companionship with the young men, may marry whom she chooses, and take the initiative, if she wishes, in the courtship. Consequently, love-matches are the rule rather than the exception. They are joined in wedlock for life, after having obtained the sanction of a lama, by joining hands in public, and drinking wine from a bowl with two

projecting mouths. A feast at the bride's house lasts for three days, when the married couple repair to their new home, where the three days' feasting is repeated. There is no divorce, except for childlessness, and then the sanction of the tu-tse must be obtained. Upon the death of her husband, the widow, unless she remarries, succeeds to his property, but this, at her demise, must go to the sons.

As may be imagined, they are a very cheerful people, and almost every one appears to be in good health. Death is called "exhaustion," and when one is stricken with illness, little is done to improve his condition, it being the belief that if he is ill enough to die, die he must. Underneath this pleasant exterior, Go Mung assures us that the morality of the race, from the lamas down, is of the worst type. But it must not be forgotten that the Talebearer is a Chinese, and thus would naturally look for the dark spots. They are, as a rule, ignorant, and cannot speak the tongue of the Chinese, except through constant intercourse with the latter. Their language is expressed in Tibetan characters. Their situation is such that they cannot be other than poor. There are some fine forests of timber, but worthless until some different means of transportation are secured than the rapid, tortuous streams which find their source in this country. The principal crops are oats, barley, wheat, maize, buckwheat, and hemp. Trade is carried on entirely by barter.

As a race the Somos are strong, good-looking, with dark skin, large, expressive black eyes, straight noses, thin lips, high foreheads, and dark hair, which, among the women, is dressed elaborately, while the men shave their heads, and wear a tight-fitting cap made of fur or cloth. The women wear, over stout woollen undergarments, dark brown or red jackets, short and loose, with skirts laid in plaits reaching below their knees. The feet and ankles are encased in high leather boots, ornamented up and down the seams with scarlet or green cloth. The clothes of men and women are made of a coarse woollen material, which they spin, weave, and dye themselves. They make the thread with which the garments are sewn together of hempen fibre. They are not a cleanly people, but have a better record in this respect than the Chinese. On the whole, they are a free, careless, indolent, ignorant, happy people, disliking everybody else, with thoughts only for the present, leaving the lamas to look out for their future.

PORCELAIN AND EARTHENWARE SHOP, SECOND VIEW.

CHAPTER XVI.

BIRDS OF CHINA.

TO-DAY we see the noted Somo Castle, a stone structure standing on an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet, a most substantial edifice, with none of the appearance of decay or age so common to Chinese buildings. At first sight the beholder is inclined to start back with a look of fear at the precarious situation of the lofty castle, which stands on the brink of a high rock. Then it seems to him a most fitting site for such a structure. Its decorations are in stone, sombre but substantial. These are to a certain extent relieved by the wooden latticework of the overhanging rooms and balconies, while the many roofs are fairly festooned with prayer-flags. The entrance is made under a façade on a plastered stone screen rendered hideous by the image of a huge, evil-looking dragon. The yards are kept in good order, but an air of gloom hangs over it all, and wherever one goes one's footsteps give back a hollow sound.

We meet here with our worst experience in the matter of food, as the natives are not inclined to part with a portion, however small, of

the scanty supply they have on hand, though the season is so close upon harvest. A snow-storm to-day reminds us of winter, and our further progress must be slow and tedious unless we hasten our steps down the country. Nothing loath, we set our faces southward, feeling that we shall lose little and gain much by the change. Our path leads no longer over the mountains, but along the valleys of one of these upper rivers in the direction of the storied Min, and the main roads running across the Tibetan border.

Go Mung assures us that this is good hunting-ground, and thrilling

AN ITINERANT BARBER.

stories are told of adventures with wild boars and brown bears, while deer are common. We have seen a couple of monkeys, which were large and could scarcely see for the long hair falling over their eyes. Otters are to be seen occasionally along the streams, while the forests are haunted by a yellow wolf, said to be at times extremely dangerous. Birds are not plentiful in the Somoan territory, the only kinds that we have seen being the crow, blue jay, and magpie, but we are told that the ringed pheasants are quite common in some parts of the province.

The lack of the feathered tribe is said to be one reason why the

Chinese have not pushed into the corner of their empire more. Be that as it may, we notice wherever we go that the race is very much attached to birds. Like the Japanese, the Chinese teach their children to be kind to all creatures, and most especially to the birds. It is natural this should be done, for they place implicit faith in their soothsayers. If a Chinaman wishes to peer into the future, he immediately resorts to his pet bird to unravel the mystery. He spreads sixty-four cards out, each one of which contains on one side the picture of some object rendered grotesque by the artist, such as a god, a beast, a human figure, or a bird, while on the other side is written some proverb or stanza of poetry. The bird is next freed from its cage, and, trained to do the bidding of its master, quickly alights by the cards on the table. After looking them over as a true oracle would be expected to do, it selects two from the lot and carries them to its master, who cons them carefully, and from what is written on them draws his deductions as to the future.

Among the branches of the stately old banyan-trees in the grounds of the viceroy at Canton live several cranes, looking very beautiful in their abundant plumage of a lavender hue, set off with fine effect by heavy black tail feathers. These birds are guarded with zealous watchfulness, since it is believed that the good fortune of the city rests upon them, and that they have a governing influence with the overruling deity. One entire street in this city is devoted to the sale of live birds; it is known as "Bird-cage Walk." But such stores are not confined to Canton, for they are to be seen everywhere in the towns of the empire, and everywhere are birds looked upon with a love bordering upon veneration.

Among the favourite birds are the white and the roseate cockatoos. The first is a good-sized and beautiful bird, with snow-white plumage, crowned by a crest of yellowish hue, and looking exceedingly proud and dignified in its way of moving about. It is a great talker, and shows a remarkable sense of humour. There is besides a sort of cousin to this proud bird, but considerably smaller, that has faint yellow lines on its cheeks and a pale yellow tuft. This is easily tamed, but never becomes a good talker. The rose-crested cockatoo has a white ground touched here and there with a faint pink, and set off with an orange-coloured crest. This is not a fluent talker, but can be taught to say a few words

intelligently. There is another cockatoo worthy of mention, which has pale pink throat and breast and head, while its wings and tail are gray. But perhaps the greatest favourite of all is the bird with the crimson-barred beak, that seems to change the colour of its crest at will. When this is at rest it appears to be a pure white, but the moment it is lifted red bars show, and then yellow spots, which soon unite into stripes of yellow, so that the bird presents a marked appearance. Its body is

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

white, while its head, neck, and lower parts are pink. The feathers of its crest when at rest incline forward.

Another bird much prized is the kingfisher, the prime favourite of the small birds, while of the larger feathered creatures the peacock takes first place. This handsome bird retains all of the beauty and pride in the Flowery Kingdom that he shows in any other country.

A pretty idea, which illustrates the Chinese character in this respect, is carried out among the children, by which they are taught to be merciful to the birds. It is seldom a temple is found where some aged person is not seen seated upon the ground selling captive birds. The price of these to the children is one *cash* each, about a mill in value, and upon paying

this small coin the child takes the little captive, and by setting it free is led to believe that it has sent an offering to the gate of heaven which will not be refused.

In the vicinity of the beautiful garden of Tali-fu, near the ancient gateway leading to the ruined joss-houses, we listened to the song of a thrush, and saw a large crowd of people offering tribute to the songster. We were told that the inhabitants held these birds in high veneration.

A FARMER'S SHED.

Certainly no note of music that we ever heard struck more delightfully on our ears. Our sight was gladdened, as we passed through this country, by the sight of occasional flocks of these birds skimming over our heads.

A description of the feathered favourites of China would be far from complete without mention of those intelligent, though far less beautiful, birds, the cormorants, trained to perform such a wonderful part in fishing in China as well as in Japan. We remember one evening, when we were tracking up the river in southern Yunnan, as the pale moon was

IMAGES TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS, AT ENTRANCE OF TEMPLE, CANTON.

creeping shyly above the corrugated crest of the distant mountain, lighting the lonely Asiatic scene with its weird beams, hearing loud cries ringing on the still air like the shouts of many huntsmen at the heels of their hounds. We soon learned that they were the commanding "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" of a party of cormorant fishers, and a little later a strange sight greeted our eyes. It is wonderful how all these birds can be trained to their work. We noticed, among other acts of striking intelligence displayed by them, that twice, when a bird got more than it could handle, it would call for help, which another lost no time in offering, and then together the two landed their fish in safety. Cormorant fishing in China is very similar to that in Japan.

Our talk upon birds calls from Go Mung one of his inimitable tales of those days when man and creature stood very near to each other, and did one to the other many kind acts.

"There was a certain man who lived in the great greenwoods surrounding the emperor's summer castle, who was not only fluent of speech with men, but who could converse with the deer, the bear, and the bird. Of the three he professed to love the bird most, and it was said that he spent much of his time talking with the feathered creatures living near his home.

"Word of this came to the emperor, who laughed at such a foolish story, as he stroked the silken fur on his favourite cat, declaring that there was not another such a fine creature in all the empire. But even this sagacious cat, that he had taught many wonderful tricks, could not talk so that he, the wise ruler of the people, could understand a thing it said. Was it reasonable, then, that a simple woodsman could talk with a bird? But this story was repeated so often to him that he finally said that, if some one would show him the path, he would visit this woodsman, who was either exceedingly wise or extremely foolish.

"At that very hour, which was the twilight of a day that left the heart mellow with kind thoughts, the woodsman was sitting at his door watching the antics of a flock of birds picking up the crumbs he had tossed to them. In the midst of this good-natured frolic, from which the master missed his pet, the absent bird suddenly alighted at his feet. It had come with a great whirr of the wings, and appeared very much flustered. He was about to speak, to ask what had frightened the

poor thing, when it trilled forth in its sweet voice, which had now an uncommon quaver:

"'Ho, Gold N' Branch! Gold N' Branch! ere to-morrow's tasks are done,
Lo! before your humble door will stand the Majestic One!'

"This was a startling bit of news for a humble peasant to hear, for Gold N' Branch knew well that his pet had warned him of the coming of the emperor. He was puzzled to know whether this meant great

BRIDGE OVER CANAL AT SARCHOW.

honour for him. or whether it portended evil. In vain he recalled his past life to think of an act which the most illustrious emperor could look upon with disfavour. Having delivered its message, the bird joined its mates in picking up the crumbs thrown to them by a merciful master, soon becoming the most merry one of them all.

"Not knowing whether to be gay or sad, Gold N' Branch looked anxiously forward to the next day, and when it had come he grew more nervous as the hours wore on. It was past midday when he caught the flash of dazzling uniforms and the glitter of the imperial body-guard of the emperor. He had schooled himself to meet the ordeal calmly, but

all his brave resolutions now fled from him, and he stood as weak as a little child.

"As Gold N' Branch was trying to calm himself, his favourite bird, that had warned him of the coming of his Imperial Majesty, flew down from a neighbouring tree, and began to hop about at his feet. At that moment, as swift as a ray of light, a long, yellow figure sprang from the thicket by the pathside straight toward the unsuspecting bird. Before Gold N' Branch could utter a warning word this ferocious creature had seized his pet in its mouth.

"At that moment the imperial train paused at the edge of the clearing.

ENTRANCE TO CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

"The sight of the terrible peril of his beloved bird instantly stirred the sluggish blood in the woodsman's veins, and he sprang forward to save his pet. It so happened that he had been holding a stout staff in his hand, and as he rushed to the rescue of the bird he lifted this high over his head to deal the offender a fearful blow. In vain the emperor shouted for him to desist. Gold N' Branch did not know it was the emperor's favourite cat which had caught his pet, and even if he had it would have been doubtful if he had spared the creature that terrific blow, which broke its back.

"The poor cat released its hold on the victim, and while the former was undergoing its death struggles Gold N' Branch caught up his pet, and began to caress it and call it fondly by name. He was too distracted to heed the wrath of the emperor, who ordered that every effort be made to save the life of his favourite cat, while he turned to vent his rage on the hapless woodsman.

"When Gold N' Branch came to realise the enormity of his deed, though his bird had escaped without serious injury, he was wild with grief and terror. The emperor ordered him to be taken to the castle to await his sentence of death, and his yellow cat he ordered to be buried with ceremonies becoming the pet of an emperor.

"Poor Gold N' Branch could only moan out his anguish, as he was led away to his prison. Surely the visit of the emperor had proved a most unfortunate affair. It was well for the prisoner that the emperor's sorrow was too great to allow him to think of dealing with the man who had slain his cat until the body of the latter had been given proper burial.

"Thus, while the hapless woodsman was pining in his prison, he heard a low tapping at his window, which grew louder and more frequent, until he looked up to see his beloved bird fluttering about as if it would force an entrance.

"'Alas!' exclaimed he, 'I shall never lay my hand on you again, my little friend. But I am not sorry for what I did, though it was the emperor's cat I killed.'

"He would have said more, but the bird began to trill in its most melodious voice, and this is what it sang:

"'Oh, Gold N' Branch! be brave, lest your emperor be slain,
Warn him that his enemies are coming swiftly o'er the plain!'

"Gold N' Branch understood at once the meaning of this message, and he began to wonder how he could get the startling news to the emperor, when the door was opened and he was led out to meet his doom. The danger threatening the castle gave him strength to stand boldly up, and, instead of cringing before the great emperor when he was brought into his august presence, he boldly warned him of the peril at that moment threatening him. But his imperial majesty was not in a mood to listen to what he judged was some foolish subterfuge to gain time, and he commanded that the murderer of his cat be put to death at once. Poor Gold N' Branch was in worse grief than ever. But before he was taken away his pet bird flew into the room, and, regardless of the people, alighted on its master's hand, singing in clear notes:

"'Like his kind many lives has the emperor's yellow cat,
And at this moment he's asleep upon his favourite mat!'

"When the woodsman repeated this message the anger of the emperor was greater than ever, for he believed this simple lout was trifling with him in his sorrow. But behold! in the midst of the hubbub one of his most trusty servants rushed into his presence, declaring that, as wonderful as it seemed, the yellow cat had not died, but escaping those

VIEW ON GRAND CANAL.

who had gone to give it burial, was sleeping then on its own mat. Then there was rejoicing, and as it is easy to convince the light-hearted, Gold N' Branch soon made the emperor understand that his most feared foes were coming to attack him in his castle. Little time was there to spare in the preparations, but such a defence was made before the enemies appeared, that the emperor was saved from defeat. As soon as the stubborn fight was over, he called Gold N' Branch into his presence, and his wonderful bird was bidden to join him, when the Son of Heaven besought this humble man's forgiveness for the wrong he had done him.

He also offered the woodsman a place in his imperial court as private adviser to him. But the other preferred to live alone in the great greenwoods with his pets, so he was graciously allowed to return to his home, though it was said the emperor visited him often to consult upon momentous matters."

CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAGE LIFE.

THOUGH it is past the harvest season of that curious calling known as "wax farming," we are reminded of it by accounts of the peculiar industry. In the brown, pear-shaped bunches or galls of an evergreen called the "insect tree" is born the queer little insect that produces that valuable commodity of export, white wax. But the wax is obtained only by removing its makers from their original place to another stumpy growth called the "wax tree." In the month of May the galls are gathered and carried by night to their destination. It is not best to move them by day, as the rays of the sun would bring the insects forth on the journey. As little travelling is done in China after nightfall, and the gates of the towns are closed, this becomes a more difficult matter. But upon these occasions the gates are left open, by order of the officials, for the benefit of these travellers. As a rule, a tree is stocked with the insects during the second year of its growth, and it ceases to be profitable after the fifth year, when it is cut down and young shoots are allowed to take its place. The tree is really little more than a stump from six to twelve feet in height, with several small branches thrown up from the top, making it look like a pollard willow. The eggs of the insect are laid in a nest about the size of a child's fist, which is removed by cutting off a part of the branch to which it belongs, and is then separated from it by being soaked in a solution made from husked rice. These nests to the number of twenty or more are wrapped in a leaf of the wood-oil tree, and the package is fastened with rice straw to the new tree. In a few days the galls begin to swell, and soon after very minute creatures appear, soon increasing in size. Upon leaving the gall the insects begin to crawl up the branches, depositing the wax, which in the course of two or three months becomes a quarter of an inch in thickness. The branches are then removed, and after all the wax is

scraped off that can be easily, the piece of wood is immersed in a vessel of hot water, when the remainder of the wax rises on the surface, while its makers sink to the bottom, having completed their life with the end of their usefulness. It is believed the wax is secreted by the insects while they are in an unhealthy condition.

A CHINESE STUDENT.

At the temple of Lo-Chiang-Hsien is pointed out to the stranger the grave of one of China's heroes, and the story of Pai-Ma-Kuan, or "Pass of the White Horse," is retold in vivid words. It is a tale of one of China's famous rulers named Liu-Pi, who, following the rout of a disastrous battle, was forced to seek escape in flight. As he always rode a milk-white horse, he was easily discovered by his foes. In the midst of his efforts to escape from his enemies, who were instructed to kill him upon sight, he was found by his prime minister, Pong-Tung. Knowing the small chance his emperor had of eluding his foes, this brave man resolved on a desperate attempt to save his life. Aware that his imperial friend would not consent to his plan, did he know its full intention, he tried to

HOUSE-TOPS AND PAGODA ON WALL, NATIVE CITY.

induce Liu-Pi to exchange horses with him under the pretence that his was the fleetest animal. Without dreaming of the real purpose of the change, the emperor agreed to it, and each went his way in opposite directions. The prime minister was a cunning man, but so close were the enemies upon them, that mounted on the white steed he was soon discovered. In the furious pursuit given him he was killed. Believing him to be the emperor, as he was riding the other's famous horse, the triumphant enemies retired now from the chase, so that Liu-Pi had no difficulty in escaping. His grief was something to be remembered when he learned how his faithful friend had sacrificed his life for him, and he caused his body to be buried with great honour at Lo-Chiang-Hsien. Chinese history, though not scintillating with deeds of warlike bravery equal to those of Japan, has nevertheless many heroes, and its historians picture many acts of valour.

COFFIN TUNNEL AT AN EMPEROR'S TOMB.

Szechuan has many pai-fangs, or "widow's arches," erected with the same object as those spoken of in Southern China. Some of these are splendid affairs, more magnificent than those recently described. The approach to many of the villages, besides being marked by conspicuous pagodas, leads under several of these noble archways. They are constructed of stone, and, differing from the plain torii of Japan, are rendered attractive with fine carvings, representing familiar scenes in life, such as the interior of a rich man's dwelling, a body of officials at a banquet, a court scene, or some traditional hero battling an enemy. In one of these we see the picture of Pong-Tung, flying from his enemies on the

back of the emperor's famous white horse, which was the cause that brought forth the story. The work of the sculptor is most admirably done, but in none of it is there any evidence of originality or imagination. He chisels with wonderful fidelity what he has seen, or copies what another has done, and is content. As in the south, these arches are raised, not only to the widows who have remained true to the memory of their departed husbands, but to the glorification of some one who devoted his life to religion, or for some military leader. That these monuments really mean something that is not prized cheaply is shown by the fact that the consent of the emperor has to be obtained before one can be raised. It may be a relic of some religion which has passed away, as the torii of Japan is a symbol of Shintoism. There is evidence to show that the splendid structures seen in Szechuan are the outgrowth of plainer ones which existed at former times.

The dreary pass of Tsu-ku-shan was climbed after a tedious ascent of nearly three hours. The view from its summit is grand and widespreading, over a hundred mountain peaks being visible on a clear day. But it was chilly at that altitude, and we hastened toward the valley at our feet. At nightfall we were troubled to find shelter and food, being obliged, finally, to stop in the yard of a set of buildings, the owners of which had gone away and left them fastened. We noticed this evening one of the finest herds of yaks we had seen.

The next morning we pass through a beautiful grove of chestnut-trees, but our whole day's journey does not take us in sight of a village, though here and there we see numerous dwellings scattered over the country. Unlike the inhabitants of the provinces we have recently passed through, the people of Szechuan are not disposed to live in bunches, but spread out over the landscape. There is, however, a certain clannish aspect about the manner of settlement, which is claimed by some to have arisen from the fact that the original settlers were sent in trains to populate this rich region, and thus became distributed more evenly over the country. A more likely theory is that the inhabitants of this section were disturbed less by enemies, so the protection arising from collecting in communities has not been necessary. Be that as it may, the people, who are largely farmers, live in a style which reminds us of the baronies of the days of feudalism in Europe. There are the large dwellings over-

topped with massive roofs, in which live the land-owners; these are reached through heavy gateways, and are surrounded by wide verandas. Near these establishments, and included in the scene, are the cottages of the dependents, who obtain their living by working for the "baron" at a low wage rate. These dwellings are of good size, with whitewashed walls, showing prominently the black timbers, and have roofs that slant with a regular descent from ridgepole to eaves, giving them an odd

DRAGON TEMPLE AT NINGPO.

appearance after one has seen the peculiar Chinese roofs, with their characteristic curves or twists at the corners. On the whole, one of these estates has a decidedly patriarchal look.

If, in certain respects, Chinese cities appear to be "laid out" with an attempt at uniformity, as much cannot be said of the villages. These are developed just as circumstances happen to make them. If there are streets, these are not run with any regard for each other. The first settler built his dwelling where he thought best; another followed his

example. It was necessary to have a path to get to these, and soon afterward, in the spirit of neighbourliness, to connect them. A third built him a house; the consequence, — another path, or a continuation of the first, running, it may be, at sharp angles. Other houses, other paths, other streets; but no system about them. They may be narrow at first, suddenly to widen into a broad way, or *vice versa*. The chances are they will begin narrow and grow narrower! It is the exception, rather than the rule, when one of these so-called streets is wide enough to admit of a team passing another without trespassing upon the adjoining lot. Then it may be that the streets of a village all run one way, with no alley cutting across wide enough for a person with a vehicle to get across. The houses, if they stand on one of these streets, present a blank wall to the public way, else the good fortune of the dwelling would be spoilt. Should a door happen to be on that side, it is sheltered by a screen wall, to keep out the gaze of the public. Thus these dwellings open upon a narrow alleyway, or small court. But even these afford no room for the domestic animals or for the children to play in, and the result is, that the streets, as impassable as they naturally are, are filled with a noisy throng of brutes and human beings. There is, too, that invariable crowding. Miles of habitable country may stretch away on any or every quarter, but the inhabitants seem utterly oblivious of this, and huddle together in the closest proximity possible. This is true of the city; it is true also of the country village, be it remote or near the populous sections.

The stranger, upon first seeing one of the large centres of people, exclaims: "The streets may run as they may, but the general boundary of the town is square." This can be said with as much truth of the hexagonal box. This delusion comes from the city walls, — all cities are walled, and many of the villages. But if these walls had been built by the square and compass, woe, then, to the "luck" of the town, according to the Chinese notion. There must be turns and angles and odd-shaped corners, and you will find them all there, with a few thrown in for tally.

As a rule, plenty of building material may be found in the country, but the Chinaman builds with that which happens to be handiest and the easiest to obtain, without regard to the result. Poorly made brick

are the most common material with which houses are made. These are not half burned, so they make short-lived material, and the kilns are sealed up tight, to avoid fuel, and thus give the bricks a sickly gray colour. The bricks are filled with air-holes, and thus absorb a great amount of moisture. In the mountainous districts stones from the uplands are used, and these dwellings are dark, damp, and unhealthful. But these are palaces compared with the cave-dwellings of the "loess region," whose only window and opening for ventilation is a place of entrance in front,

WHEELBARROW FOR CARRYING PASSENGERS.

though this matter of ventilation never seems to enter into the calculation of the Chinese carpenter.

The most common building material in the country is a brick two or three inches thick, a foot in width, and a foot and a half to two feet in length, made from the native soil by simply moulding it into the required shape and size, and left in the sun until dried. The cost is nominal — a cash apiece — when done in the simplest manner. Some are stamped while in the mould, which doubles their cost. The walls of these houses have a foundation of brick, and are supposed to have posts to support

the roof, but these last are frequently omitted, and the result is that, when a heavy rain soaks the walls, they sometimes crumble away, and the occupants within are crushed to death by the descending roof. The roof itself is most frequently constructed of reeds or sorghum stalks, which become exceedingly heavy when soaked with water. In the better class of houses roofs are seen with frames, resembling an American house, but more often posts support timbers running the length of the building,

DRAWBRIDGE CONNECTING WHARF AND CITY, NANKIN.

upon which rest the ends of small purlines, that hold up the thin brick. In the region of the North Plain of China the amount of soda in the soil makes the building show signs of decay.

The Chinese are not given to display or variety, so the buildings everywhere, in the city and country, show an unending sameness, over all of which are stamped the imprints of dreariness and decay. Neither wealth nor political distinction creates sufficient incentive to cause the owner to outstrip his neighbour in the beauty of his home.

Another peculiar feature of the Chinese house, or, correctly speaking, set of houses, is the practice, not of dividing one's dwelling into rooms or apartments, but as often as one wants another room, of building on another section. There is no ceiling, so that the roof, whether low or high, usually the former, is in full sight, its sooted space festooned with all sorts of household utensils not in use at the time, many of which have to be brought by means of a long pole when needed, and hung with cobwebs and soot and dust.. The floor has no covering over the earth, and instead of being smoothed out, as might be expected, is pounded to get the required hardness without any attempt to remove unevenness. In fact, an inequality of surface is looked upon as a desirable feature, as this will allow all water and running liquid to drain away, whereas if the surface were level it would stand in pools! There is so little room for the necessary implements of the house that they are piled in some corner, along with the harvest of the fields, the tools used to till the land, the looms for weaving the cloth, the wheels for spinning, the benches and chairs, everything in use about the home, save that which has found a place in the roof overhead. In the homes of the learned will be found, suspended from two pegs, a board, which simple contrivance holds the library of the scholar.

Worse than this primitive arrangement for comfort and convenience is the utter lack of proper ventilation. Doors do not open directly from the building to the open air, and the windows, when there are any on the side toward the street, are small and high. The window is made a safeguard against thieves by a wooden grating, and often over this an oiled paper is spread. The cooking boiler, built saucer-shape and very thin, so as to take as little fuel as possible, is placed near the door. In that part of the empire where some provision must be made to heat the apartment in winter, this is done by an arrangement of flues to carry the smoke under a *kang* or sort of divan, which is but a platform built up of adobe brick, and which, reminding one of the dwellings of Russian peasants, is the sleeping-place of the occupants of the house. On a primitive couch are laid the bedclothes and whatever else is needed to keep dry, this being the only spot in the building free from moisture. The place of escape for the smoke is near the ground, if the roof be thatched, as a precaution against fire. It is not surprising to find that

the smoke remains mostly in the dwelling, and often fills the house, which soon becomes dark, grimy, and thickly coated with creosote. Despite all this precaution and arrangement, the cooking would be a failure were it not for the image of that kitchen god, Chang-kung, suspended just above the little Chinese stove. This deified mortal is said to have lived somewhat over a thousand years ago, and was of such a happy disposition that he dwelt with his family in perfect harmony even to the last of his days, when as many as nine generations

SOLDIERS PRACTISING THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

of his race lived with him. Nor was this the extent of his benign influence, for his large number of dogs, supposed to have been over a hundred, never quarrelled among themselves as dogs are wont to do, and if one of the number chanced to be belated at meal-time, the others also waited for his arrival before beginning to eat. The emperor, anxious to learn the wonderful secret of such family harmony, sent for the old peacemaker to come and explain this power, in the hope that he might profit by it. Instead of going to his emperor, the aged sage took a pen and began to write in bold Chinese characters

PAWNBROKER'S STOREHOUSE, CANTON.

the single word *Forbearance.* Upon learning this, the emperor ordered the image of this wise man to be given a prominent place in every home in the land. Unfortunately, the example failed to prove of sufficient influence to accomplish, in all cases, the good purpose intended, though the good it did do is beyond estimation.

In such homes as we have briefly described, live and have lived the countless people of the great Middle Kingdom, suffering from the cold

PAVILION AND POND, NEAR CHINKIANG.

in winter and from the heat in summer, and from the smoke and foul air at all times. Besides these uncomfortable features, another which would prove unbearable to the American race is the great number of insects and vermin lurking in every part of these poor dwellings, in the adobe walls, in the earth floor, in every corner and crevice, in and around the articles of furniture, in the household utensils, in the very air.

Outside the dwelling is equal confusion and unsightliness. In the small yard described, the children, cats, dogs, pigs, chickens, and other creatures strive with each other for a share of the playground, the

entire collection always under the feet of the grown members of the human family. The insecurity of these primitive habitations, which render it easy for the thief to break in and steal what he wishes, has made it desirable to wall the country towns whenever this could be done, as a matter of safety. In case of war or trouble, the inhabitants of the unprotected towns flee for protection to those more favoured, the moment the alarm of impending danger is sent abroad. This leaves the abandoned village open to an unresisting despoliation by the enemy. That such an advantage is seldom allowed to pass unimproved, is shown but too well by the great number of country villages lying in ruin and desolation wherever one goes.

Many of the villages have a public fireplace situated in the middle of a huge brick chimney, standing near the centre of the town, where it is customary to burn all written papers. Some of these receptacles are rectangular in form, and resemble a small factory chimney; while others, built in several tiers, are pagodas in miniature, and take the palm for ugliness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

WHILE in Szechuan we find an exception to the foregoing rule. We are also forcibly reminded that no rule, however fixed, can be applied with the same result everywhere. It is true that wherever one goes the race shows its distinguishing features invariably. We notice it alike in foreign lands and in our own country. The figure does not materially change, whether in the seaboard cities, on the plains of Yunnan, in the "Red Basin" of Szechuan, on the fertile meadows of Yangtse Kiang, or along the banks of the Yellow River.

The shaven head and the long dark queue is seen constantly, and we are everywhere painfully aware of the deformed feet of the women. The almost universal costume of a Chinaman is a pair of blue or white cotton drawers, made loose, over which he draws a pair of yellow or salmon gaiters, low behind but high in front, and fastened around the ankles. Stockings and shoes complete his outfit in this direction. His body is clothed in a long blue coat resembling a nightgown, tied at the sides. Under it he wears a white jacket. Over it he dons an easy-fitting padded jacket made of silk, with a wide collar which can be turned up or down. He crowns all with a "cup-shaped hat," from under which falls the universal queue. In case the sun's heat is uncommonly fierce, he tries to ward off its fervour with a prodigious straw hat, often made two and a half feet in diameter, and of such weight as to be burdensome to the wearer. All this is typical, it must be understood, but there are local customs and prejudices. The Chinaman in Mao-pao might wear this style of hat without hesitation, but the same person would exchange it for another very quickly when he came into one of the up-country districts.

While there is a monotonous resemblance in the severe plainness of the architecture of the buildings, we are constantly finding new styles of houses, as there are new environments. The West River has one form

of boats for traffic, the rivers of Yunnan another, the Min yet a third kind, and so on almost indefinitely. The natural features of the country are responsible for this variation, as they are for many others. What is fit for one quarter is unfit for another, and an empire so vast in area must afford a marked difference in places. On one part of our journey we see burdens carried in wicker baskets fixed in wooden pack-saddles fitted to human backs; presently we meet with bearers whose loads are

BUDDHIST ABBOT AND PRIESTS IN FULL CANONICALS.

slung on bamboo poles made to rest on their shoulders. In one region long trains of oxen move sluggishly across the plains with their loads of produce, but these useful animals disappear the moment we come in sight of one of the great inland waterways. The state and facilities of the soil naturally govern the quality of the food partaken of by the people.

Mrs. Bishop, in speaking of this diversity of cause and result, says: "It exposes the veracity of the travellers to suspicion. One may describe

some peculiarity which is universal in one region, such as the graceful circular or pointed arches of its bridges; while another, whose sole idea of a Chinese bridge is stone uprights carrying flat stone slabs, such as the huge, lumbering structure which with its wearisome but needful length bestrides the Min at Fuchau, accuses him of having drawn upon his imagination for his facts." Although this may seem to contradict the statement that the Chinese are not an inventive people, it really proves it. As

WATER-JARS OF EARTHENWARE, SHANGHAI.

each district began to build or work, according as its condition or situation warranted, so has that method been carried out, generation succeeding generation. The inhabitant of Szechuan would no more adopt the customs of Yunnan than the closest follower of fashion would wear the style of last year. Then there is another reason for this diversity of custom which comes from the utter ignorance that the dwellers in one quarter have of another. Different in this respect, as in all others, from the Slav and the Saxon, the Chinaman lacks the roving nature belonging to an emigrant. He is not an explorer, a pioneer even. The

overworked and poorly fed labourer of the Red Basin in Szechuan toils on in blissful ignorance that in the valley of the West River are acres of fertile land, which under his careful husbandry might be made to yield him a comfortable living, or that thousands of deserted homes in Yunnan lack only the coming of the superfluous families lingering on the verge of starvation in the too thickly populated regions, in order to be made into prosperous and happy homes. The government of China might learn a good lesson in migration if it would but improve its opportunities.

We still miss the birds. We have seen a pheasant to-day, but the woods remind us of the Black Forest, where the only sound that breaks the silence of the solitude for miles is the footfall of the intruder, nearly muffled by the carpet of pine needles. If the forests are lonely, the farmyards are scarcely better stocked in proportion. We see no mules, horses, goats, or cattle, though there are ducks and geese to overrunning, and of cats and dogs a surfeit.

When the farmer wishes to plough or harrow his rice-field he harnesses the homely, awkward, hairless buffalo, or "water-ox," and hitches him to a primitive plough that hardly more than scratches the ground. The furrows run zigzag across the land, the Chinaman having no eye for the symmetrical. He does like to be his own boss, however, and no matter on how small a scale he is doing business, or carrying on his farming, he feels better satisfied with his little corner of rice, or miniature patch of cotton, than he would be to work for another at a princely income. This very fact has been one of the great causes that has kept the lower class poor. With the same clumsy brute with which the Chinaman cultivates the land he turns his oil and grain mills. This slur upon the true ox is an unprepossessing creature, and it is said that his looks do not belie his temper when he is aroused by fright or dislike.

Although the region is lacking in bird life, there are numerous flowers, some of which are beautiful and of prodigious size. In the flowering season the roadways and hedges are profuse with pink and white blossoms, while the margins of the woods are gemmed with pretty purple violets and clusters of yellow clematis. We are reminded of Japan in the prodigal display of plum and cherry blossoms.

A pessimistic writer has said, with a hint at the truth and a touch of satire, that China is a land of contradiction, "a country where the women have no petticoats, and the magistrates no honour; where old men fly kites, and puzzled people scratch their backs instead of their heads, where the seat of honour is on the left, and the abode of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off the hat is an act of insolence, and to wear white is to go into mourning."

Farming is done by methods peculiar to the Chinese husbandman. A piece of ground under cultivation has to be cleared of the stubble of

PORTICO AT NANKIN.

the previous crop before it can be ploughed for another. Thus a man with a hoe digs up the roots, and another follows him with a heavy mallet to knock off the earth that may be clinging to them. A third collects the roots into a basket, while a fourth goes after him with a rake to scratch over the ground to be sure that not a rootlet or blade of grass remains. Finally, the entire lot that has been collected is stacked for fuel when needed.

At Chengtu-fu, situated near the River Min, or Fu, as the Chinese call the stream here, we come upon what is claimed to be the best road in China. It is a fine highway as far as we see it, for our course is still southward, while this noted road connects the west with the east. It

is well paved with slabs of stone, and has some handsome stone bridges where it crosses the numerous streams running across the country. While China has many large rivers, the American cannot fail to be surprised at the small number of minor watercourses and brooks. To this lack of small streams is due the frequent freshets of the large rivers.

Nowhere are there finer specimens of bridges than are to be seen in this province, both in regard to strength and design. The piers generally

THE PROVISION MARKET, HONGKEW.

terminate in carvings of fantastic figures, more often dragons than anything else, though sometimes scenes of every-day life are represented, such as a woman carrying a tub of water, a man pulling another's fingers, or some ridiculous scene. While all are executed with rare skill, nothing shows originality in the conception. The builders of these bridges were skilled workmen, and some of them have as many as four or five arches, that are thrown over the intervening space with a daring and graceful arch. It looks a little singular to see a road scarcely wide enough for an ordinary vehicle to move along, leading upon a bridge with sufficient

GOOD LUCK PAGODA, NEAR CANTON.

breadth for three carriages to drive abreast. But these bridges are constructed under different conditions from those described as applying to the roads. When not built by a popular subscription, which is liberally supported, they are donated by some individual of wealth, whose name and generous deed are recorded in characters cut in the stones.

We cross a stone bridge which has as many as twelve arches, presenting elaborate carvings and proofs of strength and durability.

NANKIN AND THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN.

Besides the stone bridges there are in this province many substantial wooden ones, which are roofed over, the tops laid with tiles, the uprights being very conspicuous in their coat of red lacquer. These bridges are the presents of public-spirited citizens, whose names are inscribed in gold characters, along with some flattering sentiment. Unlike the bridges in Yunnan, that show so much of the inroads of decay, all the bridges in this province that we have seen are in good repair. These bridges are of recent construction, while there are occasionally seen older ones built with long flags and heavy stone posts. It is seldom that a traveller in

China, whatever he may have to say against the roads, has to ford a stream.

Chengtu-fu is situated in the midst of a fertile district noted for its rice crops, which never fail, owing to the unceasing supply of water afforded by the sparkling streams flowing down from their fountainheads in mountains of the north. The largest of these, the Min (Fu), is supposed to have its source in the Bayan Range, and is a rapid stream bounding over a rocky bed until reaching the plain of Chengtu-fu. Other rivers unite with it, so that it becomes an important stream of so much consequence that by some it is looked upon as the main branch of the Great River. Regarded from a commercial point of view, this offers good grounds for belief, as the Yangtse Kiang is navigable only forty miles above the junction of this river, while it is the passageway for boats over two hundred and fifty miles before joining the other. The rice-fields of Chengtu-fu are conducted with the simple methods of irrigation practised by the Chinese. The river is made to flow into numerous channels, meandering over the landscape. These are again separated into many small canals, and these subdivided into smaller "ducts." Finally, the water is pumped up by primitive treadmills run by human power, and the water distributed, so that not an acre of this territory is denied its perennial supply of water.

To our east, beyond this fertile tract of level country, lies that still more noted locality called "The Red Basin," rich in its resources, and overflowing with its population. No part of China, and few regions, if any, in the world, supports so large a number of people to the square mile as this section of Szechuan. In the Red Valley mentioned the soil is given the most careful attention, so that often as many as four crops a year are harvested from the same patch. It is only through this economical cultivation that the inhabitants find enough to live upon. Even then, if anything happens to cut short one of the crops ever so little, it is sure to bring suffering to many, and often whole communities linger on the verge of starvation for weeks at a time. But the people do not murmur. They are exceptionally industrious, and free from the vices of the larger centres of population. Year by year the population is increasing, while the output of the soil reached its limit some time since. The day would seem to be near when emigration from these

fertile regions, the garden of China, must begin. Here is a case where a loss will be a decided gain, while wherever these industrious people go influence for good will accompany them.

In the schools of a country lies the future of its government. While in Southern China we visited several of these "seats of learning," only to find that a description of one would answer for all. The schoolroom is a curious combination of simplicity, wisdom, and superstition. The

IMAGES OF THE LOHANS (ATTENDANT DEITIES).

schoolrooms that we saw there were about a dozen feet square, with small tables and short, narrow benches, after the usual pattern of Chinese benches, for the convenience of the scholars. A table of equal plainness and a bench of similar dimensions afforded such accommodations as the teacher required. Like all Chinese buildings, it had no roof, but in the dirty, black space overhead were hung from the rafters a few paper lanterns. In a distant corner a small, hideous-looking image peered down upon the scene below, a god of watchfulness. A table opposite the seats occupied by the pupils supported two wooden figures, as repulsive

as that in the roof, and were supposed to represent the god and goddess of learning. These stood out in bold relief in their coats of bright red, yellow, and blue, three colours that seem to be prime favourites with the people. Just apart from this stood a stone tablet bearing an inscription in Chinese characters, one of the wise sayings of Confucius. These completed the permanent fixtures of the gloomy place, whence the bewildered pupils were expected to come forth in a few years full-fledged in the primary knowledge of reading and writing, and with a sort of smattering of the ancient classics.

The schoolhouses of Szechuan are equally plain, and everything about them bears the same air of unpretentiousness. Several plain tables, rude benches for the pupils, some "ink-stones," and a chair for the teacher comprise the main features, excepting, of course, the middle-aged pedagogue and his industrious pupils, whose ages range from seven to fourteen. Overhead the rafters bear a tablet with a Confucian inscription, and on the side of the room, situated in a niche that seems to have been made especially for it, is a life-size figure of the Chinese god of literature. In front of this is a small wooden box partly filled with sand, and containing incense sticks which are kept constantly smouldering.

General confusion reigns in the schoolroom, from the fact that each pupil studies his lesson by repeating it over in a loud tone. This is done, we are told, everywhere in China, and the object is to show that the pupil is studious. The result, where there are thirty or more voices pitched in keys that make a volume which has small claim to harmony, may be imagined, but cannot be appreciated by an American teacher. When the scholar believes he has mastered his lesson he raises his hand, and then recites it with his back to the teacher, so he may not look on the book. There seem to be few, if any, classes in recitation. Upon entering the schoolroom the scholar makes his obeisance in front of the tablet dedicated to Confucius, salutes his teacher, and then takes his seat. At the close of the session of school he is expected to repeat this ceremony.

Above this primary school not many of the pupils ever rise, and it is a wonder they acquire as much knowledge as they do. The number of hours thus occupied would tire out the American boy, to say nothing of the teacher. School opens promptly at sunrise, and continues until ten

o'clock, when an intermission of one hour follows, after which the school begins another session, which lasts until five o'clock in the afternoon. Upon beginning his school career the pupil is given his *shu-ming*, or "book name," which he bears through the rest of his life.

The school which we are describing is one of the primary grade, but, as humble as it is, the majority of the pupils here will never know any other. It forms to-day, as it has done for hundreds of years, the sum and substance of the education of the great mass of people. It is a dull, dreary attempt to acquire knowledge of a literature without an alphabet,

RUINS OF EMPEROR YUNG SOH'S TOMB, NANKIN.

and a language without a grammar. The weariness of memorising sounds that have no meaning, and of becoming familiar with forms that have no natural sequence in their shape, is one that only a Chinaman could safely undertake to master. This rudimentary part of his education requires about two years to complete, when the more earnest work of applying these principles to the meaning of words begins.

Whatever may be the blemishes of the Chinese system of education, as judged by a foreigner, and to him it is a monstrous example of misguided effort, the man of letters is looked upon as a superior being. Naturally so, for it is only by the ladder of education that any person,

be he of high or low birth, can reach the honours and emoluments of official position. The moral precepts included in this form of education are more numerous than those of any other system in the world, excepting, of course, Biblical instruction, and the wisdom imparted in proverbs and illustrations is something marvellous. No stage of life from the cradle to the grave is overlooked; the charity unto others, the virtues of home, the righteousness of public life, the filial obligations of the young, — nothing is forgotten or omitted. The "Trimetrical Classics," consisting of six introductory school-books, arranged in 178 double lines or columns, begin with the mooted saying: "Men at their birth are by nature perfect." This is followed by declaring that "mutual affection of father and son; concord of man and wife; the older brother's kindness; the younger one's respect; order between seniors and juniors; friendship among associates; on the prince's part regard; on the minister's, true loyalty, — these moral duties are for ever binding among men." Worthy examples, noble deeds from the lives of noted wise men and statesmen, conclude this work, and this book is followed by others of equal and even greater beauty. These good and high interpretations of life cannot fail to fix on the mind of the learner the nobler attributes of true manhood. These schools, history shows, have been in existence for over three thousand years. How much longer is only conjecture, but it must have been for a long period.

In spite of this, under the surface, there is something radically wrong. The race, or more correctly speaking, the races, have been capable of great possibilities. That they have not realised this is too well known to need reiteration. We can find no more fitting illustration of this failure than in the fact that at Chung-Ching, within sight and sound of one of these schools, the good luck of the region is ensured by the firing of a gun from one of the mountainsides on the first day of the tenth month of each year. The hand at the helm of Chinese education has steered the craft into the rapids of ignorance and superstition rather than out into the broad river of enlightenment and intercourse with the outside world. Like the mighty River of the Golden Sand, the Chinese may have been capable of becoming a Son of the Sea, but have proved to themselves and others a Hoang-ho, or "River of Sorrow."

RIVER BOAT AND RICE JUNK.

CHAPTER XIX.

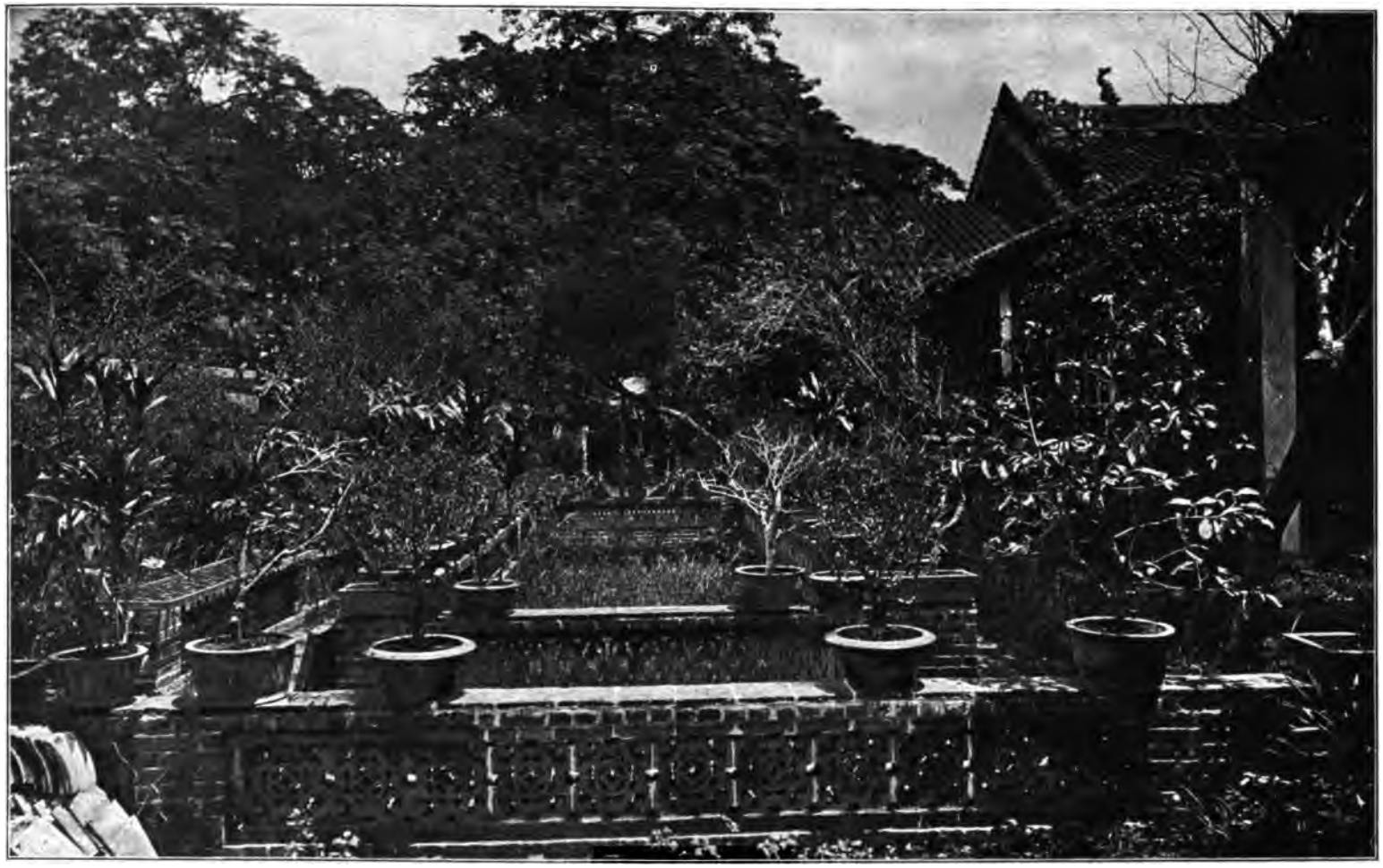
THE WOMEN OF CHINA.

AT Chengtu-fu we gladly part with our ponies, and once more begin our passage by boat. From this point the interest of our trip increases, though we have turned our backs on the mountains and their lonely grandeur. But all this is more than made up for in the cheerfulness of the country as we progress down the river. Everywhere we see evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the people. This is indeed one of the most attractive parts of China. Fruit-trees are abundant, forming pretty groves about the hamlets that line the river, while every eminence of land that is not cultivated is capped with clumps of bamboos and pines. Rows of mulberry-trees mark the dividing lines between the fields, while beautiful lawns reach down to the very water's edge from the homesteads along the way. In their season this must be a region of flowers. Our native companions seem to catch the spirit of the peaceful and prosperous scene, and we forget the trials and hardships that are past in the peace and enjoyment of the present trip.

To-day we catch a glimpse of the majestic and sacred mountain, Omei Shan, which rises into the clear sky on our right, as we glide down the river. Three places are especially sacred to the Buddhism of China: Mount Omei in Szechuan; Mount Wutai in Shansi; and the island of Pootoo, on the rim of the Chusan Archipelago, in the Yellow Sea. In the first place, there is a temple the dome of which is made of brick, an unusual thing in China. In fact, this, it is claimed, was never built by mortal hands, but simply appeared on the scene through divine power. At this sacred mount is to be seen a wonderful bronze Pusa riding a colossal bronze elephant, its feet standing in lotus flowers.

As it will necessitate a considerable delay, we do not turn from our course to visit Mount Omei, which we find was sacred long before the creed of Buddha was preached in the Chinese Empire. A recent visitor to this place describes a great number of temples, annually visited by a large number of pilgrims, and speaks of the deep impressiveness of the scene, until we recall our own enthusiasm over Nikko, the city of temples in Japan. Some two hundred miles up North River from Canton, we saw the image of Kwon-yin, the Chinese goddess of nature. Go Mung has a fund of poetical tales to tell concerning this famous abode of gods and goddesses. His legend of Kwon-yin is very similar to that given in regard to her who sits enthroned on her lotus flower in the cavern of North River. He describes how the tiger came to be worshipped here, as it is, in connection with the Goddess of Children, who is represented as sitting on the back of a tiger. This ferocious feline plays an important and frequent part in the fables of China. Go Mung goes on to tell how, during one of the wars, a man and his wife fled to the mountains for safety, forgetting in their fright their little son. Presently a tiger finds the forsaken child, and, though hungry from long fasting, controls his appetite and bears away to his lair in the hillside the helpless little one. Then it nourishes it, until the child has grown so as to be able to care for itself. The tiger then carries the boy to one of the villages, where he is cared for, and grows up to be a great and good man. For that humane act the tiger is placed among the deities of the mountains.

About 125 miles below Chengtu-fu, we pass under frowning bluffs of red sandstone, covered with stalwart trees, from between whose



A CHINESE GARDEN.

branches we catch frequent glimpses of temples and pagodas, standing out boldly in their bright colours. We pass cliffs blazoned with strange characters, over which azaleas and gardenias hang, with bright-coloured foliage, and then our gaze becomes fixed on rows of houses on the opposite embankment. We have come to the important city of the three rivers, the Min, Ya, and Talu. The streams together form

THE DRUM TOWER, NANKIN.

what looks like a lake, before finally uniting and sweeping on toward the south as one, the Min, or Yu.

The city so boldly outlined on the red sandstone bluff is the prosperous capital of this section of the beautiful and productive province. This town by the name of Kia-ting has a population estimated at fifty thousand. It proves to be one of the liveliest Chinese cities that we have seen, and is of great commercial importance, being at the head of that river navigation which is the outlet of this rich region. The trade in white wax, of which we have spoken, ends here, while Kia-ting is the centre of the silk-weaving industry of this province. Considerable trade is also carried on here in opium, while this is a place of the output of

timber from the interior. We are in season to see a long train of devotees just leaving for their annual pilgrimage to the temples of Omei Shan and the "Glory of Buddha," already described.

In the wall of rock facing us we discover a mighty figure of Buddha chiselled in the rocky escarpment. It is claimed to be nearly four hundred feet in height, with features in proportion. The distance from the chin to the forehead is over thirty feet, while the nose alone is over five feet

BUDDHIST PRIESTS AT WORSHIP.

in length. In order to give the appearance of life to it, grass is allowed to grow on the head, eyebrows, upper lip, and ears, so it would seem from a distance that hair was growing in those places. The figure is said to be over a thousand years old.

We enter the city by the South Gate, and after climbing a steady ascent, gain a point of view where one of the finest panoramas of the surrounding country that we have seen is unfolded to our gaze. The course of the wall is easily traced by its bright red sandstone sides, with

a few layers of light-coloured brick. The Canadian Methodists have their mission-house at the place, while this is also the headquarters of the China Inland Mission. At this city, for the first time, we hear rumours of complaints against foreigners, though we have no trouble.

Reluctantly we bid adieu to Kia-ting, and, stepping aboard our *wupan*, or light boat, resume our journey. This locality is noted for its cliff dwellings, many of which are to be seen from the river. Some of these are almost inaccessible to the ordinary climber. These are generally reached from above rather than from below, and such have in many cases wide platforms at the entrance. Where the face of the rocky wall has been smoothed off, projections a foot or more in width, looking like the eaves of a common dwelling, have been left as a protection against water running down upon them. Considerable architectural skill is displayed in the construction of these singular abodes, and show that the occupants must have been enlightened people. The height of the doorway would seem to indicate that they were undersized, though this idea is not carried out in other parts of the dwellings. Others that we did not see may have higher entrances. This one had three rooms, the largest of which was twenty by twenty-five feet, and is over seven feet in height. It contains a stone altar and a stone water-tank, while there are stone settees cut out of the solid rock, with a back hollowed so as to fit the sitter's body. Stone pivots remain upon which the doors swing, and over the outer door is a fine frieze more than eighteen inches in height. Altogether these odd dwellings betray careful finish, and awaken a curious interest in the visitor in regard to those who, in the days long since passed, made them their homes.

We often read of terraced hills in China, but we have seen very little of them since we left the lower part of West River. This kind of talk is repeated too often. Many of the hills are too barren to be cultivated profitably, while there are not enough people to demand such an economic course.

At one of the smaller towns on the Min we see a party of women who have walked, it is said by those who ought to know, over twenty-five miles to get there, and who are expecting to return to their homes on foot the same day. Fifty miles between suns is no slight trip for a man to take, and how these women with their crippled feet can perform

the journey is beyond our comprehension. It is painful to us to see them waddle about. It cannot be called walking.

Foot-binding is practically universal in China. It is true there are those, especially in the Yunnan province, that belong to the poorer class who let their feet alone on account of their work; but they form a small exception. It is the fashion, and no maid would stand any chance of an "honourable marriage" did she neglect this painful duty. And it must be painful in the extreme. With the better class it is generally done before the child is five years old. It consists in bending four of the

RUINS IN THE OLD PALACE GROUNDS, NANKIN.

toes under the foot, while the big toe is bent back upon the top of the foot, while all are kept in their respective positions by being tightly bandaged. In order to retain the "beauty" of this shape, the woman must bandage her foot every day in her life. These bandages are not covered with stockings, but soft shoes, often embroidered with silk, and having soles of stitched leather, are often worn over them. These shoes are generally home-made.

Among the poorer class this foot-binding may not take place until the girl is betrothed, which may be as late as ten or twelve years. The process is then much more painful, and a deep rent across the under part of the foot is often made, which has to be drawn closely together

and fastened there. The suffering cannot be other than intense, but it is borne with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. Still there is much to show why it should be endured, for the lives of the women of the lower class are hard and pitiable. Even as wives of the well-to-do, their situation is harsh enough. Chinese women are very susceptible to flattery, and to attain what is considered admirable and desirable in personal appearance, no sacrifice is held to be too great. The light

ORNAMENTAL ROOFS AND BRICKWORK (SUCHAU).

in which this monstrous practice of foot-binding is viewed is shown by the poetical expression of "The Golden Lilies," when reference is made to these deformed feet.

So firmly rooted has this custom become that China has had no ruler powerful enough to remove the bane, and the greatest emperor who ever sat upon the throne dared not make the attempt. Even the admission of Tartar and Manchu influence has done nothing toward accomplishing its abolition. Occidental teachings and example have, however, made a beginning in this respect. Foot-binding is followed in a modified form

at the capital, and it is hoped the day is not far distant when this enlightenment will spread over the country. When it does come it will be like the light of the rising sun penetrating swiftly to the remote corners of the empire.

Along with this it is hoped will come an emancipation from many of the drudgeries of life which fall to the lot of the Chinese women. To say nothing of the slavery and suffering experienced by a Chinese woman in the care of rearing a large family, which makes a beautiful bride of sixteen faded at thirty, and ugly and wrinkled at forty, her work besides this is actually never done, until she has entered upon that long rest in which the sleep is unbroken.. Nearly everything worn by the family is made at home, and she is expected to do it. Then there is the wadded bedding, as well as the wadded garments, which requires frequent attention, having to be ripped open and washed and aired. In the season of the ripening fruit the orchards have to be watched for weeks, and the women have to do more than their part in this care. During the harvest-time the Chinese woman is called into the field, holding her own with her brother or husband. When the threshing comes on she is again among the men workers. In the cotton growing districts she is almost constantly in the field, until she leaves that to begin the ginning, spinning, cording, winding, weaving, again making up the cloth into padded garments, and then back to the field, to the picking, and all that follows. The introduction of cotton mills into some of the cities has already made its sharp competition felt in the remote cotton districts, where the weaving has been and is done on a clumsy hand-loom, which has now to be kept in constant motion in order that the family may keep the wolf from breaking through the door of the damp, musty, unhealthful dwelling. In order to do this, the man takes his place at the weaving until midnight, when his wife rises from her troubled sleep to continue the weary work until morning. In consideration of this unremitting toil, one can almost forgive them for being slovenly in their habits.

Except for the inhuman treatment of the feet, the dress of the *Nu-jin*, or Chinese woman, is more nearly correct than that of almost any other race. No restraints are placed upon the development of the figure, and the foreign women who have worn the Chinese costume have

declared that the latter is more comfortable than their own. It is the universal practice for Chinese women to wear trousers, though in some localities these are not allowed to show below the skirt. In this province the skirt or petticoat, worn only in certain districts, is not considered necessary, and the full trousers, swathed closely about the ankles, are considered the proper thing. Over them is worn an ordinary, loose-fitting garment, having sleeves, and reaching to the knees. The petticoat

MISSION HOSPITAL, NANKIN.

is worn here only by the very lowest class, women who are outcasts from good society.

The Chinese belle has been poetically pictured, and the Chinese picture nothing that is not poetical, as having "cheeks like the almond flower, lips like a peach blossom, a waist like a willow leaf, eyes as bright as the ripples dancing in the sun, and footsteps like the lotus flower!" It is certain that, despite all their drudgery and hard work in life, despite the scorn that is directed against the sex, the women of no race try more earnestly to dress well and in fashion than those of China. If a considerable percentage of the poorer classes are obliged to let

nature shape their feet, there is not a woman in the vast empire but dreams of the happy day when her feet shall be transformed into "golden lilies," as the perfection of womanly grace and charm, and not a man, if he belong to good society, dreams of marrying a woman who has neglected this duty.

GROTESQUELY-SHAPED ROCKS.

We have again been reminded to-day of the constant embarrassment a foreigner encounters in addressing the Chinese, on account of the absence in the language of such common terms as Mister or Master. It is true Go Mung has fallen into the habit of addressing us as "Master," but this he has picked up with his smattering of the foreign tongue. In the seaboard towns it is quite safe to apply terms that denote specific honour, but back here that will not do. The Chinaman acts some under the belief that "All are brethren within the four seas," and thus addresses a stranger of his own age thus: "Noble brother, wilt thou throw the rays of thy light upon my clouded vision enough to show me if this is the proper way to Sui-fu?" Should the man be older, he would address him as "Uncle," or "Grandfather." This rule looks simple, but when we find that different significations are given

according to the age of the "uncle" or "grandfather," we give up in despair.

A woman in China has actually no name at all, she being spoken of in an indirect manner if unmarried, while if married she has two surnames, that of her father and that of her husband, but as these may have many duplicates in the place, it affords no real distinction for her. It is thus more difficult for a stranger to address women than men. Such terms as *ta-niang*, or "aunt," *sao-tsu*, "elder sister-in-law," and *nai-nai*, "grandmother," very nearly cover all possible cases, according to Chinese ideas of propriety. It is easy to see how confusion is likely to arise at any time, especially when there happens to be more than one generation of women in the family, as there is usually.

We witness to-day a wedding train, and our Chinese attendants go into ecstasies over the "happy event," for while the Chinaman does not look for happiness in the home, the ceremony which leads to the consummation of that end is considered a joyous occasion. So, for that matter, is a funeral hailed with delight by a wide circle of poor relatives. This comes from the popular objects of the dead man's life, which are to have on certain occasions bountiful feasts, no matter how limited the resources of the deceased may have been. Two of the most fitting times for feasting and festivity are the wedding and the funeral. In no country is the wedding feast made so much of as in China.

Marriage customs differ widely in various parts of China, but the feast is nowhere omitted, and it is always safe to count on the presence of every invited guest either in person or by substitute. The ceremony of itself is simple, but the choice of those who are to be present and the contribution of the food are delicate matters to settle, and often involve astute management. But it is a gala-day to the majority.

The wife, whenever spoken of by her husband, is designated by some such term as "the thorn in my flesh," "the unaccountable one of my dwelling." Children, without any slight intended, are styled "insects" or "worms." Yet the same person in speaking of his family would say, with a very contrite spirit, "My heart is borne down by the fates which have robbed me of my treasure of the inner room," or, "The fates have neglected me so far that I have only one little insect."

The silvery waters of the Min broaden and deepen, as they bear us on through the beautiful country, until at last we are carried past the picturesque temple of the "Sleeping Buddha," which is gained by steps cut in the rock-wall, and lo! we are back to the Kinsha, the River of the Golden Sand.

ONE OF THE GATES OF NANKIN.

CHAPTER XX.

UPPER YANGTSE KIANG.

SINCE we last saw it, the Great River has increased in volume more than we had expected, though this is at a season when it flows at its lowest. The fact is attested to by the jagged rocks and the forbidding brown heads thrust above the sweeping tide. One singularity we notice, — its waters are of a yellowish hue, while those of the Min are touched with silver, clear and transparent. As if loth to mix its limpid offering with the other it runs for a long distance almost distinct from it. When the snow-banks on the highlands of Tibet begin to melt in May, and the monsoon pours its annual floods on the great watershed, the mighty stream rises rapidly, until its foaming crests leap nearly a hundred feet higher than we find them to-day. It is a swollen, turbulent river from June to the middle of September, a little over three months, when it falls away nearly as rapidly as it rose.

From this junction of the Min it becomes the most important way of transportation in China, and thousands of coolies and others are engaged in boating on its flood. The Upper Yangtse is a region of sublime grandeur and infinite peril to life and traffic. As has been stated, the

river is navigable for forty miles above this city, or to Ping Shan, and constitutes what may be termed the first section of river traffic. The Upper Yangtse is a long series of rapids and cataracts, which afford some of the grandest scenery to be found in Asia, and scarcely equalled anywhere else in the world for its peril to life and loss to traffic. It is claimed with apparent good reason that, of the seven thousand junks that ply annually on this portion of the river, as many as one thousand of these

BUDDHIST PRIESTS OUTSIDE SMALL TEMPLE, POOTOO.

are wrecked in a single year, while one-sixth of the merchandise, chiefly cotton, is ruined or damaged by water. Still, the price of labour is so low and the risk to life and limb so slightly considered that goods sell little higher in the mountains than they do hundreds of miles lower down the river. At low water the charts show one thousand rocks and rapids threatening river traffic for a distance of five hundred miles below Ping Shan.

The second stage in this great river-way is from the junction of the river

Min at this place, through a series of wild gorges filled with romantic interest, to Hankow, where steam navigation meets the junks. This stage of the route is also filled with great peril to life and loss to the commodities in transit.

The final and easiest stage is by the broad, tidal river of a thousand miles to Shanghai, which is regularly made by large steamers. This portion of the Son of the Sea, often designated by another poetical term as "The River of Fragrant Tea-fields," passes through the richest portion of China, made so by its own deposits of alluvium. The amount of traffic done on this portion of the inland waterway is scarcely to be computed.

All of the exports and imports of the great province of Szechuan are transported by this river. The boats of the upper sections, made of pine on account of its lightness, are small, and have a high bridge. They carry at the stern a long oar, which becomes in the skilful hands of the steersman a powerful rudder capable of turning the boat while going its length. This oar is hung on a pivot, and is constructed on purpose to make the rapids of the river, where prompt action is the sole dependence for safety. A netting of bamboo is carried, large enough to cover the entire craft at night, which gives it the appearance of a huge tent. Under this the crew and passengers can sleep until morning. These resting-places, which might otherwise be quite tenantable, are rendered disagreeable to foreigners by the fumes of tobacco smoke, coming from the vilest of the weed, through the vilest of pipes, from the vilest of mouths. The river-ways are strewn wherever one goes with the wrecks of these boats.

The boatmen are wiry, closely knit men of small stature, but very strong and hardy, presenting a marked contrast to the Chinese of the wealthy class, whose corpulence is often so great as to make them ill-formed and incapable of quick movement. This fatty development is looked upon, however, as good fortune sent from heaven. A full face according to their idea of the fitness of things, signifies prosperity, while a thin countenance denotes a life of toil and servitude. The feet of the boatmen are noticeable for the lowness of the instep, being very flat. Their hands are soft and seem to indicate little strength, but the slender arms are a bundle of sinews.

We notice one peculiar trait among these "sons of the river" that is comical. The Chinese are positively afraid of rain, and while one of them will paddle to his waist all day without murmuring, when the water comes above that line he quits work. In case of rain he dons his *so-yi* (grass coat), which is his waterproof, and his bamboo hat, that protects him from rain and sun alike.

It has been sagely remarked that a Chinaman never looks so dirty as when he is trying to get clean, which he seldom does. The fact is he

STREET IN NANKIN.

does not belong to a cleanly race. To bathe one means simply to rub a wet rag, dirty at that, over the face. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese seem to have a dislike for water. The same clothing is worn night and day, and as the cold waxes stronger the wearer puts on more covering over that which he has been wearing. As the cold increases, the wadding in the garments and the number of the garments increase accordingly, so it is easy to note the progress of the growing cold by the growing bulk of the person. With the approach of warm weather, again it is noted, as if by a thermometer, while layer after layer of padded dress is laid off, until

the individual comes down to his summer size. At the table the Chinese show equal uncleanliness. The apartments in which they live are never cleaned, the accumulations being allowed to increase, and such of the dirt, rubbish, and refuse matter as collects about the room, which does not become trampled into the earth, is brushed under the bed or into a corner to become a breeding place for all kinds of vermin.

Sui Fu is a bustling city of 150,000 inhabitants, and is very pleasantly situated on an elevated position, so as to command a fine view of the surrounding country. As may be imagined, it is the centre of considerable commercial activity. We hear accounts of the Lolos, a tribe of the aborigines living in the mountainous regions to the west. These people have been a thorn in the flesh of the Chinese for over two thousand years, and have been a serious drawback to land trade. Besides being at the head of navigation on the Great River, Sui Fu is the one objective point of trade between Northern Yunnan and Szechuan. Two lines of railroad are already planned to connect Yunnan City with Chengtu-fu, but neither of these will come near Sui Fu, one going as far east as Chung-king, and the other making a more direct course through the land of the Lolos above this city and passing at the foot of Omei Shan. What effect this will have upon the future prosperity of Sui Fu remains to be seen. The chances are that it will not gain by it.

Since coming to Szechuan we have heard considerable regarding the large poppy fields, for this province is noted for raising this questionable plant, and upon reaching the city Lu Chau, situated at the junction of the River To with the Kin-sha, we are forcibly reminded of this product. This place is a little smaller than Sui Fu, and it is estimated that four out of every five of the male population smoke opium. Opium pipes are offered as freely to customers in the shops as cups of tea are given in Japan. Situated in the heart of the great Red Basin, this is a pretty place; but more than at Sui Fu and above do we hear mutterings against the "foreign devils." We are looked upon as intruders, and a crowd follows us wherever we go. Go Mung is candid enough to acknowledge that this feeling is being fomented by one of the powerful secret societies that are such a bane to China.

At the close of the day, while the boatmen seek the solace to be found in their ever-handy pipes, Go Mung tells us a strange story regarding the

origin of the poppy, from which comes the opium that has been such a curse to his race. There is a touch of Indian mysticism about the legendary account, which increases, rather than diminishes, its interest.

"A certain wise and good man once dwelt by a noble river in the Southland. He dwelt alone in his bamboo hut except for the companionship of a mouse. Now a simple mouse must have been far from such a

VIEW ON THE CITY WALLS, NANKIN.

companion as most men would have sought to enliven their loneliness. But this great scholar understood so well the ways of the mouse that he asked for no higher friend. The mouse was very happy, not a cloud darkening its life, until the shadow of a cat, its natural enemy, fell across its path. Thrice three times did this mouse see the cat, and she barely escaped by fleeing to her master.

"Seeing her great distress, he granted her (the mouse) the power of speech, that she might explain it to him. This being done, the mouse told her story, bewailing her fate that she was so small as not to be able

to stand her own with such a fierce animal as the cat. Thereupon the wise man changed her into the form and nature of a cat.

"As a cat the simple creature found even greater enjoyment in the company of her kind master, and for hours at a time she used to lie in his lap, or upon a soft mat at his feet. If she remembered that she had once been a little mouse, however, she did not show it by any act of mercy in refraining from hunting her natural prey. But this life soon found its drawbacks, for it was not long before the cat was bothered by a dog, and finally she again fled to her master. Upon being allowed the power of speech again, she asked to become a dog. This wish was granted.

"But the life of a dog met with its disappointments. Everywhere she went she was cuffed and kicked about, and finally so worried by an ape that for the third time she appealed to her master, who, quickly understanding her desire, caused her to be changed to an ape. But her career as an ape was even more brief. She no longer enjoyed the companionship of her former master, though that troubled her far less in her new state than the frequent attacks of a wild boar, that would trample her under foot and devour her at one mouthful. Coming into his presence one day with a decidedly crumpled appearance, the wise man recognised her as kindly as when she had been his constant companion. At her request she was changed, not into a fierce brute like the boar, but into that wisest and mightiest of the animal kingdom, the elephant. Surely she had chosen most wisely now, for no creature was strong enough to worry her, and her late enemies she could trample under her feet.

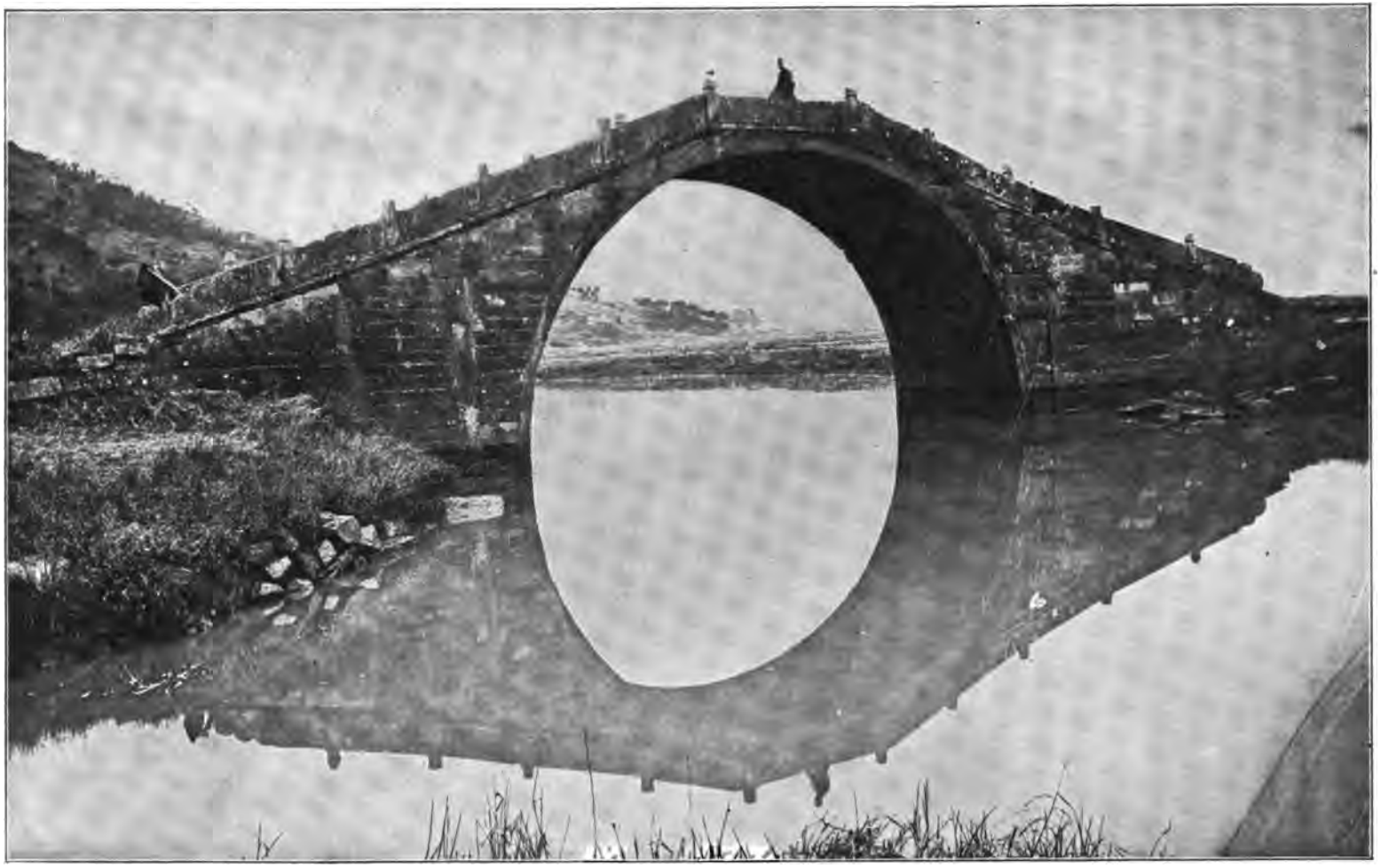
"The life of an elephant soon proved far from being the ideal picture she had drawn. It was a lonely life, as every other creature fled at the sound of her heavy tread. If mighty in her ponderous form, the most tiny insect found opportunity to worry her, as even the dog had not worried the cat. She constantly found something to vex her. It was even a burden to move about, and, in despair at having failed so many times, she sought for yet another trial. Her master listened to her kindly, but assured her that she must choose carefully this time, as another transformation would exhaust his power. While she was pondering what shape to enter next, a beautiful maiden, singing a sweet love-song, went

gaily past. In a moment her choice was made, and she wondered she had not chosen the form of a young and beautiful woman before. In her must lie the supreme happiness she had not found. The wise man smiled, but obeyed her request, when lo! a maiden of wondrous beauty and archness stood where before had cringed a mouse, a cat, an ape, a wild boar, or had stood with massive figure an elephant.

"She now administered to her master's wants, finding a peace and

THE COAL HILL, PEKIN.

happiness unknown in her other lives. But one day a young and handsome prince came her way, and with his coming departed her quiet and peace of mind. The maiden was in love, but with that exalted sensation came an unrest she had hitherto never known. The prince, however, could not be otherwise than pleased with her, and when she told him that she was not this simple old man's daughter, but a princess who had been abandoned by her ambitious sister that the latter might occupy the place rightfully hers, the young man resolved to win her for his bride. As her master, notwithstanding the slight she had put upon



BRIDGE AT SOUSHOW.

him, abetted her in this deception, she soon became a princess in reality, with a fair prospect that soon she would be a queen.

"Now she had ample time to discover that under the glistening foil there is a dark side. The king died, and her husband succeeded to the throne. But as a king he grew arrogant, and sought the company of other women. She was expected to be continually on dress parade, and so much did the frivolities wear upon her that she tired of the new life. The neglect of the king grew harder and harder to bear, until finally in despair she flung herself into a well and was drowned.

"No sooner had the queen ended her life than the king repented of his past sins, and shed genuine tears over the untimely fate of her whom he had driven to death. In his sorrow he sought the magician, whose foster-child his wife had been. Perhaps the thought of wrong done him by the princess, and the deception she had imposed upon the prince, caused him to say to the king that he knew not for whom he was weeping. The queen, however great and beautiful she had appeared to him, had once been only a mouse. Surely it was not becoming for a king to shed tears over the death of a foolish mouse. But still, if he wished to retain some memento of the dead queen, let him go home and have the well, which no one would use now, filled with earth, so that it would be her sepulchre. From her bones, in good time, would spring a wonderful plant, which would bring new power into the world. People would come from far and near to see it, and whoever should smoke its seeds would receive all the mischievousness of the mouse, the cunning of a cat, the savageness of a dog, filthiness of an ape, the grovelling hatred of a boar, the might of an elephant, and the beauty, the languor, the unsatisfied longings of a queen.

"The king did as he was told, and from the grave of the beautiful but unhappy queen sprang the white poppy, which soon enslaved the imperial ruler, and has enslaved its millions of men, throwing over them the mystical spell of all the attributes, just as it was foretold by the great magician."

The practice of smoking tobacco is universal in China, but the two classes of people use different styled pipes, which are supposed to be in keeping with their respective stations in life. The better class smoke an elaborate affair called the "water pipe." It has a bent stem, elegantly

carved, and it is highly ornamented. The bowl is extremely small, and will not allow the smoker to take more than two or three whiffs of the finely scented tobacco before he hands it back to his servant to refill. This the latter does by first removing the tiny bowl, and, after blowing out the ashes replenishing the supply of tobacco, which has been ground to a fine powder. Among the poorer people a cheaper pipe, with a reed stem varying in length from twelve inches to four feet, is used. The bowls of these are small, and are made of a white metal. The tobacco smoked is of inferior quality. These pipes are always kept near the smoker, even when he is not engaged in his almost constant practice of smoking. Those of the greatest length are sometimes used as walking-sticks.

CHAPTER XXI.

PICTURESQUE CHINA.

THE River To, or Fu-sung Kiang, which delivers its tribute to the Yangtse at Lu-chau, winds down through the richest part of the Red Basin, and is navigable for five hundred miles.

The next important tributary to the Great River from the north is the Fu-ling, which brings the combined offerings of three streams of considerable size, and is a river of great commercial importance. The eastern branch of this river, the Ku, runs on the border of one of the richest coal regions in the world. Central Szechuan appears to be laid on a coal bed of inexhaustible store. Some suggestion of coal is to be seen everywhere one goes; in the limestone cliffs of the mountains, in the rank vegetation of the valleys, in the ferns that grow redundant by the wayside, in the lumps seen along the banks of the streams, where the children pick up quantities sufficient to cook by, and in the points and projections of the rocky sides of the hills overhanging the hamlets of the people, who have only to chip off a piece that they may have fuel enough to last them through the day. But it is mined only in the most primitive ways by small collieries at the foot of the mountains. Mrs. Bishop, who travelled through the region above Liang-shan, says: "Scrambling up a black orifice in the limestone I came upon a 'gallery,' four feet high, down which Lilliputian wagons, holding about one hundred weight each, descend from 'workings' along a narrow tramway only twelve inches wide. From some holes boys crept out with small creels, holding not more than twenty-five pounds, roped on their backs, and little room to spare above them." The Chinese do not work the deposits downward, but along the surface, for fear they will scratch the dragon's back, and thus cause that dreaded creature, which is supposed to support the earth, to move and create great havoc generally.

Vivid accounts reach us of the Pass of Fuh-ri-gan, which, if the half told is true, must rival the finest of Japanese scenery. The pathway

winding up the wonderland leads under towering peaks, picturesque slopes, and mountains clothed with forests to their summits, while through deep ravines tumble laughing streams, fringed with ferns of great beauty and lycopodiums "made to tempt the gods." The woodlands are of equal glory, with many species of trees showing a great variety of attractive foliage. The most conspicuous of all is the "tree of blossoms," abounding with its gems of pink flowers, but barren of leaves. Foremost among the woods are the oak, walnut, chestnut, six varieties of the coniferæ, bamboos, and the *xylosma*, a native tree of great beauty of foliage. Besides these larger growths there is a superabundance of shrubs and trailers.

MOHAMMEDAN MINARET, CANTON.

The glory of the other trees is eclipsed by the delicate foliage and variegated hues of the different bamboos, most prominent among which is the plumed bamboo. There are three varieties of tufted bamboo: a tree with dark green plumage, another with a light green, and the third more beautiful than either, having plumes on golden stems that reflect the gold of

sunrise. Mingling their foliage, these three present the handsomest effect imaginable, while all rise to a dignified height among the "population of the forests." Nor are these the sum and substance of bambooan beauty, for there is that mightier cousin to these, the feathery bamboo, rising to a height of nearly seventy-five feet, resplendent with its arrow-like foliage whose stems point directly sky-

CENTRAL HALL OF PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

ward while enveloped in a mass of delicate tracery as light and soft as down.

In the midst of this sublime ascent the stone stairway is reached, where the passage over the summit is made easier by five thousand wide steps, bordered by curbing laid with marvellous workmanship, and all in good repair. Where the intermingling green and golden plumes of the bamboos droop gracefully over the head of the traveller, until they meet one another from each side, he comes to the fourteen hundred broad, flat steps called "the altar stairs leading through darkness up to God."

But the darkness is a golden twilight, and he who easily climbs the way feels that he is entering into Paradise. Passing up this noble pathway, where man and nature seem to have vied with each to outdo themselves, the song of birds is missed.

In this region of eastern Szechuan are many temples and pai fangs. Star-pua is noted as a village of temples, though it lacks the rugged setting of Japan's famous Nikko. Below this town is Liang-shan, which has a fine specimen of a Confucian temple, that presents a marked contrast to the grotesque structures reared to Buddha and Tao. This town

VIEW IN NANKIN.

is situated on the western slope of one of the many hillsides of this part of the province, and the temple stands under the outspreading arms of tall pines, cypresses, and bamboos, as if they were about to pronounce their benediction upon the hallowed spot. It is a noble background for the red sandstone structure, encircled by wide stone terraces. The front overlooks a big rice-field, which, when it is inundated, becomes a shallow lake, each eminence of land forming an island. These in many cases are walled, and hold some big farm sheltered by groves of bamboo or cypress. On some are temples overtopped by ancient trees, and surrounded by the dwellings of the priests.

It is on one of the heights which are at times surrounded by water that the temple mentioned stands under its canopy of green glazed tiles, and surrounded by a high wall of the imperial red of China. It is a plain, square, open structure, encircled with a stone terrace. Within everything is in keeping with the conspicuous plainness of the exterior. Fine palms rising from vases set in the centre lend dignity and beauty to the place. Beyond these is a pai fang, and the platform on the

A VIEW NEAR CANTON.

northern side has an altar of stone, while a tablet bears an appropriate inscription. Beyond this is another wall with other inscriptions separated by pilasters.

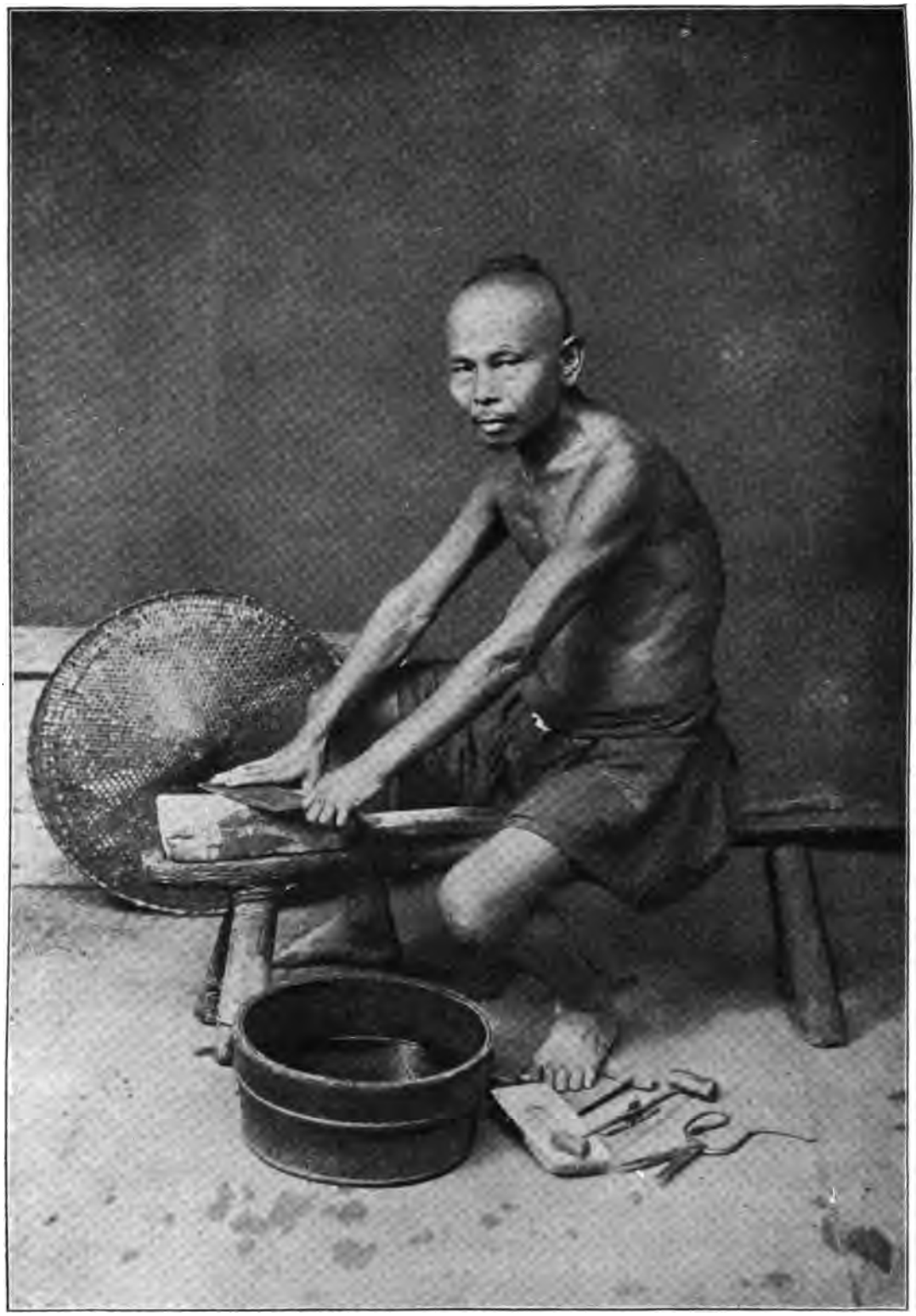
Chung-king-fu is a little over two hundred miles below Sui Fu, and is of greater commercial importance than any of the cities passed. It is believed to contain a population of nearly five hundred thousand people. Its situation, as we come down the river, reminds us of Quebec, with the nobility and solemnity of a greater age hanging over its massive

gray walls, holding within their ancient arms a grand array of towers and temples of Oriental suggestiveness. The city gate is reached by a flight of broad stone steps, leading from the river up. Its background is a wooded steep over fifteen feet high. Upon reaching the summit of the city, something of the glory and Canadian majesty which we had pictured to our mind's eye from a distance vanishes at the sight of the crowded, huddled appearance of the town. This, however, gradually fits into our mind as an appropriate part of a Chinese urban view, and we grow to like the place better. No doubt Chung-king-fu owes a part of its oft-repeated notice to the fact that its founders selected a site where it would be impossible for it to expand. It cannot do this until rock walls have been made to yield, and space in mid-air becomes the foundation of city homes. Chung-king-fu may yet pile up a larger population, but it must be done at the serious inconvenience of the whole. The view outside quite makes up for the want of breathing-room within. There is plenty of space out over the river, which at high water is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide, though it is not one-half of that width now. There is plenty of room on the magnificent hills beyond the muddy stream. As for that, there is always plenty of room just outside of China's crowded metropolises.

The city was opened as a treaty port in 1891, and is the farthest inland place of this kind in China. It is noted for its numerous shops, hongs, guild-halls and warehouses. The custom-house stands on a small rock plateau, with a rocky wall rising within a yard of its rear side. Chung-king-fu is the trading point for a population of over sixty million people. It is the only wholesale market for foreign goods in Sze-chuan, and it is connected by waterways with every town of importance in the province. All exports bound for the seaboard, and all imports coming in, have to pass at its foot.

At the base of the bluff a part of the city's population finds escape from the crowded quarters during the season of low water in a little miniature town built of mats and bamboos. As soon as the summer floods begin to raise the water in the river these dwellings have to be removed, and are borne to the heights on the backs of the men, while the yellow tide sweeps over the place they formerly occupied.

Below Chung-king-fu are two other cities, connected with it by the ties



A CHINESE LABOURER.

of trade organisations, Limin-fu and Kiang-peh, the trio forming a complete example of Chinese life and business where foreign influence has not reached.

The current grows more rapid as we turn our backs upon these cities, and it does not need the announcement of Go Mung that we are entering the long and tortuous gorges which form a characteristic feature of this section of the Yangtse Kiang. The crew have little to do save to keep the boat in the middle of the current, and let it sweep along

NEW DRAWBRIDGE, NANKIN.

at a rapid rate. They never are asleep at their posts, for they know too well the watchfulness needed and the energy required to make the Upper Yangtse. So, while the lusty fellows keep up a constant chanting in a loud tone in order "to make their steering easier," we are carried down past hills that have not lost their summer green even at this season, past wide-spreading forests, past open country dotted with village roofs, and set with gardens surrounded by low hedges of evergreen, past dense green woods teeming with human life, by towns built on promontories that look inaccessible, by lofty towers and temples, by fantastic pai fangs and pagodas, under frowning walls of rock that shut out the sun-

light and give us at noonday the gloom of midnight; borne down glassy slopes of water, where the roughness of the river-bed has been worn smooth by ages of action, down rushing rapids which have been the work of swirling waters, around sharp angles where the current is churned into foam, on the very rim of whirlpools whose maelstrom of fury seems to be drawing us into its fatal arms. Everywhere along our course are to be seen the wrecks and relics of craft that have met

A PAGODA IN RUINS.

the fate toward which we appear to be hastening with a rapidity that at times takes away our breath.

Days of this passage continue, enlivened now and then with short stops on the banks, cheered at all times by the good-natured merriment of the crew, and the unfailing fount of Go Mung's tales. One of these tarries is made at Fuchau, "the rock city," which merits this title by being built on shelves of rock, one above another. It has one of the finest pagodas to be seen in Szechuan, and some noble old temples, noted for

their size and elevated positions. We enter the city through a gateway of rock, and move along a narrow, crowded street, meeting everywhere with dirt and decay. Fuchau must be a very ancient city, a city of literature and learning, judging from its mementoes of the past. It stands near the junction of a stream from the south, that is navigable for about two hundred miles.

We are moving along the southeastern border of the province of Szechuan, and by this time are able to realise something of the truth of the statement that it is the "Granary of the World," and of the saying that has become a proverb: "Szechuan grows more grain in one year than it can consume in ten." But if this be true, the product is poorly distributed. The province is also noted, though less happily, for the amount of poppy that it grows. In the season, evidence of this is to be found in the long fringes of impudent crests of the plants flaunting on the very brink of the high river-walls, the borders of vast areas fairly ablaze with the seductive flowers which furnish China with two-thirds of her opium.

At the gorge of Kweichau we get a strong taste of what we are promised lower down the river. Wu-shan is a name for a city standing on the borders of the provinces, Szechuan and Hopeh, and for a gorge of great sublimity. The city is on the left bank, a walled town surrounded by hills of moderate elevation and plains of great fertility.

Where the river rushes between confused masses of rock rising to a great height, the loftiest piercing the winter sky like so many pointed diamonds, is Wu-shan Gorge. Below the dizzy rock-spires the cliffs and precipices glisten under the horizontal beams of the westering sun, while the lower altitudes are veiled in a dusky brown, which deepens into the darkness of night where the shadows fall on the angry waters. It is a grand scene, the short-lived twilight of a winter day giving an added wildness to the picturesque landscape.

It is so late in the day that the crew, even to Go Mung, are anxious to stop at the town until morning, declaring that it will be disastrous to spend the night in the gorge, while it will be impossible to pass the length of the defile in the darkness of night. In order to deter us from keeping on, thrilling stories of the pirates infesting the gorge are told in such startling tones as to make us question their veracity. Then, as if to cap the climax, more uncanny tales are repeated in whispers of the ghosts of the gorge,

that delight to be abroad on such nights as this, when foolish foreigners invade their sacred precincts.

But these stories have a different effect on us than was intended. River pirates that we have been told so much of have failed, so far, to keep their appointments. As to these ghosts, why, we are especially desirous of scraping their acquaintance, the more so as they are said to be *real live ghosts!* Nothing that can be said now will deter us from spending the night in the gorge. So, while we take a lingering view of the sunset,

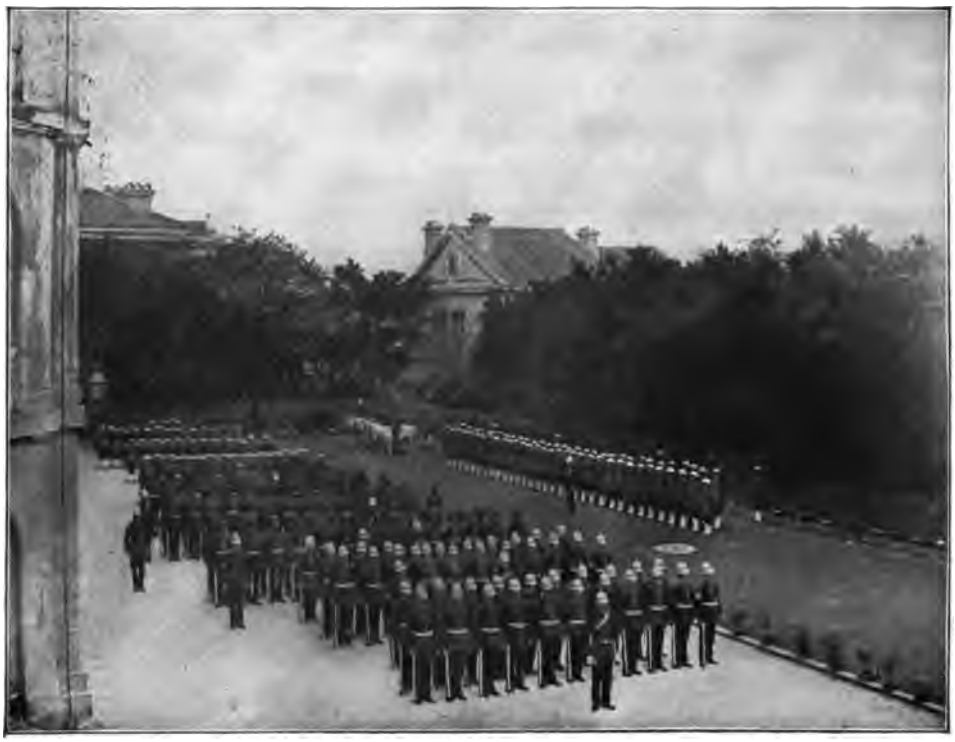
VIEW OF NANKIN FROM DRUM TOWER.

the purple hills, the brown plains, and the silvered mountains, we find ourselves borne with the swift current into the haunted gorge.

Go Mung joins us on the deck, where we watch, as best we can, the rugged walls overhanging us, as we rush along. When it becomes too dark to go farther the boat is moored near the right bank. As there is no more to be seen, we soon retire to our corner under the awning, accompanied by Go Mung, who shows that he feels a heavy oppression over our situation. For once his tongue is silent, and he sits cringing beside us. The crew is noisy enough, as if noise would ensure its safety.

The babel of sounds ceases after awhile, and we are joined by the captain, who whispers in a husky voice that the pirates have discovered us, and are about to begin their attack!

The crew has not dared to hang out any lights, and it is too dark to distinguish another boat on the river. At first we are inclined to doubt the captain's word, when the murmur of low voices reaches our ears. Our boatmen are silent, and, quickly concluding that the speakers are



PARADE OF FOREIGN AND NATIVE POLICE, HONG-KONG.

the "pirates" threatening us, we hail the unknown and unseen enemy. The whispering instantly stops, but beyond the silence we get no reply. Repeating this call with no better result, we remain perfectly still, until the low tone of some one speaking in the darkness is heard. Getting no answer to our third challenge, we discharge our firearms into the air. The sharp reports of the weapons ring up and down the narrow defile with vivid intonations, and by the flash of the shots we catch a glimpse of a boat-load of hideous faces. The darkness succeeding is unbroken,

and, after waiting an hour for some indication of our enemies, we return to our berths.

Go Mung stations himself to look for our second dread, the "live" ghosts, promising to tell us the moment one appears. Our suspense is longer this time, for it must be past midnight before Go Mung rushes into our presence, looking as white as it is possible for a Chinaman to be, and declaring in an almost inaudible tone that the ghosts have come at last. No sooner have we reached the deck than we discover several bright spots against the rock-wall far above our heads. At first these seem to be stationary, but presently they begin to move to and fro, up and down, in a most bewildering way. The Talebearer, who is brave beyond the average man of his race, trembles like a leaf, as he stands beside us without speaking, until at last he exclaims:

"Look, master! the ghosts."

It does not need Go Mung's words to call our attention to the fact that several human faces have appeared in the small orbit of light fixed in the Cimmerian space overhead. If these countenances belong to ghostly figures, they are indeed "live ghosts," for the faces belong to the living and not to the dead. The bones are scantily covered, but there are flesh and blood over them. But every line is drawn in agony, and never have we seen depicted so much of anguish in the countenance of man or woman. They disappear in a moment, and though we watch and wait a long time, they are not seen again.

We question Go Mung until he finally confesses that in the high walls above us grooves and cells have been cut, into which culprits guilty of some crime have from time to time been dropped from the top by officials of the nearest town. There they are suffered to remain until death has set them free. Their only escape is to seek another form of death by leaping into the river something like a thousand feet below. If there is given to spirits the power to return to earth, it is little to be wondered at that Wu-shan Gorge is haunted.

In the course of our talk with Go Mung, we find that these hapless occupants of prison-cells, whose horrors cannot be described, are not the only inhabitants of Wu-shan Gorge. In the caverns of the stupendous walls — and these limestone cliffs of China are perforated with grooves, cells, and caves — several followers of Laou-tasoo, a sect of philosophers

of the old school, live like hermits. As we move down the river in the morning, a mound of earth is pointed out to us by Go Mung, at one of the caves, where he solemnly avows one of these strange anchorites sleeps who died at the ripe age of two hundred years. The lonely cairn is heaped with stones and sods contributed by visitors, our crew willingly landing here to offer their tribute.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE GREAT RIVER.

AT this stage in our journey we are reminded that it is New Year's in China, though it is February 17th. While the festival of this season is looked upon with great favour in Japan, and much is done to make it a success, it is not considered of so much vital importance as in China. On this occasion the family, if it is possible, is reunited, and this is more easily accomplished than in the former country, where its members become scattered to the far corners of the earth. If it so happens that some one cannot return on this year, he will make it certain to come next, if his life is spared. In the majority of cases the family, and a good-sized family, too, is already at home.

The day is ushered in with all the noise and confusion of our Fourth of July, intensified tenfold with the banging of firecrackers and explosions of gunpowder in different quantities. But of more importance than this noisy demonstration is the removal of the old kitchen god and the substitution of the new one, whose reign will extend until the twenty-third of the twelfth moon, or the installation of his successor at the close of the year. This is an occasion when the Chinaman gets him a new suit of clothes if he does at any time during the year, and he takes especial trouble to display his bright-coloured garments. In the matter of eating, the Chinese really know little of feasting, except at weddings and funerals, and even then their diet is restricted on account of its scarcity and lack of variety. The plum pudding of the English table, and the mince pie of New England, in China become the dumpling. No New Year's feast would be considered a success without the universal dumpling, and with it the feaster is satisfied, if his fare be otherwise ever so plain or scanty. Another feature of New Year's is the custom of trying to meet it square with the world, in other words, to have cancelled so far as has been possible one's indebtedness. However, this is really more pretence than fact. The fact is, a Chinaman never pays a

TEMPLE OF TINGHAI, CHUSAN.

debt he can put off another day. He never pays until he has been asked, and the asking becomes dunning in its most severe form before he can bring himself to settle. This is carried out on the principle that if he should pay one debt the money might be needed to pay another, and so, rather than disappoint one, he disappoints all, and is happy. Under this condition it might be thought that little, if any, money-lending would be done. But no man who has money can escape lending to some poor

VIEW INSIDE THE ARSENAL, SHANGHAI.

relative or friend. If the needy one cannot induce his richer relative to grant him his request, he resorts to some one higher in the social circle who will eventually obtain the desired end.

In China a man delegated to do a thing is expected to do it, whether it is borrowing money, finding a missing person, or searching for some hidden secret. If he is a mining engineer and he fails to find any trace of a certain mineral that he is looking for, he is considered unfit for his place, and is lucky if he loses his position and saves his head. The result may be easily imagined. The prosperity of an individual, or a town, is

seldom indicated by outward appearance. In fact, the richer a town becomes, the more squalid and poverty-stricken it looks. Commercial centres situated on the great rivers invariably present a miserable appearance.

With all their industry, — and whatever may be their failings the Chinese are an industrious race, — one half-moon, however, is invariably taken in which to observe the ceremonies of New Year, lasting until the Feast of Lanterns. During these two weeks no work that can be left undone is done. Doctor Smith, in commenting upon this custom, says: "This period becomes a safety-valve for the nation, which else might go distraught in all its otherwise ceaseless toils." It is a national vacation made brighter by the hard work of the rest of the year.

In the industry of the Chinese lies the secret of such success as they have gained. Still, as a matter of fact, this very industry has been a hindrance to them in all lines of progress. It keeps them from the broad way of improvement, under the belief that what calls for less work, the employment of fewer hands, must be an evil to be avoided. It is against their very creed to advance. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers did so and so, and it would cast reflection on their fair reputations to do differently. It is true they have carried the cultivation of crops so far as to raise three or four of these from the same soil in one season, but it is because their ancestors did so. They have not improved the tools with which they do this work, any more than they have improved the inferior quality of the fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, and strawberries. China might have an abundance of the best fruit, did her inhabitants desire it.

The nights are chilly and damp, but the days remind us of our Indian summer, a golden halo encircling the sun and a genial glow pervading all the atmosphere. Sunsets of gorgeous beauty shed a matchless glory over the sunny slopes and rugged walls of the river.

A twist in the river brings us down where the rapids have smoothed their brows, and we glide into still waters, to wonder that the countenance of the steersman takes on an anxious look, while the crew seem to be preparing for some great ordeal. We look ahead, when our gaze becomes fixed upon the majestic column of rock which Go Mung tells us is the "Needle of Heaven," and that we are approaching the upper

gateway of the famous gorge of Ichang, the wildest, grandest on the Great River.

The wall on our right, — we are headed nearly south now, — is bold, bare, and precipitous, but the opposite barrier is wrought into a thousand fantastic shapes, making curious, twisted, spiral columns, with pointed spears directed toward the sky, cornices of odd designs and balconies such as human ingenuity could not conceive, while terraces and graceful arches reach from rock-roof to rock-roof, bridging over numerous

WEST GATE OF CHING-KEANG-FOO.

caverns and deep wells. One of these natural bridges is pointed out to us as the spot from which a pious hermit once sought to reach the sky on wings of faith, and just beyond the bold outpost is the site of the famous temple which stood where the four ancient kingdoms met.

At first the river seems to be blocked by the solid front, but upon a nearer approach a narrow and deep passage between the high walls appears, a race-course where at flood tides the boldest boatman dares not try to pass. Suddenly the day takes on the robe of twilight, and we have entered Ichang Gorge!

For a space the rocky walls rise so straight from the water as not to afford a foothold for the most venturesome climber, but gradually this changes, and the bulwarks of limestone, with shifting tints of purple, yellow, and brown, retreat, leaving nooks and level plots containing small orchards and groves of oranges hanging on the very brink of rock-rimmed terraces, or hedged in by massive buttresses fringed to their tops with dense vegetation. Anon we see the mud huts of venturesome people living in this lonely valley, surrounded by lime-kilns. Here and there the

SUMMER HOUSE NEAR SHANGHAI.

water has broken through the porous rocks, and trickles down as if coming through a sieve, affording a happy sustenance for asters, chrysanthemums, and clusters of other flowers, and for a profusion of ferns, some of them of great grace and beauty.

Where the white-maned racers swirl and toss in sublime fury, giving the boatmen all they can do to keep the light craft in the middle of the current, we rush through "Wind-box Gorge." Then comes a breathing spell; another series of cataracts, wilder and more perilous than the first, and then we glide gracefully and lightly down the last stage of Ichang

Gorge, between two mighty cliffs which form a fitting gateway at the lower end of this wild passage of nine miles.

It must not be supposed that we are alone in this part of the journey, any more than on the rest, for many dark junks are met struggling laboriously up the stream, or going as we are with the current. Those approaching carry little strips of square and butterfly sails, which lend small assistance to the shouting trackers straining at the bamboo ropes.

THE "SHANGHAI TEA-GARDENS."

At places these men spurt along smooth paths, while at other sections they are obliged to crawl on their hands and knees over difficult ridges worn slippery by the hawser running there for centuries, often cutting deep grooves into the soft limestone. Other men are stationed along to see that the rope runs free, and in case it gets caught on some projection or snag in the water to throw it off. Upon coming to a point where it is impossible to follow along the bank, the trackers jump aboard, and lend their assistance to their companions in propelling the craft against the tide. At one point the crew of one of these junks were making the scene

hideous with their unearthly cries, when Go Mung assured us that they were calling on the wind-god for help, which reminds us of the boatmen of the Danube whistling for wind, and the native of the Canadian wilds shooting his arrows high into the air for the same purpose. We are told that the boatmen of the West River whistle for the wind, when there is a lull, but we saw nothing of the kind.

One cannot help noticing the primitive methods of these boatmen, who have made no progress in the management of their junks over the simple ways employed by their ancestors more than two thousand years ago. Just as the "sons of the river" did in the days of Marco Polo, they make their boats tilting, top-heavy affairs, and the trackers pull upon ropes fastened to the tops of masts, that bend, creak, groan, and threaten to break away under the pressure they bring upon them. Their oars are simply round poles fastened to the gunwales with loops of straw. As soon as a little advance is made the crew manage to hold what they have obtained by the most strenuous efforts, by securing the tow-lines by means of a sort of button fixed at the end. During all this wild work, which is so strained and unreal to the foreigner, the crew keep up an unearthly tumult by shouting, stamping, and screaming, while above all this break forth the threats and commands of the captain, who seems even wilder than his crew. Where foothold cannot be obtained sails are spread.

Midway in the gorge we come upon a custom-boat moored by the bank, where every one must show a pass or pay a duty on his cargo. The only improvement which has been made in this river traffic was accomplished by Admiral Ho, who showed a spirit of progress rare among the Chinese. Sent up here to suppress a band of river pirates, he saw the necessity of bettering the condition of the way. Although unable to do this, he did succeed in having a map drafted, showing the river from Ichang to Chung-king, making clear the exact formation of the banks, and marking the rocks and eddies in the stream. He also founded a system of life-boat patrol, which is still in operation, and is at the service of travellers. One of these red rowboats accompanied us, giving prestige to our appearance and ensuring us against attacks of the outlaws who are only too eager to rob and plunder the "foreign devils" in this region.

Where the river rushes out from the gorge the water has sculptured in the rock-wall the picturesque ravine of San-Yu-Tung. In the side of this

rare retreat is a cave-temple of great antiquity and considerable historic interest. It is reached by paths leading along shelves hewn from the rock, and through archways where three gates afforded protection to the occupants of the place in the times of feudal wars. The cave forms a grand apartment of considerable size, with roof sloping down toward the four quarters, and supported in the middle by a massive stone pillar of the natural rock. At the farther end is a sacred corner containing many images of gods and goddesses, all resplendent in their golden coats,

THE TAE-PING SHAOU KWAN.

and guarded by carved dragons, gnomes, and other creatures of fantastic shapes half-concealed in niches and recesses of the rocks. The walls are embellished with inscriptions in bold characters, while urns and incense burners adorn the uncanny place. In the days gone by, when Buddhism held triumphant sway from Tibet to the sea, several priests lived here in the midst of abundance, but now only a few too poor to get away linger here, content to get a mess of pottage and a humble resting-place in the smaller caves at one side of the main hall. It must be cool there in summer, for in the winter it is like the bitter cold of a Siberian hovel.

It is about four hundred miles from Chung-king to the lower end of this gorge, where steam navigation begins, and the river comes down through what is poetically styled "The Mountains of Seven Gates," so named from the seven deep cañons the water has cut through the rocky barriers in its course, and has engraved upon the limestone walls the records of its stupendous work accomplished after ages of incessant action. This great mountain range extends across the continent from the river Amur on the north to the Bay of Bengal on the south.

Two miles below the gorge which bears its name, and one thousand miles from the sea, standing under the shadows of this backbone of China, is the city of Ichang. At this season the custom-house is reached by ascending the terraced steps of an embankment seventy-five feet in height, though at high water half of this distance would be saved. It is not a pleasant city for the American, and has little interest for the tourist. The same sort of gray walls that we have come to look upon as a part of a Chinese city follows the river for half a mile. As we pass down the stream we notice many tumuli of earth, and are told that they are a part of a great graveyard extending along the river bank for a mile, and for half that distance back into the country. The majority of those who are buried here were victims of one of the turbulent riots once taking place in this vicinity. This sacred ground, as gruesome as it may seem, is now laid out in golf links, the course made of thousands of bunkers and hazards quite out of the natural order, and the tees marked by mandarin mounds.

This part of the empire is filled with temples on the hilltops and shrines in the caverns underneath. Four miles below Ichang a palisade wall rises a sheer thousand feet above us, to continue for nearly a mile. The summit is crowned by the monastery of Chih Fu Shan, which stands on a pinnacle of rock, and is connected with the palisade by a stone bridge. "This neglected old Buddhist fane," says Miss Scidmore, "is as remarkable as any of Thessaly's 'monasteries of the air,' and one needs a clear head and steady nerves to walk, or to be carried in an open chair, up the narrow goat-path on the rock's face and along a knife-edged ridge to the needle rock. There is a dizzier path still, up rock-hewn staircases around to the monastery door." But the ancient glory, whatever it may have been, hanging over this eerie shrine, has fled with the years. The

RICE THRESHING AT SHANGHAI.

altars have been stripped of their treasures, and the place deserted of worshippers, save for a handful of poorly fed and as poorly clad priests who remain, probably too poor to get away.

By the river it is four hundred miles from Ichang to Hankow, the most important city on the Yangtse, though it is less than one-third this distance overland. A hundred miles below the first named city the river is bordered by twin lines of raised mud-banks, which are used for roadways, and from time to time long trains of men, women, and children,

NAVAL COLLEGE, NANKIN.

with accompanying carts, pack-horses, and buffaloes, are outlined against the sky with marked distinctness. These embankments continue almost down to Hankow, or for nearly three hundred miles, and begin at the treaty port of Shasi, where the clay and gravel banks end. Fields are green with winter wheat, which will soon be ripening in the summer sun, for spring is but a brief transition period in this land. Hills continue to form the background of the landscape, dotted frequently with pagodas, whose pointed spires pierce the distant sky.

As we are now on the regular route of the tourists, which has been so thoroughly described, we shall content ourselves with a few running

remarks. In the course of our journey we find that the river has been divided and its waters become shallow, the larger part of its flood having been conveyed by a canal to a lake lying on the south, called the Tung-ting. Here the river way of trade is crossed by the great land route running in an opposite direction. It is a bustling place. Junks laden with merchandise from Szechuan float with the current of the river, both ahead and behind us, the crews making incessant noise with their loud chant-like songs, while they steer their unwieldy crafts by huge

ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE NEAR SUCHAU.

sweeps at the stern. Other junks loaded with goods for the up-country are constantly being met, the ill-clad crews struggling wearily at their tasks of sailing, rowing, or tracking.

An ancient walled city, now a treaty port, is situated on the shore of Lake Tung-ting. Here we meet with the most stormy reception on our trip, and are only too glad to leave Yo-chau, with its ugly spirits, behind. The Hu-nan element seems to prevail here, and they have the worst possible hatred for foreigners. This may be well called the hot-bed of prejudice against outside people, and many a devout follower

of the Christian Church has paid the penalty of his overconfidence in escape from harm with his life. Yo-chau has a dismal past and a gloomy future.

With its dark environments of ignorance and superstition, there is an island in Tung-ting Lake known as Kin Shan, or "Golden Island," noted as growing the tea drunk by his Imperial Majesty, the emperor. Each bud of this precious plant is looked upon as sacred, and is zeal-

EARTHEN WATER-JARS, SHANGHAI.

ously guarded by the priests until it unfolds its leaf and matures. No one is allowed to taste of it. During the Taiping rebellion, on account of this association with the imperial power at the Purple Forbidden City, the island was desolated by the rebels, but they failed to destroy the roots of this herb, and the tea plantations of the sacred spot were soon sending their supplies to the capital as before. This tea, if it could be bought, would bring a fabulous price.

Within three weeks after leaving Szechuan we reach Hankow, of

which we have heard frequent accounts ever since we sighted the coast of Asia, but it disappoints us. Nowhere have we seen so strongly the imprint of the Russian hand, and everywhere the shadow of Siberia falls darkly. As at the outposts of China, the White Empire has established its hold upon this inland gate, in spite of British threats and Chinese watchfulness. Hankow is destined to become a Muscovite city. It was at one time a great tea mart, but since China teas have fallen into such ill favour with the British market it has lost ground. During the tea trade this city is a hustling, bustling place, but this lasts only a few weeks, from the first of May to the middle of June, when the invoices of the best teas are sent off. The poorer qualities, such as leaf tea, are sent off as late as September, and "brick tea" until January, but the business, as far as it concerns the foreign powers, is done by the 20th of June.

Abbé Huc, who wrote of this country in 1845, gave to Hankow and her sisters, Hang-yang and Wu-chang, a population of eight million, the three cities being "filled to overflowing." But they all fell under the blighting touch of the Taipings, when not only the cities proper were deluged in blood, but the vast floating population of the river afforded miles of burning junks and the loss of thousands of lives when the Taiping torch was applied with hands that were strangers to mercy.

Hankow is not a cleanly city by any means, while Han-yang, reeking in filth and disorder, is far worse off. There are an arsenal and iron works here, the metal being brought from mines seventy-five miles away, and a large part of the coal from Japan. It seems to be cheaper to import this fuel than to dig in the earth under one's feet for it under Chinese methods of mining! Wu-chang has been styled the "Queen of the Yangste;" if so, she is a queen in disgrace, clothed in rags, covered with dirt, and wreathed in scowls.

One hundred and eighty-seven miles of river run through a fine country between Hankow and Kiu-kiang, situated just above the estuary leading to Lake Po-yung. We stop over one day at Kiu-kiang, which is the centre of a network of streams and canals that form chains of trade. The lake is likely to be opened soon to steam navigation, when this city will become of greater commercial importance. The region, if lacking in modern interest, is rich in legends of the past, when this was made

classic ground by one of the philosophers of Confucian doctrine. Here, too, at one time the followers of Buddha were many and mighty, while there is pointed out the ruins of what is claimed to have been the mission of some Ricci Jesuits in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

NATIVE SPINNING-WHEEL AND LOOM.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

WHILE Lake Po-yung is China's classic sheet of water, the "mirror of the sky," as Li Tai Peh poetically designated it, it has not only been consecrated to poetry and religion, but it has been noted for its fine potteries, the finest in the world until the wares of Dresden, Sevres, and Delft rivalled it. It was here the porcelain was made from which was constructed that seventh wonder of Nankin, its porcelain tower. The hills about the city of King-te-chen afforded the materials for the industry, which the Jesuits described as carried on by inspired workmen. If the fall of this city has been greater than that of any other that we have seen, it is because it fell from a greater height. The cause of this decline is laid at the door of the Taiping rebels, who have to answer for much in the despoliation of the empire, if half that is told is true. It was these raiders who stormed the walls of the sacred works, who trampled in the earth the noble structure, who slaughtered the "wizard" potters by the thousands, and who laid in waste the fairest of the four great marts of China. It is slowly rising from its ashes, but

the resurrection gives little promise of restoring the prestige it lost. The Jesuits gave very vivid accounts of the many fine tints obtained at the porcelain works, among which may be mentioned such as "the rose of gold," "the blush of morning," and "the missionary colours." To-day the only kind of pottery done here is of the crudest sort. From the sunny slopes of the shores of Lake Po-yung and the tributary streams come some of the finest teas of China. One of the modern features which is robbing the new city of the romance clinging to its predecessor is steam navigation.

We are now entering the heart of the Great Plain of the Lower Yangtse, bounded on the inland border by the mountain barriers of Hupei and Szechuan, a vast expanse of territory builded from a swamp by the débris deposited by the Great River, and the sand-storms which sweep over this country often with terrific fury. Accounts are fresh in the minds of the inhabitants of the burial of houses and crops. Below Shasi the river changes its character, and with its network of feeders becomes the mightiest system of waterways and inland seas to be found. Tung-ting Lake, the outlet for Yuan River, alone covers two thousand square miles.

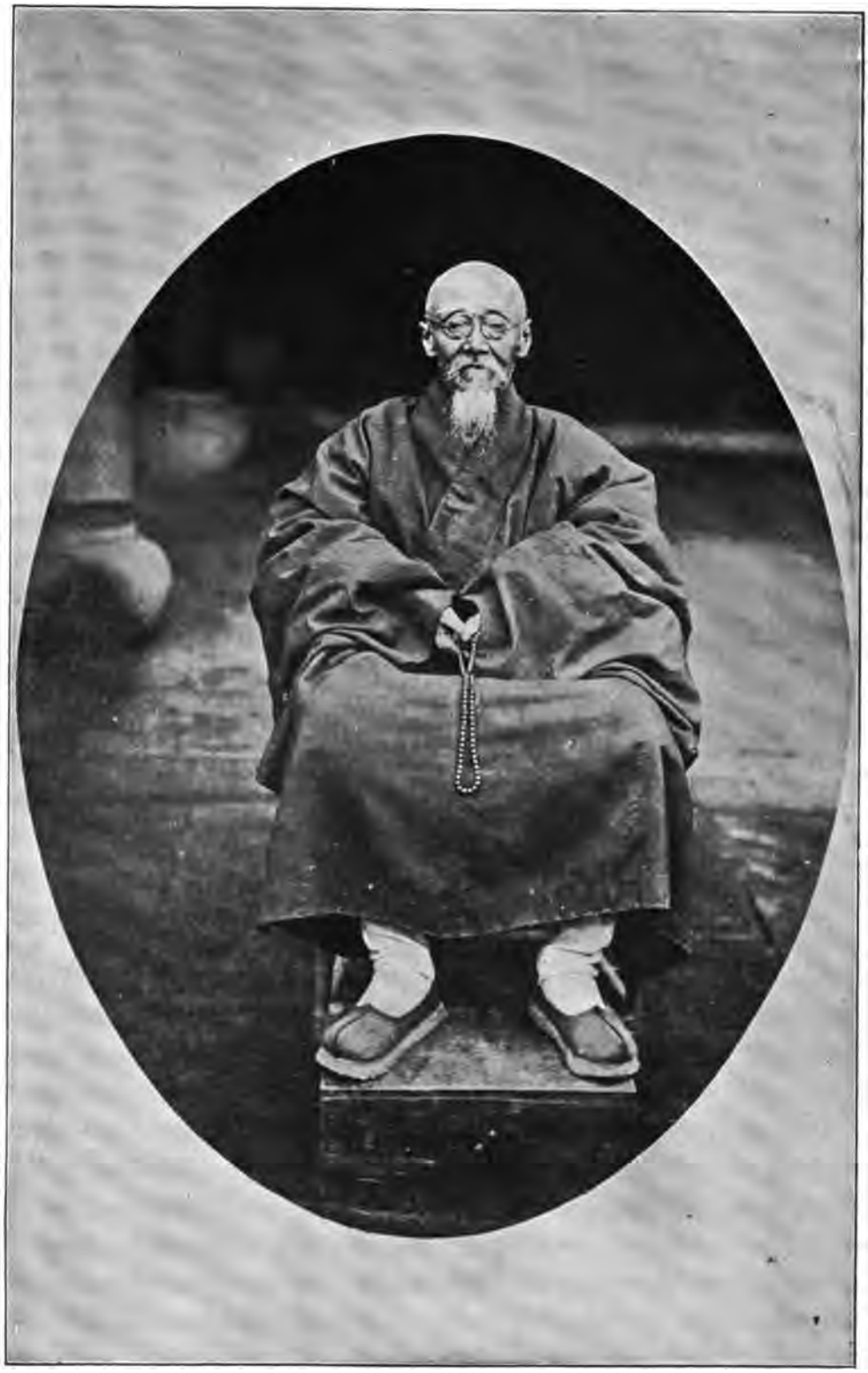
The work of creation done by this prolific river is beyond actual computation, and how far inland the Sea of China once spread over the land can be measured by the geologist only after extended investigations. Since the beginning this remarkable stream has been bringing its offerings to the sea and the adjoining country. There is a Chinese saying that exclaims: "Behold the mighty son hastening to an imperial greeting to the sea." If this picture is the painting of Oriental imagery, the Yangtse Kiang has performed a nobler and mightier work in creating the vast alluvial plain reaching over eight hundred miles from the sea, and supporting a population of over one hundred million people. Scientists estimate that it carries annually into the ocean débris at the rate of 770,000 solid feet every second, besides fertilising with its overflows, more regular and pronounced than those of the river Nile, the country it has produced. The rapidity with which this filling up has been going on is shown by the fact that where, a little over half a century ago, British ships sailed along one of its channels, there is now an expanse of forest, cultivated fields, and a thriving village.

Tea culture, which is such an important factor in the wealth of this great district, really affords the class that does the hard work only a scanty living, — a mere pittance of the soil. We find, as a rule, that the tea farms, as we should call them, are small in area, comprising but an acre or two, and are almost invariably owned by some rich capitalist, who pays the land tax and rents them to the men who are too poor to own them. When the crop has been harvested and cured the tea is sold to the landowners at their own price, and from season to season the tenant thinks himself lucky if he obtains a bare sustenance out of that which becomes

TABLET NEAR NANKIN.

one of the world's most widely distributed luxuries. If these teas are not purchased by the owners of the land, as soon as the leaves are partly dried in the sun, following the annual picking which begins in April, they are often taken in baskets to tea fairs and there sold to the highest bidders. These are usually merchants from Canton, or some other seaport, who often combine to secure the crop at far less than its actual value. On other occasions the bidding becomes spirited, the competition sometimes bitter, the result being a benefit to the raisers. When the offerings have been bought up, the buyers mix the lots raised by different farmers together, when they are subjected to the "firing" process.

Women and children are hired to sort over the collections, picking out



CHINESE PRIEST, SHANGHAI.

the stems and stalks. Men follow this slow work by winnowing the leaves. The portion properly cured is sent off, while the rest is kept to go through the firing process again, and this when properly dried is sent off. But this is not done until the buyers have carefully divided the entire lot into two or three sorts or grades, these divisions being called *chops*. The highest grade consists of the smallest and most closely curled leaves; the second being made up of the inferior leaves; the stems, broken leaves, and siftings forming the third chop. The last grade is used largely in mixing with better qualities to make a sort of medium article.

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

The tea farmer is not the only one who follows a laborious existence in the raising of this universal plant. Not only is the stock raised in the lower valleys and districts easily reached from the seaboard, but hundreds, even thousands of miles from the market, the tillers of the soil raise their crops among the mountainous regions of the interior. From these localities the transportation of the crop becomes an important, and often precarious, undertaking. This is accomplished largely by boats upon the rivers, though often chops of tea have to be carried for miles on the backs of men, over mountain pathways where less sure-footed travellers would not dare to go. The navigators of tea boats are men of remarkable nerve and agility, with a skill gained only after long experience in hazardous

work. The inland rivers of China are noted for their swift currents, sharp curves, and bewildering twists. The foreigner looks upon the descent of one of the rapids with feelings akin to horror. We remember running down one of these turbulent streams, where we held our breath and stood ready to leap for life at any moment, though such action must have resulted in fatal consequences. We had just made a long series of these furious courses, and were beginning to think the worst of the danger was over, when lo! we were drawn into the wildest section we had seen. Worse than all else, the stormy passage seemed to find an abrupt end against the side of a high precipice, which thrust its forbidding front across the stream. It was not until the prow of our light craft was borne down at full tilt within a yard of this wall that we were able to see the unlooked-for change in the course of the mad river. Even then we gave a forlorn look at our steersman, to find him standing on the bridge of the boat, with his hands laid firmly on the long rudder, his gaze fixed intently on the scene ahead, and his countenance without a trace of that anxiety one would naturally look for under such exciting circumstances. At the last moment, when to us it seemed too late to be of avail, he threw the whole weight of his supple form upon the lever, which swung the faithful craft around just in season to clear the rock, though it fairly scraped against its adamantine front. The next moment we were caught in the surge of the rebounding current, which swept us down the foaming race-course with a velocity which fairly took away our breath and closed our eyes. When we had recovered enough to realise our situation, we found that we were being carried swiftly through smooth waters by the fearful momentum we had gained in running the gauntlet of the rapids above. The steersman was remaining at his post, as calm and immobile as ever, ready to take his life in hand again at the next leap of the mountain stream. This life he follows year after year, until some untoward accident causes him to miss his calculation and his boat is dashed upon the deadly rocks, where his mangled form lies to remind him who follows of the fate that almost invariably overtakes the men who risk all this, for the mere earning of scanty food and raiment.

The closing scene in this drama of mountain gorges and cataracts is the threading of the narrow defile known as Siau-ku Shan, or "Little Orphan Gorge," which is the rocky gateway to three provinces, Hupei,

Anhwei, and Kwangsi. This picturesque place, presenting a rocky frontage of nearly three hundred feet in height, the side of the cliff set with temples and monasteries, and overlooked by a fantastic pagoda, clusters with legends and romantic tales.

At one time a placid lake rested here on the broad bosom of the land, over which an ancient mariner steered his lonely craft by day and moored her at nightfall amid the forests of reeds that overhung the shores. In weighing anchor one morning he found that it was uncommonly heavy,

AN ITINERANT DOCTOR.

so he descended to learn its cause. His surprise was great upon finding a water-nymph asleep on its fluke. Stealing upon her, he took away her tiny shoes as mementoes, and tipping up the anchor caused her to fall off, when he arose to the surface and made away with all speed possible, fearing she might pursue him. Upon awakening and finding her slippers gone, she started after him, and gave him such a chase that he was glad to fling them back to her. The imprints where these fell are yet to be seen in " The Shoe Rock."

The origin of the rock-island is accounted for by the legend of a great flood, when the people in this country were all drowned, except two small

children, a boy and a girl, who were taken on the back of a frog. In order to reach smoother water this humane creature began to swim away, which so frightened and grieved the children that they threw themselves into the flood and were drowned. Where one fell rises "Little Orphan Rock," and where the other was lost stands that perpetual memorial, "Big Orphan Island," near the entrance to Lake Po-yung.

During another of the great floods of the river a beautiful woman, who was noted for piety and nobility of character, was carried away on the bosom of the stream, to be left on the top of this rock, where she was fed by the birds — some believe by cormorants — until rescued by some of the river folk. This caused it to become consecrated ground; it grew to be a favourite retreat for annual pilgrims, all of whom contributed most liberally to its adornment. Gorgeous temples and shrines were builded into the niches in the rock-wall, and staircases and galleries were cut in the solid stone. But the glory of all this has passed away. The names of some of the pious pilgrims who visited here remain carved in the limestone wall, but the shrines are falling to pieces and the temples no longer awaken to the inspiration of many voices. Only a few half-starved priests climb the rock-stairs where once some of the most illustrious men of the imperial empire loved to pass a brief vacation from the toils and trials of the world.

Below, green meadows stretch away to the base of the mountains forming the background. Occasionally herds of black cattle are seen grazing in the distance, while the scattered dwellings of the people are half concealed by a shelter of wide-spreading trees that make them all the more conspicuous, while here and there the ancestral tombs of the race loom up like sacred shrines. However remiss the Chinese may be in their care of children, or their respect for womanhood, they are exceedingly faithful to their dead. No one need fear that in departing from this life his funeral will not be conducted in proper accord with his station, or that his grave will not be kept in good condition. Some of the tombs among the better class are beautiful structures of large black stones, carved with long inscriptions of poetry or proverb, sheltered in some localities by an ancient banyan-tree or by the beloved bamboo.

Then the valley widens, until a broad panorama of country is entered, which finally begins to contract, and again the old river, dirty like all of China's waterways, flows sullenly between brown hills, under forests of giant reeds, and through the "Pillar Hills," the lower gate of the Great River, and soon after we reach Nankin, the largest city in area in the empire, being twenty-two miles in circuit. This city is greater in its memories than in its realities. Le Comte described it as "a splendid

MILITARY STATION NEAR CHOKIAN.

city surrounded by walls one within another, and the one outermost sixteen long leagues round."

Like all Chinese cities, and villages for that matter, the populated portion is densely filled, although surrounded by acres of open country. There are also miles of streets in ruins, sorrowful proof of the devastation wrought by the Imperialists in recent days, when the "heavenly king," Tien-wang, acting under the claim that he was the second son of God and endowed with the mission of saving China from the darkness of Buddhism, was crushed by the Imperial army which, rallied and drilled by the intrepid Americans, Ward and Bergevine, was transformed into the "Ever Victorious Army" by the redoubtable Gordon.

Something of the religious faith and mode of military tactics of this "visionary conqueror" is shown in the wild vagaries of his "heavenly court" held in this city, his capital; in the indolent carelessness with which he reviewed his troops arrayed in silken suits seized during their raids of princely palaces; in the sublime indifference with which he met the reverses of fortune; in the blind faith with which he commanded his starving army to feed upon dew and sing the glory of heavenly peace

BEGGAR'S HUTS ON SITE OF PORCELAIN PAGODA, NANKIN.

until deliverance should come; and in the tragic heroism of death at his own hands, when he saw that the end of his reign was near.

During the Ming dynasty, when it was the southern capital of this imperial line, Nankin was the centre of arts, literature, and luxury, but it lost this prestige with the weakening of that power.

On one of the battle-grounds of the Taiping rebels and the Imperialists, where now stands the southern gate, is a suburb of considerable size, though of slight attractions and promise of permanency, since the dwellings of the people here are nothing but poorly built huts. Not far away is a small bridge spanning the canal, where it is said the

waters were dammed by the heads of the rebels, and a crimson lake was formed by the mingling blood of rival forces, just as the waters of the Waluiki in the Hawaiian valley were stopped by the dead of the natives, and the current of the river was reddened to the sea by the blood of the slain. Nearer this unseemly patch of hovels attached to the ancient city is the site of that famous structure once looked upon as one of the wonders of the world, the white porcelain tower, now in ruins; and its bricks are offered to relic-hunters at trifling prices.

The larger portion of the building material of the grandest monument China ever contributed to Buddhism has been utilised in building that more modern and warlike edifice, the arsenal, "where the monastery with its monotonous chants has been replaced by a temple dedicated to the Chinese Vulcan and Mars, whose altars are furnaces, whose worshippers are melters of iron, and from whose shrines come the never ceasing rattle of machinery and the reports of rifles that are being tested for service."

This arsenal was projected by Li Hung Chang, but it is conducted under foreign supervision, and its methods are the results of investigation and practice acquired in foreign countries, notwithstanding the fact that the Chinese are credited with the use of firearms as long ago as the first of the thirteenth century. The natives, at first, undertook to manage the arsenal themselves, but the weapons they made were more dangerous to the soldier at the stock than to the man before the muzzle, and mobs and riots became every-day occurrences. Everything in the line of firearms is made here, from caps and cartridges to shot and shells, rockets and torpedoes, Gatling guns and field-artillery, howitzers and heavy guns for battery trains.

Our last view of Nankin is formed by dark walls and desolated slopes, an unpleasant memory to carry away, which we attempt to enliven with the scenes along the broad carriage road. The next place of importance proves to be Chin-kiang, a city with a most checkered career of upbuilding and tearing down, of streets overrunning with riots, of inside insurrections and outside assaults, of bombardments that have spared neither sacred shrines nor private dwellings; a city that has been too often an armed encampment and too seldom a commercial centre. To say nothing of more remote disturbances which have unsettled its peace and prosperity,

it was under the siege of the British in 1842; the Taipings captured it in 1853; the Imperialists, in 1857, recovered the wreck the others had left; a year later it was opened to foreign trade; in 1889, after a third of a century of unusual good fortune for a Chinese city, it again came under mob rule, when every foreign building, with the exception of the Catholic mission, was laid in waste, and the foreign inhabitants were obliged to seek safety in flight. The description of what followed has been most vividly

THE BEAMLESS TEMPLE, SPIRIT VALLEY, NANKIN.

portrayed by Miss Scidmore: "By one of those fortunate accidents that just saved our foreign service now and then, the United States consul at Ching-kiang was a veteran in consular and Eastern service, whose courage and sturdy Americanism were a match for the wiles of the *tao-tai*, or local governor, who had short orders from Pekin to settle for the damage wrought. Other consuls accepted minimum sums for their losses, and obliged their countrymen to do the same; but General Jones stood for ample indemnity or none, and the meekness of the other consuls in accepting any trifle 'for peace's sake,' and 'lest it embarrass trade

PAGODA AT SICCAWEI, NEAR SHANGHAI.

relations,' only added fuel to his ire. The tao-tai made several visits and specious pleas, without General Jones abating one cash of his first demand; and meanwhile Pekin inquired of the tao-tai: 'Have you settled with those foreign devils yet?' 'Why don't you pay those claims at once?' etc. The 'river' was convulsed with accounts of General Jones's encounters with the mercenary tao-tai, and of the final scene where the bluff and bellicose American, advancing with uplifted forefinger, thundered at the tao-tai: '*You*, sir, are the tao-tai of Chin-kiang' (every word

BOUDOIR AND BEDCHAMBER OF FASHIONABLE LADY.

fraught with super-scorn and contempt), 'while I, *I*, sir, am the American consul!' This, delivered with the swelling breast, a magnificent, New World, broad-continent gesture, the mien and voice of Jove, made the trembling tao-tai turn pale green and cease his haggling." Not only was General Jones paid the indemnity he deemed just, but he rose in the estimation of the Chinese, and from that time received greater consideration than any other foreigner in the Far East.

Chin-kiang receives much of its prestige from the fact that it is on the line of the Grand Canal, which is really the greatest achievement of the race, throwing quite into the shade the mighty outlay of time and

labour spent in building that colossal stone wall that has created so much wondering talk among foreigners. This canal, now falling into disuse, was once the great maritime highway between Hangchow on the south, and Tientsin on the north. About a dozen miles up the canal from the Yangtse Kiang is the ancient city of Yang-chau, which is noted for having been governed by the adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo. It contains a population of half a million or more, and enjoys greater prosperity, vaster riches, finer temples, more gorgeous pagodas, larger shops, shrewder

OUTER BUILDING OF CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, NANKIN.

dealers, greater scholars, is better governed, and is of higher renown than Chin-kiang.

North of the canal and lying alongside the Great River is the largest and most productive rice-field in the world. It is estimated to comprise an area of nine thousand square miles below the water level, but protected from overflow by huge dikes and drained by artificial waterways, which are under constant watch. But its most important drainage is made by the Yangtse River, flowing with Amazonian majesty into the sea.

The surroundings of Chin-kiang are among the most picturesque and absorbing to be found anywhere along the banks of the far-reaching river. Passing through a narrow channel and turning from the beautiful hill-sides, we look upon two spots of especial interest and admiration to every true Chinaman. These are the sacred pillars of rugged rocks, beautified

and sanctified by the pious followers of Buddha and desecrated and devastated by the rebels of Taiping, Tsiao Shan, or "Silver Island," and Kiu Shan, or "Golden Island." Marco Polo found over two hundred sleek priests performing their religious duty on the first, which was literally covered with towers, temples, terraces, and gateways ornamented with fantastic carvings, while with the music of bells and the sounds of gongs constantly mingled the deep-toned chants of the devout worshippers. But all this has suffered a serious inroad, and the temples lie in ruins, the groves are desolate, the grottoes and niches are untenanted, and even the cave of the "river gods," who were supposed to rule the floods of sky and land, is known only in the legends of a happier day. This island is interesting to Americans from the fact that one of their consuls took up his residence here, and that above the crumbling temples of a despotic empire floated the flag of a free people. During the Chinese-Japanese war this island was a military stronghold.

Golden Island was noted as highly for its learned men and its library of rare books, as its sister island was for her temples and sacred groves, but these fell under the blighting touch of the Taiping rebels, who spared nothing that bore any association with the religion they despised. During their trouble with China in 1842 the British occupied this island, and talked of sending the valuable library — one of the richest that China possessed — to London, but concluded not to do so, more's the pity.

As we leave these strange outposts we realise fully that we are drawing near to the big city of Shanghai, which we first sighted off the coast of the continent a year and a half ago, and we feel that at last our stupendous round-robin trip of thousands of miles is drawing to a close.

THE SOOCHOW CREEK, SHANGHAI.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHANGHAI, THE CITY OF COMMERCE.

WHERE the Great River spreads out its turbid flood, reeking with the reddish brown mud brought from the far inland mountains, along low, muddy shores, we enter the sullen waters of the Wu-sung, with our destination almost in sight. Sixteen miles below Shanghai (the city with half a dozen nicknames which remind us of its importance on this coast), nearer approach for large steamers was cut off by the "Heaven-sent Barrier," so these ocean "palaces" have to send up their passengers by tenders, and their cargoes as well. This natural boundary was made more impassable by the French in 1884 by driving down piles and sinking old junks across the narrow channel. Though a city of comparatively modern note, Shanghai is really an old town, and this entrance to its wharves is a spot of especial interest. During the Chinese-Japanese war it was for a time a bone of contention, until British war-ships stationed themselves across the mouth of the Yangtse, and declared to Japan that this should be a neutral port. The Japanese respected this

claim, but under flags that professed to protect neutral interests the Chinese army was recruited, while Shanghai became a base of supplies for it. The result of the war once decided, England coolly withdrew her protection from China, though still showing the cold shoulder to Japan. From that day Great Britain's power and influence in the Far East lost its former prestige.

The first railway in China was built along the river from Wu-sung to

WHARF AND STOREHOUSES, SHANGHAI.

Shanghai in 1876, and was opened with great enthusiasm by the Chinese. But a rumble of dissatisfaction soon arose from the toiling people, who believed it was an enemy to them, and it needed only an accident on the rails to cause this low muttering to break forth into an uproar, when a riot succeeded, in the midst of which the rails were torn up and the engines sent to rust on the beaches of Formosa. This road was rebuilt, however, in 1898, and is now well patronised by the Chinese.

While Shanghai has few special attractions for the foreign visitor, it is

a city of great importance on the Asiatic shore, and it has a history filled with checkered beginnings and diversified ends. In the making of this career three antagonistic elements have entered, almost constantly at variance one with another. The first of this trio is capricious nature, that has contributed a large part toward the development of the future emporium of the Far East. The second important part has been played by the Chinese, while men of foreign countries have stepped in and laid the foundation of the progress and modern development of the "Model City."

To begin with history, we are taken back to a period when the old Wu-sung Kiang was not navigable, and to a time when a thriving trade-port was built up at So-chau creek, some twenty miles away. The course of the river then was not fixed, and in its many changes, one after another, it seemed impossible to establish a permanent settlement in that vicinity. Still trade persisted in coming that way, and whether the floods of the Great River flowed right or left, kept the channel of last season, or ploughed a new furrow to the sea, innumerable vessels continued to anchor off that shore. Finally, in 1250, or thereabouts, the old waterway of the Wu-sung having become filled up and a new one opened that had become navigable, a settlement, which soon became the port for all ships coming that way, was founded on the existing site of Shanghai.

The majority of the vessels putting in here being richly laden, this port became the objective point of a large number of Japanese vessels manned by men who were outlaws from their own country, and had become the terror of the seas. Their warlike appearance struck terror to the hearts of the timid Chinese, and not only was Shanghai constantly menaced by these corsairs, but the entire northern coast was frequently ravaged by them, until desperate means of protection had to be taken. In 1544 A. D., during the Ming dynasty, a wall was built around the city as a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy. Finding even then that the Japanese were likely to gain a foothold, the Chinese resorted to intrigue and cunning to defeat them. While the great wall was building the imperial rulers made the leaders of the Japanese such tempting offers of wealth and office that two of them consented to meet with the Chinese leaders to discuss the terms. As soon as this couple were separated from their followers they were seized and put to death. The

loss of two of their foremost leaders compelled the Japanese to abandon their premeditated attack. But the Chinese suffered dearly for their cowardly conduct. The Japanese speedily rallied under new commanders, and, sweeping down upon the coast, ravaged the country for leagues up and down the shore, until their vengeance was glutted. As they sailed away, loaded with their spoils, the Chinese contented themselves by making furious demonstrations on the shore.

Seventy years ago, or in 1831, Doctor Gutzlaff was the first foreigner

VIEW ON THE MOAT, NATIVE QUARTER, SHANGHAI.

to visit the place, which he did in a native junk, to find on the banks of the Wu-sung a few fishers' huts inhabited by some semi-aquatic people of the Fukien province. It was then the centre of a considerable coast-trade, where a large number of vessels came from the north and from as far south as the Indian Archipelago. It has undergone, however, a wonderful change since then. The walled city, comprising an area of a mile and a quarter in length and three-fourths of a mile in width, contains, with a thickly populated suburb, in the vicinity of 125,000 inhabitants. The view from the river is indicative of bustle and business,

while off the shore are representative vessels of all nations, and puffing along the waterway are numerous steam launches, bearing in, from huge ocean steamers moored below, mails, despatches, and people from every quarter of the globe. Flitting in and among these busy craft are the innumerable native junks and boats, looking odd and grotesque to the newcomer.

Just above this, on the north, and separated from the walled town by a canal connecting with the creek, is another Shanghai, distinct and to a certain extent independent of the other, "The Model Settlement," as it is known. This has a Chinese population of 50,000, though dominated by a foreign element. This city, like St. Petersburg, the "Window of Russia," which sprang as if by magic from the marshes of the Neva at the word of Peter the Great, rose in a little over half a century from the quagmire of the Wu-sung under the touch of the plucky Englishmen who foresaw the wonderful possibilities of the situation, and resembling the great Muscovite city in a second respect, it has become the Window of China.

Although builded with uncommon rapidity, it bears no appearance of having been slovenly done. The streets are broad, the parks numerous and beautiful, the warehouses commodious, the wharves ample for the numerous steam launches and craft of all nations which find moorings here. The view, as one advances up the river, becomes grand and magnificent, enterprises of far-reaching consequence and commercial dealings with the outside world being everywhere apparent. There are big storehouses, busy foundries, sheds and spacious structures for many purposes; beyond which are the American buildings on ground conceded to them, while fronting the river are the European offices on footing conceded the British.

With this foundation of foreign power and the substantial buildings reared under such supervision, we find Shanghai the most cosmopolitan city in the empire, the most hopeful point of interest to the newcomer, and an object lesson to the Chinese which must have aroused strong feelings of envy, if not jealousy, were the race capable of realising its true situation. Here is a living proof of what can be done, standing in marked juxtaposition to their own miserable failure that runs back into the centuries of the past. What would seem to be more provoking

CHINESE LADIES, SHANGHAI.

to them still, is the fact that the transformation of the Model Settlement has been accomplished by native workmen under the direction of shrewd foreigners, showing that their own companions are capable of greater things than they have been allowed to perform under their own masters. Education in China does not educate, nor does Chinese civilisation civilise.

Shanghai, the city of modern miracles, has a foreign population of nearly five thousand, larger than that of any other Oriental city, more

TEA-HOUSE IN SHANGHAI.

than two thousand being English, about 350 Americans, with two and a half thousand Europeans of different nationalities. The character and importance of this city is explained in a single line, when it is said that one-half of the import and export trade of the empire, which aggregated in 1898 the enormous sum of four hundred million dollars, passes in and out of this Window of China.

Nor is it alone on its commercial importance that Shanghai bases its claim for attention. Within a decade it has become a manufacturing centre which justly entitles it to the credit of being considered the

"Manchester of the Far East." The biggest cotton factory in the Chinese empire, and one of the largest in the world, is located here. It covers an area of sixty acres, and gives employment to six thousand men, women, and children. It has two gangs of operatives, each working eleven and a half hours, so the machinery rests only one hour in twenty-four, and in the twenty-three hours that it is employed turns out one hundred pieces of cloth and an average of eighty thousand pounds of cotton yarn. This mill is built upon modern plans and equipped with improved machinery, while controlled by Chinese capital, worked by Chinese labour, and fed with cotton grown on Chinese soil. This mighty mill, the oldest in the empire, is owned by Li Hung Chang and other Chinese capitalists, and is supposed to represent an investment of over two million taels.

It is hardly surprising to be told that, while it was projected by a Chinaman, and is to all intents and purposes a Chinese investment, an American was called upon to assist in putting the mills into shape, and that he is still general supervisor of the factory. His name is William Danforth, and he is a native of the State of Massachusetts. But he is the only American connected with the mill, all of the foremen being Chinese who understand better how to manage the native help, that have proved to be among the best mill operatives in the world. They learn the intricacies of the work quickly, and become faithful workmen. Nearly seventy-five per cent. are women and children, whose wages average only about fifteen cents a day in our money. Strangers to high wages, this compensation appears to make them contented, though they have to work long days. Of course skilled workmen earn more, a few as much as a dollar a day in gold. Wages have been higher than they are now, and there is a prospect that they will rise again as soon as the present warlike disturbance in the empire is settled.

The principal supply of cotton at this time is obtained from the valley of the Yangtse Kiang, whose claim to being the "River of Tea" is likely to be supplanted by that of "River of Cotton," since this important staple can be raised all along its fertile banks. It is also successfully cultivated farther south; but nowhere does the product afford as fine a texture of goods as that grown in the southern portion of the United States of America.

The mill just described is not lonely in Shanghai, for there are as many as seven others, all running on a paying basis, with a prospect of several more in the near future. There are also half a dozen others now running at different places in the empire.

If the enormous advantage of these busy mills to China seems to show a hopeless prospect for foreign trade, this proves to be an illusion when we come to look under the surface. Even these great factories manufacture

ENTRANCE TO CARTER ROAD, SHANGHAI.

only one-sixteenth of the cotton goods made in the empire, the fifteen parts being the product of home work, where the ginning, spinning, and weaving goes on almost constantly. The Chinese, as a race, clothe themselves in cotton, only a comparative few of the four hundred million being able to wear silk. During the building of these mills, and their successful operation, America and England have been steadily increasing their trade year by year, while India and Germany have made a beginning, and Japan has bought ground upon which to build factories in order

to compete with all. Still the demand increases faster than the supply. When the vast aggregate of the population is taken into consideration, and, what is of even greater moment as regards trade, the demand for better goods as the gradual uplifting of the race, now barely begun, continues, as it is sure to do, the prospect cannot be other than promising, especially to American commerce.

Not only is Shanghai a city of spindles, whose constant whir reminds one of Yankee enterprise, but it has other manufactures, and its dock-yards and foundries are equally places of bustle and activity, which show the capacity of the Chinese in whatever direction they may happen to turn their ability and energy. On every hand are skilled engineers, carpenters, painters, decorators, artisans, and men proficient in almost every craft. At Kiang-nan arsenal, situated just over the city wall, the making of implements of war and the building of war-ships reflect credit upon the master and his workmen. Thus, on the whole, Shanghai is a city of bustle and business, of commerce and manufacture, that any Occidental seaport might copy with advantage.

While possessing no great attraction for the majority of newcomers, it is not wholly without interest, and has many incongruities, at least, which cannot fail to be amusing to the thoughtful spectator. What must strike the foreigner as a remarkable reminiscence of the days of idols and paganism is the presence, in the midst of the whir and rumble of modern machinery, of the graven god of good fortune standing in the "Temple of the City of God." It is true the sovereignty of this grotesque image has been disputed now and then, and the carven monarch deposed; but each time he has been restored to his throne, and to-day he witnesses his mimic courts, though his hold upon the people is gradually slipping away. Near this god are several lesser deities, supposed to guard with ceaseless watchfulness the huge drum towers looming up over the pleasure-ground, which are mainly used now as lookouts for fire and the approach of enemies. Occupying the most desirable ground in the overcrowded city are buildings consecrated to the memory of Confucius, the rites of Tao, and the worship of Buddha.

Old Shanghai, the Shanghai of ancient ethics, has the fewest attractions possible for the foreign tourist, unless he comes with a desire to leave the present outside its tomb-like gate, and to enter into a century

when America was a wilderness, inhabited by its wild tribes of men, and the Far East was unknown to Europe. Nothing is lacking to complete the type of that far-away day. He will walk the same narrow, crooked street, meet the same crushing crowd pushing one against another with that familiarity which breeds contempt, behold on every hand the characteristic, yellow-hued people, look upon the stagnant pools of water teeming with their myriad life, the dilapidated dwellings, the gilded shops

BOAT-LOAD OF REEDS, NEAR SHANGHAI.

of trade, the gardens of peonies and chrysanthemums, the noisy courtyards, the crumbling temples, the defaced deities, the coffins waiting by the hundreds for an auspicious day of burial, — all this and much more which the pen shrinks from recording, the tongue from describing, or the eye from looking upon.

As might be expected, Shanghai is the popular resort of reformers and progressive leaders. Here are printed sheets which outrank the most bitter political paper ever published; here the man with a fancied grievance,

however great or insignificant, finds opportunity to vent his spleen; here the faint-hearted philosopher drones in his sorrow over the unhappy fate of his race; here the retired official, grown sleek and fat both in purse and person, seeks to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; here the fugitive from justice hopes to find the protection of a foreign government; here the gambler plies his craft with a skill worthy of a better cause; here the mixed votaries of fashion centre, attracted by a common magnet; and along the Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai's fashionable drive, speed carriages of innumerable description, from the closed brougham of the British lord down to the rattletrap, whose only boast is that it has a wheel. Here is where the two extremes of the Occident and the Orient meet, the breathless pace of the New World, and the equally breathless pace of the Old.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF CENTURIES.

WHILE our narrative so far has practically covered, if with a thin veil of description, that portion of the Chinese empire which holds its greatest mineral resources, furnishes its surplus of rice and tea, grows its silks and cottons, contains its mills and industries, and sends forth into the world the larger portion of its exports, there remains for us to enter a vast extent of territory which may not be inaptly styled the battle-ground of the races. Within the past year it has been convulsed by one of the worst of its many revolutions, which has proved so widespread and ominous that all the leading nations of the earth have formed an alliance to meet it, while the gaze of the entire world has been fixed upon the volcanic centre of this eruption, the "Purple Forbidden City." Before we enter into a closer description of these scenes, it is eminently fitting that we should review the rise and history of the race that to-day, if shackled by ancient methods of a clannish government, sets at defiance the united powers of modern progress.

Le Comte, the ancient historian, wrote over two hundred years ago: "The Chinese are so ancient in the world that it fares with them, as to their origin, as with great rivers whose source can scarce be discovered." There has been no discovery to gainsay the truth of this statement. The scholars of China maintain that the history of the country, as written by its historians, affords with creditable reliability the story of the empire for over four thousand years. Back of this the traditions of the people bridge the void reaching into the misty past with accounts of rulers and founders of government, whose origin belongs to myth, and whose very existence is a matter of doubt. That a lasting influence on the coming generations was imparted by some of them is evident enough to justify the claim that the unknown leaders were men of unusual power and probity.

If the origin of the Chinese has not been solved, it is certain that the country which they were destined to populate and govern had been previously occupied by weaker and less intelligent races. Remnants of at least two such tribes of men yet linger within the territory from which their ancestors faded away in the remote past. Their usurpers are believed to have sprung from the country east of the Caspian Sea, to have crossed the Oxus, either voluntarily or under compulsion, and following along the slopes of Teen Shan, to have headed northward and eventually entered the valley of the Hoang-ho. Leaving on the

GATE OF NANKIN.

way small colonies to till the fertile plains of that productive region, for they were an agricultural people, they slowly journeyed south and east, until a vast extent of territory was covered, while the native races too weak and scattered to cope with them retreated before their advance. These newcomers have been described by Mr. Douglas in the Encyclopedia Britannica as "a little band of wanderers roving among the forests of Shan-se without homes, without clothing, without fire to dress their victuals, and subsisting on the spoils of the chase eked out with roots and insects." From this handful of nomads have come the most numerous race, and the earliest founders of a nation, in the world, the date of whose beginning no historian dares to fix.

WALLS OF SHANGHAI, NATIVE CITY.

The country and climate were favourable to good crops, though not without constant toil, and they must have been a hardy and robust race. Their advance could not have been other than slow, and many generations came and went as the pioneers pushed steadily down the valleys, attaining a higher civilisation with each advance. In 2300 B. C. they had become numerous and powerful enough to form a kingdom extending from beyond Pekin on the north and east as far south as Canton. Their capital was in the province of Shantung.

The race seems to have reached a height of considerable glory, but a

ENTRANCE TO GARDEN.

couple of hundred years later we see them rising to destroy a dynasty whose head had proved itself unfit to rule. But it is hardly worth while to follow such meagre accounts of those times as have been preserved, since none of them can be accepted without great allowance. Hundreds of years of feudal wars followed, the inhabitants of one section fighting those of another, until from out of the darkness of this tumultuous period burst two lights that have shone all along the pathway of the race since that remote day.

The first of these, named Laoutse, was born 604 B. C. Little is known concerning him save that he gave to the race its first form of religious worship, upon which the Taouistic Bible is founded; this has still a

respectable following in China. Laoutse lived in humble life until he was over a hundred years of age, when he set out upon a long journey toward the setting sun. Coming to a pass in the mountains, he gave into the keeping of the watchman on duty there a book containing the moral teachings which the people were quick to believe were written under divine inspiration. Nothing more is told of the aged author, except that he vanished from the sight of man upon pursuing his course along the lonely pathway.

The second and greater of this noted couple was Confucius, born 551 B. C., who as a child was noted for his respect to older people, his gentleness to children, and his remarkable progress in all pursuits that he came to follow. Concerned in agricultural matters at first, he made such improvements in the care of sheep and cattle, and the treatment of the soil, that "the whole face of the country changed, and plenty succeeded poverty." As a public teacher he inspired his pupils with a knowledge that both amazed and made envious all other preceptors. He became a student in music, and so wonderful was his progress that soon, from studying a piece of composition, he could describe the features and even the expression of the eyes of the composer. While a minister to the emperor, he displayed such matchless ability as an arbiter and statesman that he lost no case which was left for him to settle.

As pleasant as must have been the praise and reward that he received on every hand, the emperor was not of the exalted nature that Confucius felt ought to be a part of the kingly prerogatives of a great ruler, and his subjects were possessed of feeble virtue. So he became a traveller, studying the people as he went from place to place, often teaching them the precepts of his lofty mind. Many illustrations of his way of teaching have been preserved, among them the following: Meeting one day a woman weeping by a grave, he inquired of her the cause of her grief, when she replied that her husband had been killed there by a tiger, and that her husband's father had also met a similar fate there, while now her son had shared the same unhappy lot. "Why do you not leave the place?" asked Confucius. "Because there is here no oppressive government," she answered. Turning to his companions, the sage remarked: "My children, let us remember this,—oppressive government is more cruel than a tiger."

Wherever he went Confucius secured disciples, and the people immediately accepted his teachings, which were not philosophical in the sense we understand them, and did not afford a regular moral code. On the other hand, leaving futurity to provide for itself, he sought to impart to his followers the highest precepts of personal conduct ever taught to man. Professor Morris in speaking of him says: "Of all the great men who have lived upon the earth, conquerors, writers, inventors, and others, none have gained so wide a renown as this quiet Chinese moral teacher,

CONSULTING THE STICKS OF FATE.

whose fame has reached the ears of more millions of mankind than that of any other man who has ever lived. To-day his descendants form the only hereditary nobility in China, with the exception of those of his great disciple Mencius, who proved a worthy successor to the sage."

Confucius was a prolific writer, as well as teacher, and nearly all that is known of early China was written by him. He wrote the "Book of History," the "Book of Odes," the "Book of Rites," and the "Spring and Summer Annals." These works comprise four of the "Nine Classics" of ancient Chinese literature. Of the others, the first, called the "Book of Changes," was written by a mystic named Wan Wang

over six hundred years before Confucius was born. Though older than the works of the immortal sage, and still held in high veneration by the Chinese, its greater merit seems to lie in not being understood. The remaining four of the nine classics were written by students or disciples of Confucius, the most exalted being the Mang tsze, or the "Works of Mencius," which consist of the sayings and doings of himself and his more illustrious master.

Confucius, whose Chinese name was Kung-fu-tse, died in 479 B. C.

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

While not intended to frame a religious creed, his books and those of his disciples have the same relation to the Chinese as regards the formation of character that the Bible does to the Christian. Unfortunately, the underlying principle of Confucianism, that "everything ancient must be sacred," has done more than anything else to retard the progress of the people of China. The four Confucian gospels and five canons of Classics can be bought for a few hundred cash, or about fifty cents, and are possessed by a large number.

In 246 B. C., when the feudal kinglets seemed on the eve of destroying each other with their bitter quarrels, the Prince of Tsin Chi Hoang-ti

established the first central government, with himself at its head as the "First Sovereign Emperor of the Tsins." He holds a romantic position in history, and many strange stories cluster about his memory, some of which are no doubt fictitious. The historians did not like him, for reasons which will be understood later, and thus attempted to belittle his rank and work. He may have been the son of a slave woman, as they say, and he may have banished his mother for offences that he could not overlook, and he may have driven his reputed father to committing suicide for plotting against him, yet at the age of thirteen he took up the sceptre of power which was to vanquish many an older chieftain and to found upon the ruins of their kingdoms the empire that has become the longest lived in the world.

A new era of prosperity and power dawned for the black-haired race that had drifted so far from their native land. Roads were now built for the first time in that country with any great result, and long canals were cut as ways of transportation for goods and people. Then wars with the wild hordes on the north followed, until these were driven back into the interior of Mongolia. The heroes of the feudal times were now held up for imitation and worship, and from this era began that fatal love for ancestors and ancient methods which has resulted in the decline of the race.

During this time the stupendous work — perhaps the most extraordinary ever undertaken by the hand of man — of building the Great Wall on the northern border of China was done. This was begun in 214 B. C., but the indefatigable emperor who conceived the idea and started putting it in operation did not live to see the mighty barrier completed. It is no wonder he died before it was finished, for it extended from the mountains of the west, forming the barrier against the Great Desert, to the Yellow Sea on the east, over mountains and plains, "scaling precipices and topping the craggy hills of the country," for a distance, including its crooks and rises, of over fifteen hundred miles. It consists of two walls of brick laid upon foundations of granite, with the space between the outside walls filled in with earth and stones. It is twenty-five feet wide at its base, and fifteen feet at the top, which is paved with bricks. Its height varies from fifteen to thirty feet, while frequent towers rise several feet above this. History is silent in regard to the vast army of patient

toilers who must have spent their lives in the construction of this gigantic monument to their faithful service more than to the wisdom of Hoangti the Great, as he is justly called.

Besides causing this great wall to be built, and overcoming enemies which must have disconcerted a less watchful and powerful ruler, thus solidifying the feudal states into one grand whole, "the first universal emperor" built a palace at his capital, then called Heen-yang, at present known as Sian-fu, which was the wonder and admiration of the age.

THE CITY OF NANKIN.

It was planned on a grand scale, the audience-chamber being adorned with twelve great statues weighing each twelve thousand pounds, and all made from the spoils of his conquests. Just outside the city was another palace larger than this, which was capable of becoming the review ground for ten thousand men drawn up in battle-array. This was known as the Palace of Delight.

When he had conquered his enemies, and had seen the work on the Great Wall well under way, he set about dividing his empire into provinces, making as many as thirty-six. He then set forth on a journey to visit these divisions of his government, and to appoint governors and

under-governors for them all, a system that still exists in China. News coming of the visit of a man of so great importance to a town, in those days, caused the inhabitants to make his approach easy and pleasant by repairing the road over which he was expected to come, sometimes even by building new ways. Hoangti the Great understood this practice, and, on testing the other roads on his course, he found them to be in the most deplorable state. So often did he do this that he puzzled and frightened

THE SHANGHAI CLUB, OPENED 1864.

the people along his path, who feared that terrible consequences would come to them on account of what might be construed to mean scant courtesy shown to their emperor. When news of this state of feeling reached the latter, he made the following declaration, which places him upon record as the greatest benefactor of his time:

"These roads that have been built especially for me are very satisfactory, and I am greatly pleased with them. But it is not just that I, who may never come this way again, should be granted this convenience alone, when my subjects are in greater need of good roads than I. Thus I

command that this method shall cease, and that good roads shall be made in all directions throughout the empire, when all the people will be benefited."

The highest results of his life came from this act. The Great Wall proved no barrier against the wild tribes of the north, who scaled it like so many ants fleeing across trails of sand when weaker rulers than himself wielded the sceptre of Chinese power, but a grand system of highways

THE ASTOR HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

was inaugurated all over that portion of his empire, and noble roads were made to cross the country in every direction, which after over two thousand years still remain to remind us of Hoangti the Great.

With this bright picture it would be pleasant to leave the ancient conqueror in the sunshine of his glory. But a shadow darkens the lustre of his imperial renown, falling farther than the utmost limit of his good roads, farther than the last stone of his mighty wall, farther than flashed the triumphs of his invincible sword; ay, around the world. This was

ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

the act which the literati of China to this day mourn, and must always mourn, "the burning of the books." In order to do justice to his motives in destroying the literature of the times, we must remember that many ceremonies and semi-religious rites, that were really quite useless in themselves, were held to be necessary by the educated classes, for no better reason than that it was the custom fixed by their "noble fathers." Hoangti did not hesitate to abolish many of these foolish customs, until, in his contempt for so much that seemed to him folly, he incensed the literati, who demanded of him his reason. This awakened his anger, and he made that speech which rendered the scene memorable:

"When I have need of you I will let you know my orders."

From this time the men of letters looked upon the emperor as their enemy, and the enemy to the sacred ties of the past. As their education consisted of a worship of the men and the deeds of olden times, rather than in the upbuilding of the affairs of the day, they looked upon this as a fatal attack upon the institutions of the empire. The crisis came during an occasion which the emperor had intended to be a grand assembly of the most distinguished men of the empire, including the highest of the literati, called together by him as a public demonstration of rejoicing over the good fortune of the people, and incidentally, no doubt, to make it an ovation to his own greatness. The assembly was held in the magnificent "Palace of Conquest," glorified with its array of treasures taken in the course of the triumphal marches of the army of Hoangti, and naturally the trend of the flamboyant speeches was in praise of him. Finally, one ardent admirer, in a fever of excitement, declared that his illustrious emperor had surpassed the greatest of the renowned heroes of even the most remote past.

This shot fell like a bomb in the midst of the educated portion of the assembly, which should have been above resorting to such narrow-minded views, and one of them, in the course of an animated speech, in which he lauded with unstinted praise the traditional heroes of ancient days, and pronounced the previous speaker "a vile flatterer who was unfit to sit with educated men, much more to be the adviser of an emperor," demanded that the empire should be restored to its old division of feudal principalities.

This aroused the emperor so that he could speak only in a husky voice,

as he called upon his prime minister to uphold the glory of the unity of the empire, and the reason why it should be supported by all loyal subjects. The reply of the statesman, whose name was Li-seh, has come down in history as an illustration of the spirit which led to the grave act that reflects so darkly on the fair renown of Hoangti the Great.

"Listening to what has been said, we are led to believe that the men of letters are really men of ignorance as far as concerns the government

NATIVE JUNKS MOORED IN RIVER AT SHANGHAI.

of a country. They may be adepts in the government which is but the speculation in a phantom, vanishing upon near approach, but in practical government that keeps men within the bounds of practical duty they are weak. With all their pretence of knowledge, they show themselves densely ignorant. If they can repeat by heart the things which have happened in the past, even the most remote period, they are, or profess to be, strangely ignorant of the things taking place under their own eyes in these later days of mighty achievements. Unable to understand that the rule which was in keeping with the affairs of a bygone day is not

applicable to our own, they would apply the precepts of a condition that is for ever past to the situations of the present, forgetting or, what is worse, if remembering, ignoring the great fundamental truth that each situation creates its own governing power, and that what applied to the affairs of yesterday, though it be written in books, does not meet the requirements of the present. Most illustrious of emperors, these men of books have shown you that it is time to close their mouths if you value the

DINNER PARTY AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

good weal of your empire, and that it behooves you to place a check upon their presumptuous impudence."

The emperor was in hearty accord with this bold utterance, and, not being a man who had any love for literature himself, he forthwith ordered that all the books of the empire, excepting those that treated of agriculture, astronomy, architecture, and medicine, should be burned! No book treating of history previous to his own reign should be spared, and not even the works of the great Confucius and his disciple Mencius were exempted from this crushing blow upon the enlightenment of the centuries. Even those who might have the temerity to speak of the Confucian "Book of Odes" and "Book of History" were doomed to suffer death. Any

person in the empire who should be found with a book in his possession was to be branded and sent to work for four years on the Great Wall. Then the empire was ransacked from corner to corner in accordance with the rigid command, and nothing found which came within the proscription was spared. Of course many of the literati murmured against this act, and 460 who dared to disobey the edict were buried alive in a huge grave dug for them.

"Surely now no man can say that another was greater than I," exclaimed the vain monarch in the exultation of his vengeance on the men of letters. But he seemed to ignore the possibility that there might be hiding-places that even his most sharp-eyed agents could not penetrate, guarded by men who were ready to sacrifice their lives for their precious heritage, in the form of books and manuscript; and what was of equal, if not greater moment, that men had memories which no one could search out, and which were to become well-springs for the fount of literature, when a ruler more favourable to the light of knowledge should seek to restore the lost treasures of history. It is related that of the hundred sections of the "Book of History," twenty-eight were taken down in after years from the lips of an old blind man who had held them sacred in his memory. One more was added by a young girl to whom it had been imparted. The others were found nearly a hundred years later in a complete set, secreted in the walls of the house once occupied by the noble author. This revengeful and foolish act of an otherwise great man explains in part the blank in the earlier history of the empire that he founded. Later writers gravely declare that it was a retributive justice that Hoangti the Great left no son capable of maintaining the government he had established, and the dynasty of the Tsin swiftly vanished, leaving his name standing alone on the very borderland of written history.

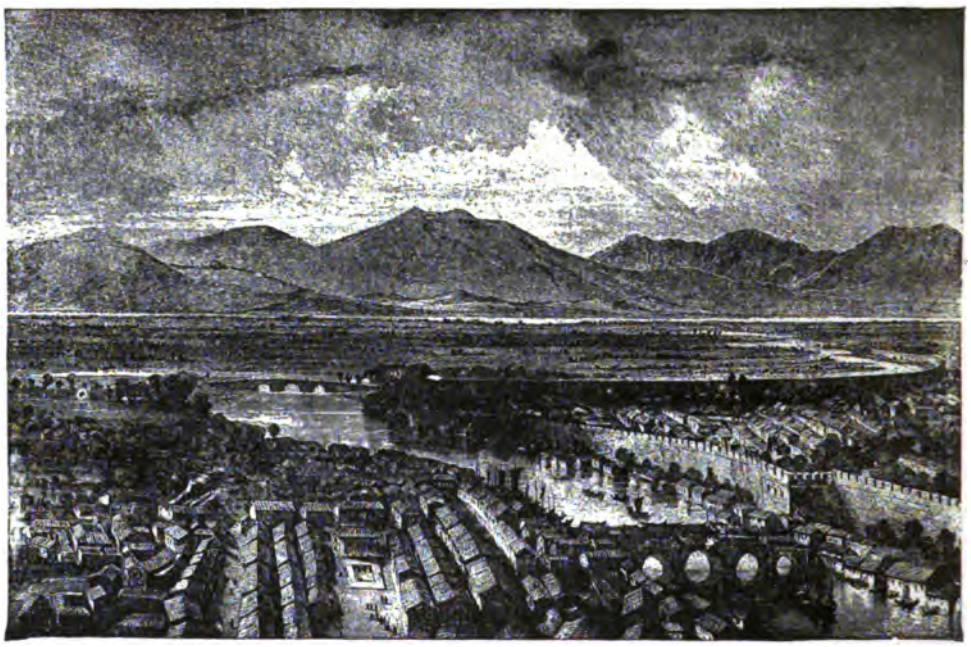
CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ERA OF CHINESE CHIVALRY.

THE successor of Hoangti the Great was his son, who after a brief reign, ended by assassination, was succeeded by a grandson. The latter, after a still more brief reign of six weeks, made way by suicide for the accession of a famous general, who, taking the title of Kaotsou, the "Lofty and August Emperor," named his dynasty after his native province, Han. More nearly than might have been expected he merited the title he had assumed, and was on the whole a sagacious and generous ruler. He immediately granted full amnesty to those who had opposed his taking the throne, sent out messages of condolence to the people who had suffered by the war which had placed him in his high position, carried on to completion the work on the Great Wall, and, what was of far greater importance in the minds of the literati, did all in his power toward restoring the literature lost by the foolish pride of his most illustrious predecessor.

Kaotsou selected the ancient city now known as Honan for his capital, but soon changed it to Singan-fu, in the western province of Shensi. The people wondered at this movement, which seemed to show an utter lack of good sense, since the new capital was fairly environed by mountains so that it was inaccessible except on one side. But the fine hand of the emperor was soon shown, when it looked as though he intended to eclipse the fame of Hoangti as a road-maker. An army of one hundred thousand road-builders was set to work cutting down the mountains, and filling the valleys with the debris. Where there were rivers and deep gullies that could not be filled, suspension bridges, called by the amazed people "flying bridges," were thrown across the chasm, and made wide enough and strong enough to bear a body of horsemen riding over four abreast. High balustrades were built along the sides, and altogether they were fine pieces of engineering. One of these structures, nearly five hundred feet long, and spanning a ravine of great depth, is still

to be seen in fairly good repair, though built almost two thousand years before anything of the kind was attempted in Europe. In this way Kaotsou made an entrance into his new capital easy, while he made travelling more inviting by establishing post-houses and caravansaries at regular intervals, so that he rivalled Hoangti at his pet scheme. Everything about his capital was in keeping with the work outside. He built a palace more magnificent than had ever been seen before by the Chinese; he called around him the wisest men of his day as advisers;



NANKIN, FROM THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

his court became the strongest that had ever listened to the appeals of emperor or his subjects; finally, when accused of having slighted his father in the dispensation of his bounties, he made him his "Lesser Emperor." Where he had been obeyed and feared before he was loved and respected now, for the highest evidence of true nobility of character is kindness and veneration for one's parent.

On the whole, that was a remarkable period in Chinese civilisation. It is noted as the age of the Great Wall, of imperial roads, of grand canals, of the restoration of literature, and of great public improvements. But with all his wisdom, Kaotsou overrated his military ability, and afterward

suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of the desert warriors of the north, led by one called Mehe. In his sore strait the emperor sent to the Tartar chief the most beautiful maiden to be found, as a sort of peace-offering. She went willingly, and proved herself so captivating that Kaotsou was allowed to return to his capital, while the desert barbarian went back to his haunts satisfied with his prize and plunder. But this was only the beginning of the end of the humiliation and helplessness which had overtaken the once proud emperor. The Tartars soon rallied again; other bribes had to be offered; and, finally, worn out with anxiety and ill-fortune, Kaotsou died surrounded by plotting men and women scheming to secure the power swiftly slipping away from him. But if his end was shorn of some of the glory rightly belonging to his reign, he had established a dynasty which was destined to live for centuries, and in this respect at least was more successful than Hoangti the Great had been.

This was about two hundred years before the Christian era, and the next act in the drama of rulers was a most disgraceful one, made the more so by the fact that the actor was a woman. She who became the real empress of the realm, though she ruled for a time through her weak son, was one of the wives of Kaotsou, who reached that high position by poisoning another wife and her son, who had been chosen as the emperor's successor. Nor did this female fiend end her horrible work here, but she carried matters with such a high hand that she finally fell dead in the hall made notorious by her infamous deeds in a spasm of horror and remorse.

A checkered history followed, a history written all over with maddening attacks from the northern barbarians, who were far better warriors than the Chinese. Time and again a non-combative race was obliged to rise and defend itself from foreign invasion; time and again it met with complete disaster; but each time, like the fabled phenix, it rose from the ashes of defeat to build anew stronger and more dazzling empires.

One of the periods of success was fifty years of continual warfare, from 150 to 100 years before the Christian era, when the great provinces of Fukien, Yunnan, and Szechuan were added to the empire. The Chinese leader during this stormy reign was Vouti, whose character has been illustrated by the following story: In northwestern China a whole

race of people was so utterly routed by the Tartars that the handful that managed to escape fled into the distant west. In order to succour them, Vouti sent one of his most trusted comrades to find and bring back the unfortunate fugitives to the land they had lost, promising to defend them to the last, and instructing his faithful messenger to search Asia from corner to corner until he found them.

Taking one hundred valiant companions, he set forth on his knightly

EARTHEN JAR SHOP AND BLACKSMITH SHOP, SHANGHAI.

errand, to be gone nearly twenty years, one-half of which was passed in captivity at the hands of the Tartars, and of the heroic band only two besides Chang Kin, the leader, lived to return. They had eventually found the lost tribe, but so safely sheltered in their new land that they declined to come back. Centuries later the descendants of this handful of fugitives, with some of their ancient enemies, formed the terrible phalanx of the Huns, who deluged Russia in blood, and carried terror to the heart of Rome. They became the founders of the kingdom of Hungary.

A SUBURB OF SHANGHAI.

Chang Kin made other explorations into distant nations in the continent, gaining much valuable information of other races and governments, so he may be justly considered to be the pioneer of explorers in the Far East. He wrote out descriptions of the countries he had visited, and was greatly honoured by the emperor and his subjects.

One hundred and twenty years before the Christian era the Chinese proved powerful enough to drive the warlike Hiung-Nus tribe from their soil, pursuing the routed enemy over the same track their ancestors had

TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, CANTON.

followed to the very shore of the Caspian Sea. But the end of the Han dynasty was near, and amid the hollow mockery of keeping upon the throne a ruler too young and helpless to reign, a usurper named Wang Mang founded the dynasty of Sin in the year 7 A. D. The name of this sovereignty appears to have been very appropriate, according to our meaning of the term, and the nominal head, who had begun his career by robbing the imperial tombs to obtain money, ended with his death at the hands of the aroused people, while he was trying to gain courage to end his own life.

During this stirring epoch originated the "Order of the Crimson Eye-

brows," which first became famous as the defender of a deposed emperor, and afterward as an outlawed league at war with every honest man. The odd name was given from the fact that every member of the band, which at the height of its infamous career as a set of plunderers and murderers numbered over two hundred thousand men, had his eyebrows painted a deep red, indicative of his determination that he was ready to fight to death to gain his object. At first to be one of these was considered to be on "the road to safety," but later this became altered to the "road of despair," when the emperor had raised an army large enough to destroy the scourge of the people.

In the latter half of the first century of the Christian era appears upon the historic page of Cathay the name of Panchau, who can justly claim to have been the Alexander of the empire, with the ennobling trait of having attempted his conquests for the purpose of extending the trade and enlightenment of his native land without seeking personal aggrandisement. After a most successful career at home he started westward with his large army, intending to penetrate into Europe, of which only vague accounts had reached him. His usual good fortune kept pace with him, as he conquered tribe after tribe of warlike people, and, what was of equal demand upon his resources, overcame the perils and hardships of crossing desert plains, climbing rugged mountains, and fording mighty rivers, until he had encamped his army on the shore of the Caspian or "Northern Sea," as it was known to the Chinese. At this point in his hazardous march the dangers and barrenness of the unknown country beyond were so pictured to him by those who had been there that he wisely concluded not to expose his valiant followers to further exposure for what seemed so vain a quest, and returned to Cathay, where he was received with almost imperial honours. He died renowned as the greatest general of his race, and from his death is dated the downfall of the Han dynasty, which had governed Cathay so well for 450 years, ending in 220 A. D.

During the reign of Mingti, from 58 to 76 A. D., Buddhism was introduced into China, and received imperial favour, the emperor asserting that he had been prompted to send envoys to India for the purpose of studying the religion. Under the especial patronage of the emperor the new doctrine made rapid headway, until it became the acknowledged

religion of the people, though never entirely supplanting Taoism, as it failed to Shintoism in Japan. It is not infrequent that a man is buried under the forms of both religions, that no mistake may be made.

It is to the credit of the Han dynasty that no line of sovereignty has ever attained a higher place in the esteem of the people, and China, unlike Japan, whose present emperor is a descendant of the first imperial ruler, has had numerous ruling families. During the long reign of the

SCENERY AT THE ISLAND OF POOTOO.

Hans, which was often disturbed by internal dissensions as well as by foreign invasion, the unity of the empire was accomplished, the territory was increased by two provinces, Yunnan and Leaoutung, Cochin China became a vassal state so that the dominion of the emperor reached as far as the Pamir, trade was vastly increased at home and abroad, the wealth of the empire was greatly augmented, and the public works previously begun were carried on to successful completion. Even to-day the Chinese claim no greater honour than to be known as sons of Han.

The end of the Hàn dynasty was followed by the long and trying civil "War of the Three Kingdoms," which produced a general named Kuan-Chan, or "Wu-ti the Warrior King." A temple erected to his memory still stands on the southern branch of the West River, where his spirit is worshipped next to that of Confucius.

The different provinces being completely at odds with each other, outside enemies on every hand improved the opportunity to plunder and capture whomever they could. In the south, a reckless pirate by the name of Sunghen carried terror along the great rivers by his merciless raids over the surrounding country. In the north, the Siberian nomads, the Weis, overran the adjoining portion of China in the fourth and fifth centuries, to establish an empire there which defied all attempts to uproot them until the Tang dynasty came upon the warlike stage in 618 A. D.

A RUINED PAGODA.

Before treating of this powerful sovereignty it may be well to glance at the intervening families of rulers, one of whom at least deserves special mention. Few emperors can claim the credit of rising from a shoemaker's bench to a throne, but this was the case of the poor boy by the name of Lieouyu, who was left to the care of strangers at a

tender age. But he soon showed himself above his humble friends, and, ambitious to make his mark in the world, he entered the army, the most promising field in which to accomplish his aims. As a mere youth he showed great skill in military affairs, and when only a young man he came into command of an army. Under his energetic and skilful leadership victory after victory was achieved wherever it went, until only rebellious princes and disloyal leaders to the north of Hoang-ho defied him. On the border of the great province of Wei, which he must cross to reach an enemy beyond, he was denied the privilege of continuing farther by the ruling prince there.

Angered but not deterred by this, he immediately crossed the turbid river, and, routing the army of this disloyal general, marched against the capital of the Prince of Chin, another rebellious subject. Here he was forced to entrust his important mission to one of his generals named Wangchinon. Succeeding events showed that he had not misjudged his man. Conducting his army on shipboard until he was obliged to leave the water, he displayed the spirit and iron will of a Cortes by ordering that the vessels should be sent adrift, while he delivered the following address to his men:

"Behold, soldiers! the rapid waters of the Weiho carry from us the ships that have borne us hither, so that we have no means of returning, while we have neither supplies nor provisions. Soldiers of the empire, you have no choice but to proceed against the enemy. Let us overpower them, and we shall regain a hundredfold more than we have lost, while covering ourselves with glory. If we fail to triumph over our enemy there will be no escape except in death. Therefore our duty is plain. Let us conquer or die — that is our destiny. Now prepare to march against the enemy."

Little wonder if such a general led to victory, and smaller wonder if the master of such men should eventually come within reach of the throne upon which a weak emperor sat. Lieouyu, seeing that it was time for him to reap the harvest he had sown with his sword, ordered the ruler to step aside for him, which the other did. This was in 420 A. D., and the new emperor who had once been a shoemaker assumed the name of the renowned Kaotsou, calling his dynasty the Song, he having become known as Prince of Song. Already an old man, he ruled only three

years, but he displayed as great sagacity and enterprise during his short term of civil power as he had during his long military career.

The two hundred years following the ascendency of the Song dynasty furnish little for the historian to dilate upon. During that interval almost constant contention went on. At the end of fifty-nine years the line of rulers founded by the shoemaker-emperor fell before the Tsi, that in 502 gave way to the Leang dynasty, the last in turn

SHOWROOM OF A LANTERN MERCHANT.

succeeded in a little over half a century by the Soui, followed by the Tang sovereignty already mentioned.

The Soui dynasty cannot in justice be dismissed without recording the splendid achievements of its most prominent representative, Emperor Yangti (605 to 617), who changed the capital from Nankin back to ancient Honan, then known as Loyang, where it had been located under Kaotsou I. He sought to make this the most beautiful and powerful city in the world, and his palace the grandest ever built. To accomplish his purpose he drafted into his service more than two million workmen and embellishers. Under their skilful touches Honan shone forth a dream of ideal magnificence, and for many years the highest tribute that could be

paid an object of especial beauty was a comparison to Yangti's imperial city. He caused fifty thousand merchants to take up their abode there, that he might have it a place of business as well as beauty.

This reflects little credit on a monarch who was willing to attempt so much to satisfy a vain pride. The work which has placed his name among the benefactors of China was the building of the great systems of artificial waterways. During his brief reign of thirteen years he completed over five thousand miles of canals. To perform this gigantic undertaking, he

CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

called from each family in the empire one able-bodied man, besides putting his large army at work in the ditches. The greatest of these ways of transportation, though some of the others were extensive, was the Grand Canal from the Yangtse to the Hoang-ho, a distance of over three hundred miles. It has a width of 120 feet, and is lined with solid stone. Along the banks are rows of elms and willows, so that its course can be distinguished for a long distance. Fate was cruel to China when she allowed him to be assassinated in the heyday of his reign. His son and successor met the same untimely end before he had ruled a year. He closed the rule of this dynasty.

The most important figure in the succeeding dynasty, the Tang, was the second in the line of power, who holds in history the undisputed title of Taitsong the Great. When his father, taking the name of Kaotsou, already famous in Chinese history, ascended the throne, he placed his second son, Lichimin, at the head of the army. The latter seems to have quickly shown remarkable military genius, and what stood him in even greater stead, uncommon bravery. He always rode at the head of his favourite regiment of cuirassiers, which was rendered conspicuous by its suits made of the skin of the black tiger, and it is said was never defeated. At any rate, after four years of warfare, he was able to say to his imperial father that he not only had rid the homeland of its numerous enemies, but that he had effectually cleared its borders of all foes. His valorous deeds upon every tongue, he was received on his return with all the grand display and pomp that Rome in the zenith of her glory was proud to shower upon her heroes.

Mounted upon his fiery steed, Lichimin rode at the head of his battle-scarred veterans in tiger skins, — his Old Guard that had never failed him, — wearing a breastplate of gold. Behind this favourite regiment wound into the city forty thousand cuirassiers, bearing in their midst some of the captives taken in recent battles, the most conspicuous of whom was the King of the Tartars. The conqueror led his train to the temple of his ancestors, where he caused to be repeated the story of his triumphs, while he returned thanks for his victories. It was the custom among the Chinese in those days to put to death the captives taken in war, and confiscate their property. Kaotsou did order the torch to be applied to the grand palace reared by his predecessor, declaring, as the costly work vanished in the flames, that it was folly to allow such a monument of vanity to stand as a mark of man's weakness. But he spared the lives of the captive train, and, at the banquet given in honour of his renowned son, granted general amnesty and reduced the taxes of the people, so all might have a share in the imperial happiness.

It soon appeared that the sunshine of this proud day for the conqueror was darkened by clouds of conspiracy on the part of jealous brothers. This intrigue was discovered, and the plotters put to death. Then Kaotsou, feeling the weight of seventy years, abdicated in favour of his illustrious son, who, upon ascending the throne, assumed the name of Taitsong. Kaotsou

TEA - HOUSE. SHANGHAI. NATIVE CITY.

had been a worthy ruler, but his fame was lost in the glory of his successor. One of his son's greatest acts was to raise and train a standing army which could be relied upon in the inevitable wars against the barbarians of the north. "Before this time," says Boulger, the historian of China, "Chinese armies had been little better than a rude militia, and the military knowledge of the officers could only be described as contemptible. The soldiers were, for the most part, peasants who knew nothing of discipline, and into whose hands weapons were put for the first time on the eve of a war. They were not of a martial temperament, and they went unwillingly

MACAO.

to a campaign; and against such active opponents as the Tartars they would only engage when superiority of numbers promised success. They were easily seized with a panic, and the celerity and dash of Chinese troops only became perceptible when their backs were turned to the foe. So evident had been these faults, that more than one emperor had endeavoured to recruit from among the Tartar tribes, and to oppose the national enemy with troops not less brave or active than themselves. The employment of mercenaries, however, is always only half a remedy, and not free from aggravating the evil it is intended to cure. But Taitsong did not attempt any such palliation; he went to the root of the question, and determined

to have a trained and efficient army of his own. He raised a standing army of nine hundred thousand men, which he divided into three equal classes of regiments, one containing 1,200 men, another one thousand, and the third eight hundred. The total number of regiments was 895, of which 634 were recruited for home service and 261 for foreign. By this plan he obtained the assured services of more than a quarter of a million of trained troops for operations beyond the frontier. Taitsong also improved the

EURASIAN CHILDREN FROM SCHOOL AT SHANGHAI.

weapons and armament of his soldiers. He lengthened the pike and supplied a stronger bow. Many of his troops wore armour, and relied on the coöperation of his cavalry, a branch of military power which has generally been much neglected in China. He took special pains to train a large body of officers, and he instituted a tribunal of war, to which the supreme direction of military matters was entrusted. As these measures greatly shocked the civil mandarins, who regarded the emperor's taking part in reviews and the physical exercises of the soldiers as an 'impropriety,' it will be allowed that Taitsong showed great moral courage, and surmounted

some peculiar difficulties in carrying out his scheme for forming a regular army."

Taitsong did not have to wait long before obtaining an opportunity to test his new army, when he put to rout a superior number of the desert warriors. Several of the leading khans yielded to his "invincible" troops, until his name became a terror to the numerous tribes. He was now not only known as Emperor of China, but he also held the additional title of Khan of the Tartars, the tribal warriors of the desert at last finding a ruler capable of holding them under partial subjection. A great war with Tibet followed, when again Taitsong's trained troops vanquished a powerful enemy, the leader of whom, Sanpou, gladly accepted allegiance, and became a good subject of the emperor. Marrying a Chinese princess, the latter built a walled city in honour of the event. For the third time he was victorious, and Eastern Turkestan became a part of the empire. The renowned Panchau had conquered this territory five centuries before, but it had never become a part of China until now. The last great war of this victorious emperor ended less successfully than the others, though this mattered not so much. It was an invasion of Corea, and, after winning several victories, his soldiers were finally unsuccessful, and were obliged to abandon their undertaking, the triumphant Coreans shouting after them in derision "a swift and delightful journey" as they retreated.

Not only as a warrior was Taitsong the Great renowned, but in the arts of peace he was equally celebrated. In these he was assisted by one of the noblest and ablest of women, his wife Changsungchi. Acting under her advice, he founded the Imperial Library and the college. Her death was felt severely by him, and from that time his energy and ability appeared to wane. His final work was the treatise upon government, the "Golden Mirror," which bears his name as author, though no doubt his gifted wife had aided him materially in its construction. He died sincerely lamented by all of his countrymen, and his figure stands out as that of one of the ablest and most humane of Chinese rulers.

Taitsong was succeeded by his son Kaotsong in 149 A.D. While the new emperor was a worthy successor of so great a monarch as his father, his reign is made chiefly memorable by a woman, a widow of Taitsong, his father, whom he made his wife. Her first act was to get rid of his other wives, and have herself declared his consort. From that time she was

virtually the ruler, not only of her husband, but of the empire. While women have acted important parts in the checkered history of the Celestial Empire, not one ever reached the high pinnacle of power attained by this Empress Wou.

During the reign of Kaotsong war with Corea was resumed with better success than before, and at this time the Chinese for the first time came into armed opposition with the Japanese. The Tibetans proved "a thorn

ROAD BY THE SIDE OF WANGPOO RIVER, SHANGHAI.

in the flesh of the emperor," but by the early death of Sanpou, who somehow failed to remain a faithful citizen of his adopted country, the affair was ultimately bridged over, if not settled for all time. So far-famed was the glory of the Tang dynasty at this period, that the caliphs of Bagdad sent hither their ambassadors to treat with it, while royal representatives also came from imperial Byzantium. Upon the death of this emperor in 683 A. D., the Empress Wou became supreme ruler, and retained her power in spite of enemies until the year 704, when she was deposed at the age

of eighty. This did not occur until she had been broken down by illness, and her exit from the stage of action was as superb as had been her career during her rule of forty years.

The sun of the dynasty of the Tangs seemed to have passed its zenith with the end of Kaotsong's reign, and, in the hundred years that followed, during a period when seventeen emperors occupied the throne, there is not much to interest the historian. Five small dynasties of less account bring the history to 960, when the Sung dynasty came upon the stage. These were the formidable barbarians from the north known as the Khitans. To escape their iron rule the Chinese invited in another evil in the shape of the powerful Kins, or Niu-Chih, to expel the Khitans. The new allies proved themselves equal to the task, for not only did they drive the enemy from the field, but they took possession themselves, and in the middle of the twelfth century ruled over the entire country north of the Yangtse. But at this time a young man was gathering on the plains of the north an army that was destined to sweep the empire like a monsoon, completely changing the geography of the Far East.

RICE SELLERS AT A MILITARY STATION.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DYNASTY OF THE MONGOLS.

WE now approach the most glorious and celebrated era known to the ancient empire, though it was the flame of a foreign sword which caught the celestial spark of life as the match to light its own fires on the ruins of Kin and Khitan. That we may the better understand the greatest conquest recorded in history, let us glance at the causes which united this warlike train, and the origin of the valiant leader who led it to such far-reaching victories.

In the great heart of Eastern Siberia, wandering like bands of nomads over the vast pasture-lands of the northern tributaries of the River Amur, has existed a race, older perhaps than the Chinese themselves, which from time immemorial has given the latter constant dread and many hard-fought battles. The broad steppes over which these people drove their herds were too barren to afford at their best more than a precarious living for themselves and their animals. Thus when a long and severe drought prevailed, as often happened, they were obliged to seek more fertile fields. So a protracted dry season was invariably followed by one of those raids which have so crimsoned the pages of Asiatic history. Lying on the south with

an exposed frontier, though the other three sides were protected by natural barriers of ocean and mountains, it was to be expected that Cathay should become the principal raiding-ground of this numerous and warlike race.

It was to stem the tide of these terrible invaders that Hoangti projected the Great Wall, which, when completed, proved no barrier against these wild riders that feared neither man nor God. It was to meet and turn back the flood of these barbarians that Taitsong the Great trained his great army, and for the first time the storm of invasion was checked. But the

NANKIN FROM CITY WALLS.

career of a chief, however great, is but a line drawn across the plain of centuries, and Taitsong gone, these armed hosts once more rode whither they listed.

It must not be supposed, however, that a unity of power existed among these barbarians, for there were many tribes or clans, and these were ever at war with each other, when not at war with the world. Now and then some chief would rise in the midst of rebellion and clash of arms strong enough to command the whole, or a good portion of it. We have spoken of the Topas, or "masters of the earth," as they delighted

to style themselves, in an invasion of China in early days, who held a portion of Northern Cathay for 150 years. This mighty alliance had been the successor of an equally strong league of tribes known to the Chinese as the Tanjous, which had held sway for three centuries. The Topa reign was broken by a slave of one of the chiefs, who allied himself with a band of discontented followers; and these established a wider and greater supremacy than any before them. This leader assumed the title of khan, which seems to have been borrowed from the Persians, and meant king or prince.

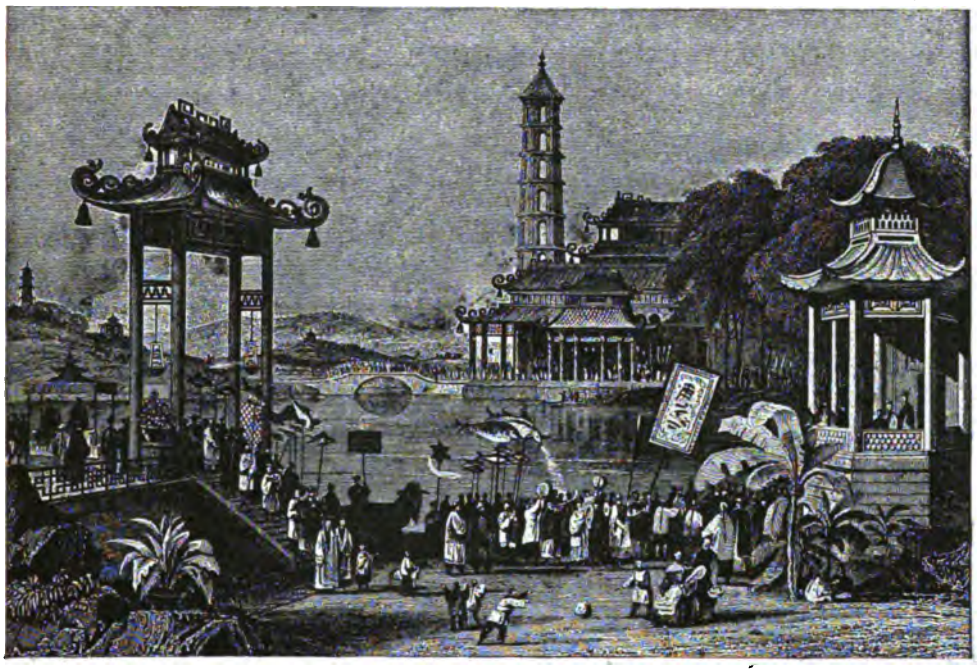
In the sixth century a band of Turkish slaves employed under hard taskmasters in the mines of the Altai Mountains rose in rebellion, and the Tartar khan met his downfall, so that this foreign element came to the front in shaping the fortunes of these warriors. To the title of khan was added the descriptive "gur," which, with the other, signified "great king." Situated now between Rome on the west and Cathay on the east, with a dominion extending from Central Siberia on the north to Persia on the south, the new khan made his power felt everywhere. Envoys from the Eternal City and peacemakers from the "Perpetual Capital," Nankin, were haughtily received by the gur khan, seated in his open tent on the plains forming the foot of the Altai Mountains.

These eventually met their conquerors, and other tribes and clans rose and fell, until between 900 and 1100 A. D. the Khitans were lords of the Siberian steppes and the terror of Cathay, as has been described. Then the Kins, or "Golden Tartars," of Manchu origin, overthrew them, to be in turn flung down by the mightiest confederation of them all.

A chief named Budantsar first brought this new clan into prominence, and then one Kabul strengthened and increased its power. He was at its head when the great hero of the Far East was born, in the light of whose conquests the glory of Alexander and Napoleon become as the dusk at the close of day. As in the case of many other famous heroes of history, the birth and the early life of the coming conqueror are but vaguely told, one account bearing as much truth as another perhaps, and none of them correct. One of the most romantic says that while Kabul was away on one of his frequent raids he captured a beautiful maiden

BRIDGE AT POOTOO.

who had become separated from her father's train. Upon seeing her and remarking her great beauty, he was led to exclaim, "This woman is destined to bear a valiant son." He made the daughter of the desert chief his wife. While on another incursion against his enemies the expected son was born, and learning of this as he was returning with the leader of his foes a captive in the midst of his train, he gave his young son the name of this chief, Temujin, and in honour of the happy event spared the latter's life. In proof of this pretty tale the very spot



THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

where was pitched the Tartar encampment at the time of the birth of the future conqueror is still pointed out on the bank of the Onon, and it is to this day known by the Tartar name of Dilun Boldak. The apparent age of the renowned leader would fix this date at 1160. Those who believe in this birth describe many serious and prolonged struggles on the part of the youth in order to gain the position held by his father, upon the latter's death. At the early age of thirteen the boy is depicted both as begging the army to accept him as their king, and also as defying them, when they have thrown him aside.

Another account declares that the early life of the conqueror is unknown, and that as the great confederation of Kabul was falling to pieces, he appeared on the scene, quickly mustering the armed hosts and leading them against their hated foes, the all-powerful Keraits. He was then a young man, whom a great seer prophesied was destined to conquer the world. This story agrees with the claims of the Japanese that he was their most renowned hero, Yoshitune, who, after having won the most splendid series of victories ever accorded to their country-

COUNTRY FARMHOUSE, NEAR SHANGHAI.

men, had been outlawed by his half-brother, the emperor, on account of jealousy, and had managed to escape to Siberia. There is certainly a correspondence between the two careers sufficiently striking to make it likely that they belong to one and the same person.

At any rate, all historians agree that at this time, about 1194, he was rallying and uniting the disintegrated ranks of his predecessor, and that he named his followers Mongols, which means "bold." As for himself, he chose the title of Genghis Khan, which meant greatest or "very mightiest king." His vaulting ambition was not satisfied with

the adjective in its comparative form. His first battle did not seem to warrant him in his assumption, for he suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Keraits. Undismayed by this, he rallied and soon reappeared against them, putting them to rout this time. This was the true beginning of his wonderful career. He now dared to challenge the most powerful confederation of warriors on the northern steppes, and after a bitter and protracted fight crushed the valiant host which had been styled "the Flower of the Tartars."

Thereupon the new leader, flushed with his recent triumph, assembled his leading chiefs, and in the presence of a vast throng of spectators, with the national "flag" made of nine white yak tails waving over his head, declared that he had won his right to his new title, Greatest Khan, and that he should not turn back until he had led his people to the grandest victories ever accomplished. It was easy now to strengthen his already large army, and, rewarding those who had been foremost in achieving his recent victories, he marched against the most powerful tribe in the Far East, the Kins, who had wrested Cathay from the hands of the Chinese and reigned supreme in that empire. On his way he met and overthrew one of the emperor's vassals, King Hai. Wishing him as an ally rather than as an enemy, he won him over to his cause by marrying his daughter. He now headed his army upon the populous country of the Kins, surrounded on the frontier by the Great Wall, and filled with walled cities overflowing with a population that looked upon these invaders as "debased slaves." Swarming through the gaps of the stone barrier like eagles bursting upon their prey, the Mongols hurled themselves upon the defiant Kins, and everywhere it flaunted the ensign of the white yak was an emblem of victory. Still there were many walls to scale, many strongholds to capture, and the doughty Kins rallied so swiftly and fought so desperately for their chieftains, that Genghis soon found he had no small contract to carry out. For eight years this unremitting warfare went on, without either side showing any weakness. Battle-field after battle-field was deluged with the blood of the slain, but still the Chinese sprang in to fill the rent in their army, and the Mongol hosts never failed to recruit their riven ranks, until there seemed no end in prospect, and the bloody current of battle promised to flow on for ever.

For some reason Genghis Khan suddenly ceased his attacks, and, changing his base of operation, invaded Central Asia. This was in 1218, and within five years he had swept the oases of the vast plains like a mighty broom of destruction, obliterating such cities as Kenna, Bokhara, and Samarcand; had cast in the dust the pride of Persia, and had laid Russia bleeding at his feet, stopping only at the foot of the mountains of Central Europe. Wheeling about, he overthrew the caliphate of Bagdad, and went back to finish his work in Cathay. He found the kingdom of Hai in open rebellion, and he lost no time in

VIEW ON A RIVER NEAR CANTON.

driving this back into the traces. Putting into the field now the largest army ever under his command, in midwinter, 1225, on the frozen waters of the Hoang-ho, he fought his last and greatest battle, in which the followers of Hai were so nearly exterminated that the handful left was glad to swear allegiance to him. He was now master of the situation.

But he was not to be spared to enjoy his hard-earned triumphs long for two years later he was seized with an illness which threatened to become fatal. The auguries were consulted, when it was freely declared that all the signs pointed to his death. The great conqueror was so deeply impressed with this that he called his most faithful officers about

him, and urgently requested that henceforth no unnecessary slaughter of human lives should be allowed. Well might he urge this, with the fact fresh in his memory of five million lives which he had sacrificed on the altar of his ambition. He died in 1227, at the age of sixty-five, having brought under his dominion within twenty years all of the country from the Yellow Sea to the river of Danube, from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the arid plains of Persia. If we take into consideration, as we must in order to do him justice, the mighty momentum given by

CAP-VENDER'S SHOP, CANTON.

the force of his arms to the career of his rightful successor, it may be said that, beginning with the lordship of a rebellious band of wild horsemen, he ended as ruler of half of the civilised world. If the question arises as to what did it all avail, this tornado of blood and death sweeping over the face of earth, "perhaps the most important result of this great outpouring into Western Asia, which certainly was the arrest of the Mohammedan career in Central Asia — and the diversion of the current of the fanatical propagators of the Prophet's creed against Europe — is not as fully recognised as it should be. It may be asserted that Genghis represented in their highest form all the qualities which

entitled his race to exercise governing authority. He was, morever, a military genius of the very first order, and it may be questioned whether either Cæsar or Napoleon can as commanders be placed on a par with him. Even the Chinese said that he led his army like a god. The manner in which he moved large bodies of men over vast distances without an apparent effort, the judgment he showed in the conduct of several wars in countries far apart from each other, his strategy in unknown regions, always on the alert, yet never allowing hesitation or overcaution to interfere with his enterprise, the sieges which he brought to a successful termination, his brilliant victories, a succession of 'suns of Austerlitz,' all combined make up a picture of a career to which Europe can offer nothing that will surpass it, if indeed she has anything to bear comparison with it. After the lapse of centuries, and in spite of the indifference with which the great figures of Asiatic history have been treated, the name of Genghis preserves its magic spell. It is still a name to conjure with when recording the great revolutions of a period which beheld the death of the old system in China, and the advent in that country of a newer and more vigorous government which, slowly acquiring shape in the hands of Kublai and a more national form under the Mings, has attained the pinnacle of its utility and strength under the influence of the great emperors of the Manchu dynasty. But great as is the reputation Genghis has acquired, it is probably short of its merits. He is remembered as a relentless and irresistible conqueror, a human scourge, but he is much more. He was one of the greatest instruments of destiny, one of the most remarkable moulders of the fate of nations to be met with in the history of the world. His name still overshadows Asia with its fame, and the tribute of our admiration cannot be denied."

While the great conqueror advised more humane methods of warfare, he did not wish that the conquest he had begun should be relinquished. He charged his son Ogotai to resume the work, and never to abandon the war until the Kins should be overpowered. He did, however, declare that it would be better to let India alone, which idea was followed. In 1230 Ogotai took the field in person, and two years later increased his army, and placing one wing under the command of his brother Tuli, prepared to attack the Kins simultaneously from two directions. A

life and death struggle followed, during which, as if they did not have enough on hand in fighting the Mongols, those old enemies of the Kins, the Sungs, put an army in the field against them. Finally, in 1234, after having held out against the powerful Mongols for over a quarter of a century, the Kins were overpowered. Nine emperors had ruled Northern China, occupying a period of 118 years, and the last ruler, Ninkiassu, showed the metal of which their natures were made by setting fire to the palace at Tsaichau where he had taken refuge, and entering

APARTMENT IN A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

an upper chamber closed the doors, prepared to die in the flames rather than to become the captive of his hated enemies. Many of his generals, and some of his soldiers, followed his heroic example.

The next year the Mongols increased their numbers to half a million, and, divided into three armies, marched against the Sungs, who must have seen by this time the folly of their action in harassing the Kins, who had previously sought their alliance. The result was so uncertain that finally Ogotai desisted from continuing his war, and lived for six years in peace. On the whole he seems like a humane ruler, and at his death his eldest son, Kuyuk, succeeded him, whose induction into

his high office has been described as one of the most brilliant affairs in history. Death, however, cut short his reign, and he was succeeded by a son of Tuli, named Mangu. This monarch entrusted to his brother, Kublai, the task of conquering the Sung dynasty in Southern China.

This was in 1251, when the Sungs had enjoyed fifteen years of peace. They had lost their former great general, and were poorly prepared to meet the new attacks of the Mongols. Kublai first entered Yunnan

SCENE AT THE SACRED ISLAND OF POOTOO.

through Szechuan and across the Kin-sha Kiang, "River of Golden Sand," and captured that province, which at the time was independent of other powers. The object of this capture was to obtain a flank movement on the Sungs. But serious complications arose before Kublai could carry out his purpose. His command was taken from him, and then restored. Mangu died, and a dispute arose as to who should succeed him. While Kublai was his brother's lawful heir, there was a younger brother who enjoyed the advantage of having temporary possession of Karakoram, the supreme capital of Mongolia. No great khan could receive his author-

THE EXAMINATION HALL.

ity except here, at the cradle of his dynasty. Kublai attempted to overcome this obstacle by establishing himself at Cambaluc, ancient Pekin, and though he sent out his proclamation to the Mongols and their khan, they refused to recognise him, since he had not been proclaimed from Karakoram. Aribuka was received favourably; but Kublai was not to be cheated of his birthright without a struggle, and he marched upon Karakoram, quickly putting the pretender to flight. But he very generously reinstated him with his rank of prince, and, leaving him to assume rule over the scattered Mongol tribes, he went to Pekin intending to yield his rights as khan over other territory than that comprising the fertile country of Cathay. By this it will be seen that Mangu Khan was really the last Mongol who held sway in the east and west and north.

The course of action now followed by Kublai made it imperative that he should settle the old score with the Sungs, whose emperor had most foolishly and needlessly given cause for umbrage on the part of the ambitious Kublai, who, it should be borne in mind, was looked upon by his own countrymen as more Chinese than Mongol. He had, in point of fact, accepted the traditions of the race he now intended to govern, conducted his court with all the splendour and magnificence of Hoangti or Taitsong, adopted the Chinese system of taxation, made himself the friend of the literati by freeing those who had been in prison, and secured the undying friendship of the religious leaders by declaring himself a patron of Buddhism, which was then the only active religion in Eastern Asia. Thus the Chinese of the region of the Kins and Khitans readily helped swell his army in this last campaign against the Sungs.

In the scenes which follow we find an example of courage and fidelity to one's convictions worthy of emulation by any race on earth. In the most heroic deeds of Japan, in those days when every man was ready to sacrifice his life for what he believed to be the interest of his loved Dai Nippon, there is no nobler instance of sublime bravery and devotion unto death than that shown by the last of the Sungs.

Kublai's army, which numbered over sixty thousand soldiers, every man of whom had been tested on the battle-fields in the Mongol wars, appeared before the Sung capital, Sianyang, standing on the southern bank of the River Han. Across the stream and connected by bridges was the city of Fanching, the two forming the strongest headquarters of the Sung fol-

lowers. At the same time these battle-scarred veterans appeared before the fortified cities, an auxiliary troop large enough to form a human cordon ten miles in length was stationed around Sianyang. Thus all land communication was cut off, and the Mongols undertook to intercept all supplies that might be sent to the beleaguered towns by water.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT, SHANGHAI.

So much could the army of Kublai do, but it failed to make any impression on the citadel itself. If it was reasoned that the occupants of the besieged cities would be starved out, even this began to look as though it might not be the case, when three years had passed without any showing of weakness on the part of the beleaguered garrison. The stubborn governor was determined to hold out ten years if that were possible, and he went on with the work of strengthening the fortifications and keeping a constant watch over the enemy.

Meanwhile an army of Chinese belonging to the Sung dynasty was on the march to the relief of their countrymen, but they approached with exasperating slowness. Learning of the situation, Kublai went thither to lead the charge in person. With all their watchfulness, however, the Mongols failed to prevent the sending of provisions into the besieged city by outside friends. This was in the early summer of 1270, and the daring performance is one of the most heroic acts to be found in the history of any country, while showing that, if not a martial race, the Chinese have been capable of a sacrificial heroism worthy of a Regulus. The leaders of the hazardous undertaking were two Chinese officers named Changchun and Changkoua, who prepared to ascend the river to Sianyang in two divisions. One of these, headed by Changchun, was to keep back the Mongols by the force of arms, while the other, led by his equally brave brother officer, was to reach the town with the provisions if possible. The Mongols, surprised by the sudden attack, reeled back, and while the intrepid Changchun held the enemy temporarily at bay with his war-junks, Changkoua succeeded in passing with his junks loaded with provisions.

Aroused by the desperate resistance of Changchun, the Mongols rallied, and, overwhelming the brave allies of the beleaguered city, fairly crushed them in their might. The heroic leader was slain, and his mutilated body sent floating down the river to the city gate.

Meanwhile Changkoua had reached the besieged city, where he was received with wild demonstrations by those who now for the first time in over four years obtained intelligence from the outside world. But the rejoicing quickly returned to a realisation of their true situation, and the noble Changkoua, seeing that he was not needed within the city, resolved to cut his way out, and, at the head of a larger force, endeavour to save the beleaguered town. To encourage him, he believed that at that moment Litingchi, Governor of Ganlo, which stood on the Han some miles to the south, was waiting to assist him with five thousand troops. By prompt action he believed he could run the gauntlet of the enemy and join Litingchi. He assembled his brave followers, and, kindling within them the divine spark of his own heroism, he went aboard his junks, and set sail down the river.

He had noticed that one of his officers was missing at the start, and he suspected he had gone to betray him to the foe. But, undaunted by this

cowardly desertion, he headed down the stream, breaking the chains which the Mongols had stretched across the river, and fairly hewed his way with his sword through a line of the Mongol fleet. It looked now as though he might escape, but in the dawning light of early morning he saw that he was going into a very death-trap set by his hated foes. The river was completely blocked with Mongol war-junks, while the shores were lined many deep with armed men. Only one alternative was open to Changkoua, who never for an instant thought of surrendering, and that was a

ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF AMOY.

bitter fight to the last. His men seemed inspired with his own heroic bravery, and the battle did not cease until the final spear had been sent from the arm that would lift the deadly weapon no more. The triumphant Mongols, with a feeling akin to admiration for the gallant sacrifice, sent the body of Changkoua to the governor of the beleaguered city, who ordered that it should be buried beside the equally heroic Changchun, the people uttering, meanwhile, loud manifestations of woe and bitterness.

The heroism of these brave allies aroused the spirit of the besieged people, while the Mongols began greater efforts to dislodge them. Fanching was now surrounded, and they sent to Persia for engineers skilled

in the work of handling the enormous catapults used in the warfare of that period to throw huge stones against the walls of the besieged town. In this work they were now successful, demolishing many of the buildings and destroying the bridge between the two cities. Fanching finally fell, but it was a city of ruins and death that the victorious Mongols entered.

Somehow the expected relief failed to reach Sianyang, and the soldiers became so disheartened over the failure of the emperor and others to come

ITINERANT BARBERS, SHANGHAI.

to their assistance, that they threatened to refuse to stand by their noble governor longer. At this critical time the latter received a letter from Kublai which extolled him for his valiant defence, and promised him and his followers no harm if they should at last lay down their arms. In addition to that, the khan promised to give them all honourable employment. It was no disgrace to Liuwen Hoan that he accepted, and thus after nearly five years closed one of the most heroic and memorable sieges on record.

The Mongol conquest was not yet accomplished, and there came to the command of the Chinese ranks one Chang Chikia, who recaptured several towns, and, mustering about two thousand war-junks, sailed up the Yang-tse Kiang to attack the Mongols at their stronghold just below Nankin. A great naval struggle followed, which resulted in the discomfiture of the Chinese, and from this time to the end the Chinese fought a hopeless fight with unfaltering devotion to their cause. The weak emperor died, another

VIEW ON THE BUND AT SHANGHAI.

was proclaimed and captured by the Mongols; a third died, and then Ti-ping, the last of the Sung dynasty, came to the head. Canton was seized by the Mongols. Still the valiant Chang Chikia did not despair, and he prepared to defend his emperor and followers on the island of Tai, which had a harbour that could be entered only with a favourable tide. The Mongols learned of this new fortification, and, with their usual promptness of action, attacked it before the work was completed. Though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, their fleet was saved from annihilation by a

fog sweeping over the scene. As it was, the end could be foreseen, and the faithful minister of the emperor, resolved to avert the disgrace of capture, took him and leaped into the sea. Others imitated his heroic example, and thus perished the last ruler of the great dynasty of the Sung.

A year later, in 1279, while making his final defence for his cause, Chang Chikia, when about to make an attempt to recapture Canton from his enemies, was caught in a tempest off the coast, and every vessel of his powerful fleet was flung upon the shore, where men and ships perished. Thus the elements gave the death-blow to the last defenders of China, and, after seventy years of such resistance as they had not met with elsewhere in their far-reaching conquests, the Mongols conquered the ancient empire, and Kublai found his dream of being its emperor at last realised. Before this he had shown that he intended to become a worthy ruler, which had made the latter part of his conquest easier, and its results less objectionable to the masses of people who had tired of the long conflict.

TRANSPLANTING RICE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPERIAL HUNTING-GROUNDS.

A ROMANTIC story is told at Wei-Men Kuan of the last of the warlike days of the Sung dynasty, when the son of the great Mongol conqueror was captured by the Chinese of this vicinity. In accordance with the custom of the times, the queen who ruled over this district ordered that the illustrious captive, along with others, should be put to death. But the queen's daughter, seeing that the young chief was both handsome and pleasant, fell in love with him. She pleaded for his life so earnestly that her mother relented, and the happy couple were married without delay. In this manner the future safety of the town was ensured, and when at the end of the war the queen could claim such near relationship to the emperor, she did not regret the step she had taken in letting love have its own way.

Kublai named his dynasty Yuen, or Original, and he took for himself the Chinese name of Chitsou, which, however, has been overshadowed by his Mongol designation. He established his capital at Cambaluc, meaning, in its Tartar form, "the city of the kahn," and it occupied the same site as the more modern Pekin. It was a splendid city, according to Marco Polo,

THE BUND, SHAMIEN.

and we can do no better than to repeat the following account: "A city near by, or on its site, had been the chief town of an independent kingdom on several occasions, *i. e.* of Yen, of the Khitans, and of the Kins. According to Marco Polo, there were twelve gates, at each of which was stationed a guard of one thousand men, and the streets were so straight and wide that you could see from one end to the other, or from gate to gate. The extent of the walls varied; according to the highest estimate they were twenty-seven miles around, according to the lowest, eighteen. The khan's palace at Chandu, or Kaipin-fu, north of Pekin, where he built a magnificent summer palace, kept his stud of horses, and carried out his love of the chase in the immense park and preserves attached, may be considered the Windsor of this Chinese monarch. The position of Pekin had, and still has, much to recommend it as a capital. The Mings, after proclaiming Nankin the capital, made scarcely less use of it, and Chuntche, the first of the Manchus, adopted it as his. It has since remained the sole metropolis of the empire." Here Kublai formed a government and called about him the most wise men of his time as counsellors, so that he seemed to suit the many conflicting elements in his empire.

Something of the elegance and splendour with which he surrounded himself is shown by the wonderful accounts of Marco Polo relative to the imperial hunting-grounds of the famous Kublai Khan, who was willing to intermingle with his ideas of northern ruggedness the dazzling ceremonials of Chinese tradition. The palace at Shandu was built of marble, porphyry, and other elegant stones, while the walls were frescoed with grotesque figures of men, women, birds, and beasts of many kinds, some of which were unknown to the great Venetian. Everything was painted in such brilliant and gorgeous colours that this visitor was dazzled by the sight of them. In addition to these pictures the walls were gilded in a lavish manner, and in the main hall was a throne standing on a raised dais which seemed ablaze with gold. Here the khan held his court. Besides this summer palace of beautiful stone was another quite as large and fully as wonderful, being in reality a sort of bamboo tent constructed so that it could be put up at the coming of the khan, and when he went away, after a surfeit of hunting, taken quickly down and carried back to his southern capital. The walls and roof were made of the tall canes growing abundantly in the vicinity, and the whole held together by silken

cords. The building was decorated with fantastic pictures of the chase, and with elaborate gilding. The roof was made impervious to rain by a thick coating of lacquer or varnish.

THE TIGER GUARD.

These handsome palaces stood in the midst of the khan's hunting-ground, where not only the more timid creatures, such as the deer, stags, and wild goats lived, but where also the lion lorded it over the denizens of the forests as on his native heath, while in the deeper jungles lurked the tiger and the leopard, and, feared but unfearing, stalked the mighty elephant. In their cages were eagles of the most fierce aspect, and trained to hunt wolves, affording one of the rarest features of imperial pastimes. But the grandest, in the estimation of the sovereign, was the scene when his black-spotted leopards were let out to run down the wild goats, and

his sleek tigers were sent to battle the stags, wild oxen, and wilder boars.

This ideal hunting-ground was enclosed by a wall not less than fifteen miles in circumference, and the tract thus bounded not only held the animals of the Oriental forests, but was itself a picture of an Oriental country, although situated in a temperate zone. The grand scene was rendered doubly attractive by "enchanting dells, through the midst of which flowed sparkling streams, and in which the hunters might rest

PROPITIATORY OFFERINGS FOR DEPARTED RELATIVES.

and dine amidst their sport; broad spaces of lawn and flower garden, with many fountains playing on the turf and the flowers, and lovely groves that gave grateful shelter from the blazing summer sun of Tartary; delightful meadows stretched off from the slopes of verdant hills to the borders of rivers, ponds, and lakes; and there were carefully tended parks where, in the open air, the Tartar held many of his solemn festivals and more joyous merrymakings."

When the sport-loving khan tired of the larger game, he allowed the lions, tigers, and elephants a respite, while he went to another resort where he could give himself over to the lighter recreation of hunting

partridges, pheasants, and cranes. These last were large and of a glossy hue, outrivalling anything of the species seen in Europe. One kind was of a dense black, so glossy and sparkling as to reflect the scenes amid which it lived; a second was of a pure white, with feathers jewelled with "round gold eyes like the feathers of the peacocks;" another species was of a dazzling red mixed with black; others were gray, with mottled heads; and there were yet others of so many colours and of so much beauty as to defy description. At this place the khan had a palace larger than

THE IMPERIAL CANAL.

either of the others, and quite as elaborate, while its situation was even more delightful, as it stood on the edge of a wide and beautiful plain, while the noble structure was mirrored in a sparkling sheet of water. This was called "the Cianganor."

In order to be provided with ample game to his liking, the khan kept great flocks of partridges in cages built for that purpose. Hunting at Cianganor was indeed royal, or as one should perhaps say, imperial, sport. Decked out in gorgeous trappings, the khan would set forth with his four elephants, themselves arrayed in imperial splendour, and often accom-

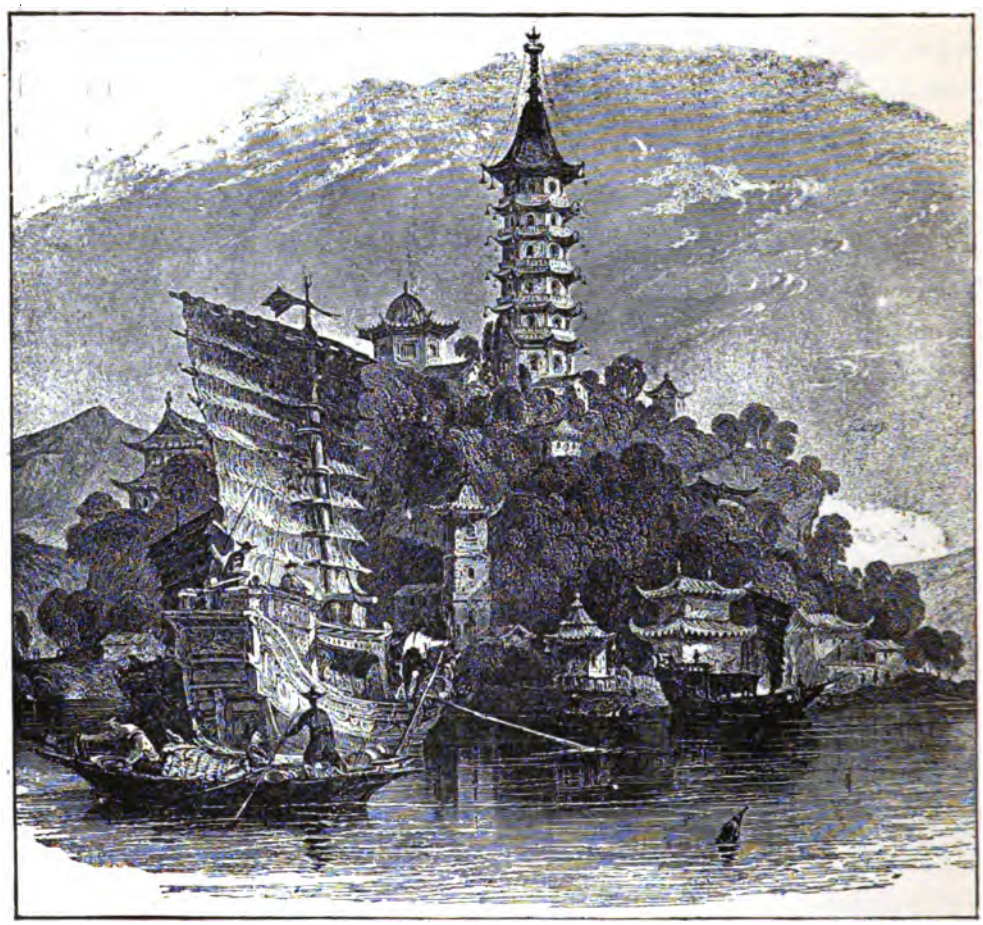
panied by as many as a thousand falconers, carrying half that number of falcons, with a multitude of hawks and vultures, for hawking was the great khan's favourite pastime. Upon reaching a desirable location, Kublai would have his square tent of lion's skins and gold cloth put up for him, when he would get into position to enjoy the glorious sport. His army of sportsmen in the meantime had divided into five hundred couples, spreading out over a wide extent of territory. Then the scene would open by one of the couples letting loose their falcon, which would rush for its prey with great velocity. Watched by all others, those who happened to be nearest the attack and capture of the falcon would look out for the welfare of the bird of prey. Marked with a silver label, each falcon was to be returned to its owner at the close of the hunt. At the moment when the affair had opened in full spirit, a messenger would dash up to the imperial tent, crying out:

"Great khan, the birds are on wing! The battle is begun."

This would be followed by the imperial command to fling aside the walls of the tent, when the great conqueror would give freedom to one of his favourite hawks, and, throwing himself back upon his luxuriant couch, watch the flight of the bird and its enemy. He would rouse in wild delight at the exciting scene sure to follow, when the birds descried each other and began their furious combat in mid-air, now rising on wing, anon descending, whirling, plunging, darting, swooping around and around, until the beholder would grow dizzy. Scarcely would the opening fight be nearing its finish before other hawks would be sent to the great battle-ground overhead, and other falcons would come down upon their prey, until it would seem as if the very sky was filled with struggling birds, and every beam of light was the bearer of flying feathers.

Nor did Kublai stop with all this varied display of wild game, for he kept the largest number of dogs, it is probable, ever seen together in the world. It took more than ten thousand men to care for these canines when they went into the chase. It must have been a grand spectacle when he rode into the midst of these sports mounted on his gaily caparisoned elephant, followed and fairly surrounded by thousands of noble hounds and mastiffs, muttering, growling, barking, baying, bounding about, all eager for the coming fray. Neither did he confine himself alone

to dogs, for he owned many rare species of pets and favourites, every breed, size, colour, and shape of animal to be found not only in the Far East, but brought down from the ice-bound regions of the extreme north; others from distant parts of Siberia; some from the Southland, and yet



THE KIN-SHAN, OR GOLDEN ISLAND.

others from countries strange to the common people, and unknown to the historian.

The splendour of this hunting scene can be scarcely imagined. The magnificence of his tents has exhausted the vocabulary of those who saw them and attempted to describe the "canvas city." The tent for the nobles was large enough to lodge a thousand men. The khan's tent was an elaborate affair, sustained by posts of cedar and perfumed woods, and

ornamented inside and out with the skins of mighty animals that the khan was supposed to have vanquished in battle. Prominent among these were skins of lions and tigers, while alongside were suspended skins of great value, such as the ermine and zibeline, all worked with borders of great skill and beauty. This imperial tent was furnished with the finest furniture to be obtained, each piece painted in the brightest of hues. There were divans covered with rare silks, and having cushions of such softness that the sitter dropped almost out of sight; then there were lounges and chairs upholstered in equally as fine manner. The tents of the khan were always pitched in some beautiful spot, within sound of murmuring waters, and in sight of the forests he loved so well. In fact, everything about them was arranged to allow him to enjoy Oriental luxury in the highest degree. All the dazzling glory of Zenobia's elegant villa at Tibur, and the magnificence of Cleopatra's gorgeous train, was rivalled in this wonderland of sport.

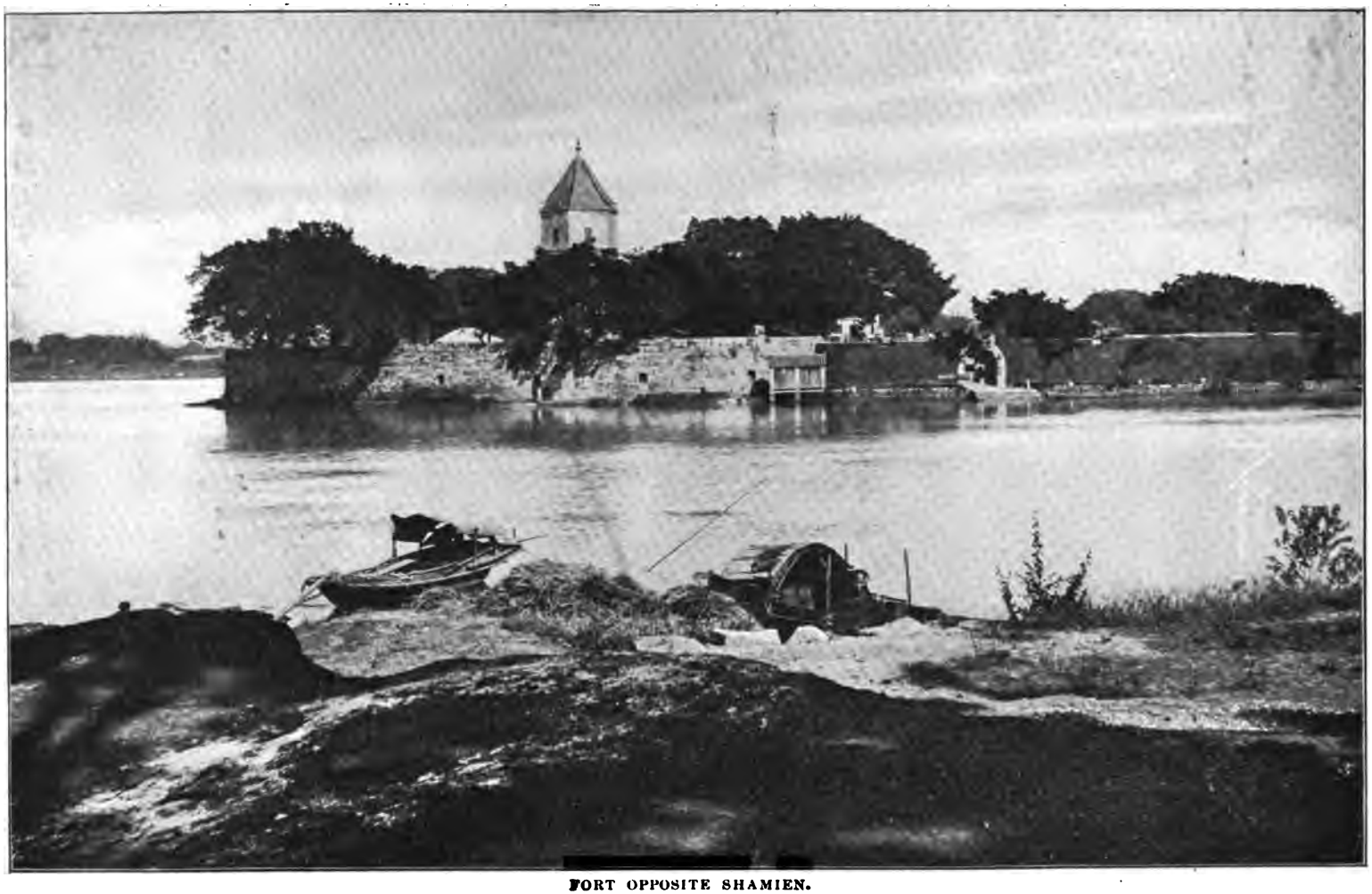
Besides his own tent and those of his nobles and hunting men, there were others of corresponding magnificence for the ladies of his retinue, and for the doctors, astronomers, and learned men of his day, Kublai being a firm friend to the literati. A guard was kept constantly over the imperial tent, and wherever he went the precious life of his Imperial Majesty was watched by faithful guardians. In addition to all of these who have been mentioned, especial attention was paid to a great train of monks and priests, who had their monasteries on some eminence rising near by so as to overlook the scene. These, in marked contrast to the others, lived simple lives, ate nothing but boiled husks of corn, wore coarse attire, shaved their heads and faces, and slept on hard mats or the bare ground. Some of these married and had families, but the majority remained single.

Another class worthy of mention were the magicians, clothed in dark robes, and wearing long hair and beards, who presided over the banquets to the khan. Immediately upon the seating of the men, one of these would wave a wand, when cups of wine would start from an adjacent table and move to positions in front of the ruler. Others would appear before the guests, and so on through each round of courses until the feast was over. The company, even the khan himself, believed the magicians had done this by superhuman agency, an idea they were careful to foster,

though the whole performance was a scheme of clever trickery aided by mechanical contrivances. That these men held a great power over the khan was shown by the fact that toward the close of summer they would announce to Kublai that the time was drawing near when he must return to the capital to take part in the ceremony of sprinkling the milk of sacred mares. This performance took place on the 28th of August, on

A CHINESE CEMETERY.

which day the khan in public threw into the air a quantity of the milk claimed to have been brought from the south, where it was believed existed a race of sacred white mares. Whoever partook of this fluid was sure to receive great wisdom and good health, with long life, and only those of the imperial family were allowed to drink it. The sprinkling of this wonderful fluid in the air was done to feed the imperial spirits who might draw near on that day to obtain a portion of the charmed liquid.



FORT OPPOSITE SHAMIEN.

Upon the announcement of the magicians that it was time to close the season's sport, all became bustle and excitement about the grounds, for it was no small matter to pack and move the imperial outfit in a manner becoming the ruler of a mighty empire. Kublai did not fret himself about these preliminaries, and he enjoyed to the last moment the pastimes in which he delighted. When provision trains had been started so as to be stationed along the way, tents had been taken down, and a final feast partaken of, then the imperial train began its long and dazzling

TIGER ISLAND, ENTRANCE OF THE CANTON RIVER.

journey. This was the signal for the magicians, who often acted in the capacity of priests, to make a varied display of fireworks of the most mysterious construction, the whole scene rendered more beautiful and impressive by wild songs from the women belonging to the imperial retinue.

At his capital Kublai had everything in keeping with the gorgeous display shown about his pleasure-grounds. His court has been described as fairly ablaze with glory. His courtiers were dressed in bright livery; his feasts were elaborate, and of the best viands to be obtained; visitors were given a table by themselves known as the "travellers' table;" the

khan sat at another in sight of his followers, while host and servitors and visitors were guarded by twenty thousand soldiers, the flower of the Mongol army. The martial training and bearing of the race gave a natural grace and dignity to a peaceful pageantry that it had lent to the march to battle in the years before. To all of this noble display was added the majesty of the great conqueror himself, so that his court and capital were the most splendid and picturesque in the world. Kublai, who was then only forty-four, in the very prime of his career, was described by Marco Polo as "of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of a middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh, and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and well set on."

During the reign of Kublai the conquest of Japan was undertaken, which proved a miserable failure to the great khan, who finally had to acknowledge that at last he had met a foe that it would be better for him to let alone. But if unsuccessful in his invasion of Dai Nippon, he was victorious on the south and west, bringing under his dominion Yunnan and Burma, though his power soon weakened in this direction. Disputes and dissensions at home called for the khan's attention, and he had quite as much as he could attend to in fighting his own relatives who were anxious to take his place. But he more than held his own until his death in 1293, at the age of eighty, having ruled for thirty-five years. Whatever may have been the great conqueror's shortcomings, and no doubt he was avaricious and superstitious, he was withal for his age a sagacious and powerful emperor, who had the good of his subjects at heart.

Kublai's grandson, his lawful heir, became his successor, and, though this prince enjoyed thirteen years of comparative peace, he did not prove equal to the herculean task of holding intact the sovereignty which had fallen to him. In fact, with Kublai the sun of the Mongol ascendency moved rapidly toward the horizon, and no name among those of his successors stands out with any great prominence. In less than three-fourths of a century after the great khan's death, through the remarkable conquest of a native peasant, China was once more ruled by one of her own sons.

COAL-MINES AT YING-TIH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MINGS AND MANCHUS.

THE successors of the Mongols were the Mings, so called. The story of the rise of this dynasty is as romantic as that of any of the numerous dynasties builded upon the achievements of some man thus made famous in history. The hero this time was born of humble parents, who were so poor that, at the death of his father, he was obliged to enter a monastery.

But even there accounts of the dissatisfaction of the native population over Mongol rule reached him, and he knew that everywhere his countrymen were rising in arms against what was looked upon by them as foreign usurpation of power. It belonged to the fortune of the dynasties of government in China that those who followed the founder of a line of rulers should not prove capable or deserving of maintaining the rule for many generations. Thus the successors of Kublai gradually became unpopular, and lost their hold upon the people. The young bonze, whose name was Choo Yuen Chang, soon tiring of the passive life of the monastery, and his heart fired with patriotic love for his country, doffed his

sacerdotal robes and entered the ranks of the partisan band, trying to break from the yoke of the Tartars in 1345.

He seemed to have chosen a most auspicious time, and he soon proved by his wise counsel, clear military order, and not less by his discreet and humane conduct, that he was the man to take the lead. While the chief aim of other Chinese leaders seemed to be to enrich themselves by the spoils of war, he sought only to succour the cause of the unhappy people. Thus he soon gathered around him a larger number of followers than any of the so-called patriots, and in 1356 he captured Nankin, to make that city his stronghold and later his capital, when he had overthrown the Mongols.

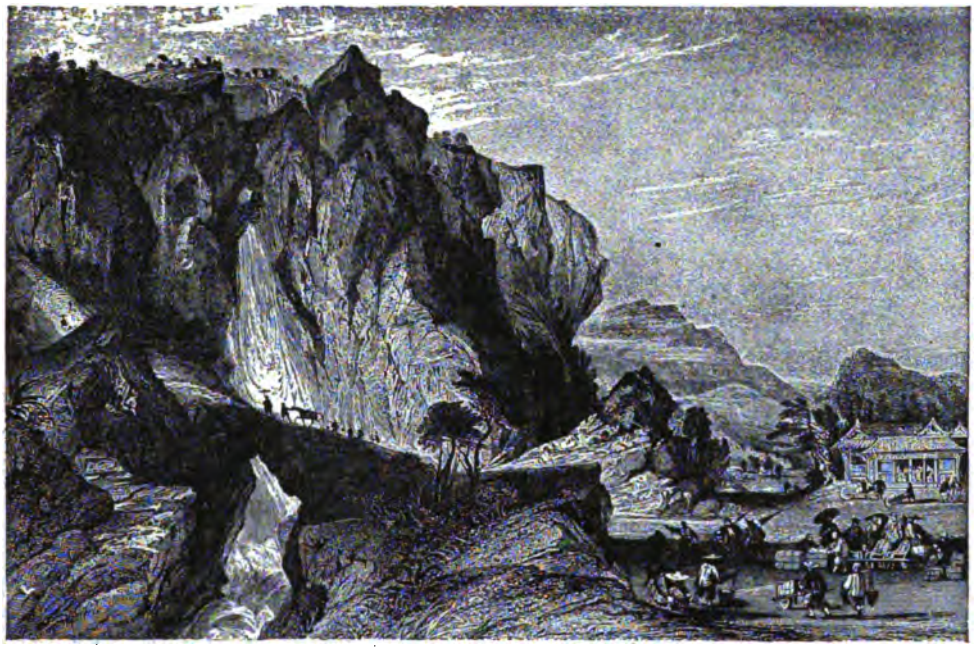
In a manifesto issued a short time after this triumph he gave expression to the motives that had prompted him to his duty, saying among other things: "It is the birthright of the Chinese to govern foreign people, and not of these latter to rule in China. It used to be said that the Yuen, or Mongols, who came from the regions of the north, conquered our empire not so much by their courage and skill as by the aid of Heaven. And now it is sufficiently plain that Heaven itself wishes to deprive them of that empire as a punishment for their crimes, and for not having acted according to the teachings of their forefathers. The time has come to drive these foreigners out of China." The truth of what he said was evident in the conduct of the Mongol emperor, Chunti, who had given himself over to vice and debauchery of every sort, and appeared blind to the disintegration of his government.

This struggle ended in 1367, when the last Mongol emperor fled to Mongolia, where he died three years later, and the Yuen, or Mongol, dynasty was succeeded by that of Choo, who assumed the name of Hongwou, and who styled his line Ming, meaning "bright." We have told how a shoemaker established the dynasty of Song, and now we see a peasant made emperor by his ability and discretion, which goes to show that the rise of humble men to lofty positions is not confined to republics.

Hongwou, knowing the dislike of his countrymen for a military form of government, was careful not to give his rule that character, though he rewarded his faithful generals in a fitting manner. He soon proved himself a benefactor of literature, endowing Hanlan College, which had

fared ill of late, causing to be written a history of the Yuen dynasty, and composing the "Book of Laws," by which the common people were enlightened in regard to the way they were governed; he did a great deal, also, for national education, founded many public libraries, cut down court expenses, and accomplished much toward the support of the aged. All this was in such marked contrast to the lavish outlays of the Mongols, that Hongwou was everywhere lauded in high terms.

The famous summer palace of Kublai had been destroyed during the



HAN-TSEUEN, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

campaigns against the Mongols, and, as he discouraged further embellishment of the northern capital of the Kins and Yuens, Pekin became only a second-rate city under the Ming dynasty, and Nankin, as it deserved, was raised to be a national seat of government. On the whole, the reign of Hongwou, which continued for thirty years, or until 1383, exemplified the highest civilisation and constituted the noblest example of fidelity to justice of any reign over China. His power extended from the Corean frontier and the Great Wall to the Burma border on the south, and the population of the empire at this time was supposed to

be about sixty millions. His dynasty rivals that of the Hans in the regard of the Chinese people.

After continuing in power for three centuries, the Ming dynasty shared the fate of those that had gone before, as the later Mings, one after another, fell from the high precepts of the founder, until a new dynasty of Tartars seized the throne. There was much hard fighting, however, before this was accomplished, and, during the reign of the Ming emperor, Wanleh, China narrowly escaped invasion at the hands of the Japanese.

THE CATARACT OF SHIH-TAN.

Hideyoshi, an ambitious monarch of humble birth, held the reins of government, and it was his purpose to make Corea an ally and China a vassal of his empire. This would seem like a sort of belated retaliation for the raid on Japan made in the reign of Kublai. The manifesto of the Japanese emperor to the Corean king is worthy of reproduction. In it he said: "I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with hoar-frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces. Should I carry out this purpose, I hope Corea will be my vanguard. Let her not fail to be so, for my friendship

to your honourable country depends solely on your conduct when I lead my army against China."

If looking to an alliance with the people of the peninsula, Hideyoshi treated them as enemies when he opened his campaign, and the first victories of his army were over the raw recruits of the Coreans. China awakened to her danger, and offered at first a valiant resistance. But so much antagonism existed among the Chinese generals that, notwithstanding the superior number of their soldiers, they failed to drive the Japanese from the field, and retired, after having added to the stigma of their conduct the murder of two of the Japanese princes, leaving the Coreans at the mercy of the invaders. The death of Hideyoshi saved China from what might have been a humiliating end.

During the reign of Wanleh, China for the first time began intercourse with Europeans, the Portuguese entering China at this time. But the conduct of these foreigners, whom they believed with good reasons came under the guise of merchants as spies that they might afterward "fall upon them with fire and sword," did much toward arousing a bitterness against all newcomers. The Portuguese obtained a foothold at Macao.

Soon afterward the Spanish settled in the Philippines, and tried to open trade with the Chinese. At this period, too, the latter began to emigrate to the archipelago, becoming the most prosperous colonists, owing to their frugal and industrious lives. This awakened Spain to an apprehension of the fact that she was being outdone by the Celestials in the Orient. Rumours were set on foot that the Chinese were plotting to kill every Spanish subject, and, under cover of this claim, the Spaniards made their disgraceful and wholesale attack upon the Chinese, in which a large number perished. Still the Chinese continued to fly in the face of fate by flocking to the islands, and massacres of the most deplorable nature followed. Little credit belongs to the entrance of the Portuguese into China, or of the Spanish into any part of the Far East. Both sought to tyrannise over the Celestial, while seeking to keep away other foreigners, notably among them the Dutch, who persistently tried to open trade in these ports.

There was one class of foreigners whom the Chinese received with favour, and these were the men sent thither by the Roman Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, numbering among them such self-sacrific-

ing men as Matthew Ricci and Michel Roger. They proved the friends of literature, and to them belongs the credit of revising the Chinese calendar. Though making themselves useful to the Chinese, and being received with marked distinction by the latter, they failed to succeed to any extent in the work that had been their prime object in coming to China. The people accepted slowly and with backward looks the teachings of the foreign church.

In the year when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, to begin

DYEING AND WINDING SILK.

their arduous undertaking of forming a church and a government in the wilderness of New England, the Emperor Wanleh died, leaving as his heritage the crumbling throne of the Mings, and a new awakening of foreign power and influence in the Far East more momentous than aught that had been met in the long centuries past.

Two invasions of Tartars have been described, that of the Kins and then that of the Mongols, and now we come to a third. Upon being overthrown, some of the leaders of the Kins retired to the broad plains forming the eastern end of the Siberian steppes. Here they lost their pride of name, and generation after generation lived and died comparatively

unknown, until from out of the petty feuds common to such wild clans arose a man who was capable of solidifying the masses and of leading them to victory, such as their ancestors might have looked upon with tribal exultation. The race was now known as the Manchus, and the cradle in which the race had been nurtured was a picturesque valley lying at the foot of Long White Mountains, which sheltered it from the biting blasts of the north, and its climate tempered to a mildness by the sea on three sides. On the whole, Manchuria is a smaller country than that

HONG-KONG FROM KOW-LOON.

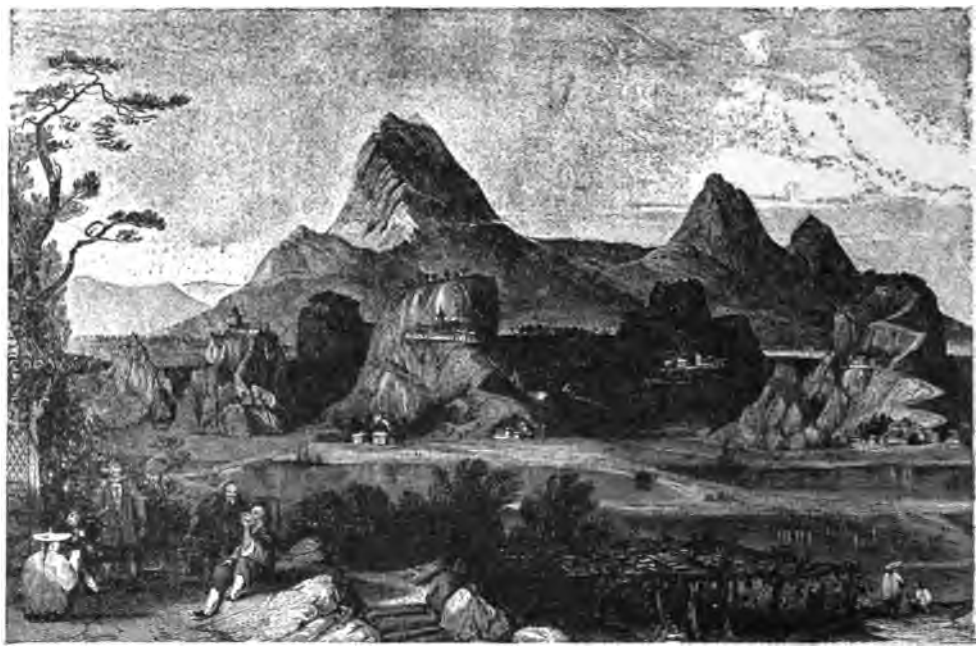
from which sprang the Mongols, but it is similar to it in general appearance.

The name of the latest conqueror from the northland was Noorhachu, and, after gaining several victories from the clans outside of the empire of the Mings, he marched into China in 1618, just two years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth. Inside of three years he had captured the Chinese city of Moukden, and made it his capital. This was in the province of Liautung, which he brought under his dominion.

Noorhachu met his first defeat when he came to match his crude weapon of warfare against the cannon that the Chinese had obtained from

the Portuguese, and under this cloud he died soon after. His son Taitsong went on with the work of conquest which the former had begun, and in 1635 assumed the title of emperor, taking the seal of the Mongol dynasty, which had been lost two hundred years before, but had been found at this time in opportune season for his use.

The dominion of Taitsong was very much limited, and fighting was continually going on all over the empire. The leading spirit of the Manchu invasion died in 1643, though this did not stop the intruders



TSEIH LING YEN, OR, THE SEVEN-STAR MOUNTAINS.

from keeping up their contest. In addition, the Chinese, whose empire now lay to the south, were beset by a rebel who gave them more trouble than the Manchus. In this dilemma Wou Sankwei, the gallant general at the head of the imperial army, finding himself unable to cope successfully with the insurgents, invited the Manchus to lend their assistance. This was simply repeating what had been done to the Khitans in order to overcome the Kins, and it seemed a sort of retributive justice that the Manchus were allowed to pay the old debt long overdue their ancestors. At any rate, the rebels driven from the field, the Manchus prepared to make the most of their advantage. Taitsong's young son was the

nominal head of the new power, who acted through his uncle, Prince Dorgan. The latter as regent proclaimed his nephew Emperor of China, but it was really a small China over which he pretended to reign. The Chinese emperor by the name of Chunthe ruled over the middle section of the ancient country, with his capital at Nankin. In the south the warrior prince, Wou Sankwei, ruled over a principality, ready to espouse the cause of the imperilled emperor should the latter show himself fit to rule. He was, however, a weak monarch, and his capital soon fell into the hands of the Manchus.

Wou Sankwei alone among the strong leaders remained to oppose the invasion of the Tartars, and he did not live to yield or to witness the defeat of his followers, but died at the head of his army. With his fall the Manchus found little serious opposition to meet. They improved the first opportunity to remove Wou's body from its tomb, and to scatter its ashes over the eighteen provinces of the empire, so that no part of the man whom they had been unable to coerce or intimidate could be found.

At their victory at Leaoutung the Manchus made the Chinese shave their heads in order to escape massacre, and this custom was followed through the conquest. Then, singularly enough, the shaved head and queue, which had originated in the sorrow of a humbled pride, was accepted as the universal feature of the race.

The conquest of the Manchus was a particularly severe blow to the Chinese, inasmuch as it had been effected by a comparatively small body of invaders. The Mongol seizure of the empire had been made by a powerful and well-trained army, and only after many years of stubborn resistance. However, it should be said to the credit of the Chinese that their new rulers had to meet them more than half way in shaping the affairs of the government. The Emperor Chuntche died young, to be succeeded by his son Hanghi, who ruled for sixty-one years, or until 1722, and it is due to this able monarch and the second following him, his grandson Keen Lung, that China finally became cemented into one grand whole. This last named emperor ruled the same length of time as his grandfather, and then abdicated that he might not throw disgrace on his ancestor. Under him Tibet was added to China, and the wild tribes of Mongolia, after centuries of hostility, were brought under subjection.

The reign of Yung Ching—1722 to 1735—was marked by two terrible calamities, though he was not to blame for either. The first of these was an overflow of the Hoang-ho, which desolated the country to such an extent that forty thousand persons had to be fed by the government for four months. In

A CHINESE BARBER.

1730 the entire province of Pechili was visited by an earthquake, which destroyed one hundred thousand lives, laid in ruins a good por-

tion of Pekin, and demolished the imperial palace beside other notable buildings.

On the whole, the Manchu dynasty opened upon a prosperous era, and so rapidly did the number of inhabitants increase that the government seriously wondered whether enough rice could be grown to feed the people. In order to avert possible disaster, such methods as offering widows a pension if they would not remarry, and promising rewards to old bachelors if they would remain celibates, were resorted to in the hope of effecting a check in the growth of the population.

PUNISHMENT OF THE BASTINADO.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW EUROPE ENTERED CHINA.

IF there is or has been any truth in Tennyson's dictum: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," for over three centuries Europeans have been determined to learn for themselves. Their feelings and situation were very similar to that of the child who was told that something had been locked up in the closet which he must not have to play with. Though surrounded with objects of attraction that under ordinary circumstances would have made him happy, his curiosity had been aroused, and he would not be contented until he had looked behind the forbidden door. So it has been with foreigners in regard to China, and an entrance through the gates of the "Purple Forbidden City" was the only end in view.

On the other hand, it was the national trait of the Chinese to remain in seclusion. Their education was laid upon this foundation; their religious teachings imbued them with this spirit. Thus, longer than there is any record or tradition to show for it, they have avoided rather than sought the companionships of other people, their exceptions to this rule being their desultory dealings with the Japanese, an occasional voyage

to the Philippines, and their defensive relations with the hungry Tartars of the north, the Tibetans of the west, and the Burmese of the south. The visits of the enterprising Venetians, the Polos, must have been events of great interest to them, but even the wonderful accounts of these intrepid travellers regarding the world beyond them quickened no impulse on the part of the mighty khan to know for himself, nor did they lift the mind of a single subject above the barrier of self-seclusion, higher and more insurmountable than the Great Wall that their ancestors had raised against the hordes of the steppes. The appearance of the Portuguese vessels off the coast in 1516 and of the others that followed, had little visible effect on the opening of the gates of Cathay to the world. The entrance of the adventurous missionaries of the Jesuit faith about this time gave promise of greater results, but a little later they were swept from the country without a show of compassion. The story of actual entrance of foreigners into the Flowery Kingdom at last forms an interesting chapter in the checkered history of the ancient empire.

So far the attempts at entrance had been made in an insidious manner, but in 1567 an envoy from Russia dared to knock boldly at the closed gate for admission. What a shock it must have been to the imperial hermit, the Rip Van Winkle of the Far East, as he awoke on that fair spring morning at the stranger's call. As the visitor's errand was that of the peaceful nature of trade, the ancient sleeper let him in. Either the prospect was too small for the outlay, or his reception was too formal, for his tarry was not long, and he did not hasten to return. In 1653, nearly a hundred years later, Russia repeated her attempt to open business with the Middle Kingdom, and a century of patient waiting brought about a system of overland commerce which has been continued, with more or less interruption, ever since. The White Empire has maintained a mission station at Pekin.

Meanwhile, in 1637, a little fleet of English vessels commanded by Captain Weddell anchored off Canton. The Chinese, with their characteristic suspicion of foreigners, fired on one of the English boats. This aroused the bluff Captain Weddell, and he opened fire upon the Chinese, dismantling the fort, carrying off its guns, and capturing a couple of merchant junks. Naturally, such an introduction called for means of pacification, and it took Great Britain fifty years to appease the

anger of the Chinese enough to obtain trade privileges at Canton and Ning-po.

For nearly a hundred years to follow, in their anxiety to open negotiations with the mysterious power of the Far East, the Europeans came humbly, one after another. Besides bestowing lavish offerings along with their petitions, they entered into the presence of his Imperial Majesty by performing the *kotow*, which consisted of making obeisance three times until the forehead touched the floor. The haughty Portuguese had done

FEEDING SILKWORMS, AND SORTING THE COCOONS.

this; the stout Hollander had done this; the stalwart Russian had done this; and the bold Britons did this until 1792, when Great Britain's ambassador, the Earl of Macartney, squarely refused to perform this slavish ceremony, to the great dismay of the Chinese officials. If this bold foreigner failed to be received into the presence of the shocked emperor, he accomplished that which was of vastly more importance to the empire and the rest of the world, for he broke down the foolish rule which had governed for centuries the courts of Cathay.

Of all the centuries of China's long life, the nineteenth A. D. has been the most eventful, and this was opened by the hoisting of the American

flag before Canton in 1802, marking the first act in the beginning of commercial intercourse between the Western and the Eastern world, the new and the old. Trade grew so rapidly from this time that within half a century Canton became the foremost commercial centre in the Far East, and one among the few important ports of the world's commerce. Nor was this business wave felt only along the seacoast, for the inland villages hundreds of miles away knew something of its force in the employment it gave to a vast number of people in the making of articles

COTTON PLANTATIONS AT NING-PO.

for the foreign markets. The transportation of these goods, also, gave work to a large number who moved them, in some cases thousands of miles, by the primitive methods known to the Chinese. But, while certain ones of the masses received this with pleasure, it was looked upon with unqualified disapproval by those in high positions, and the revenue accruing from this output was set down by them as tribute from the several nations, who were filed in the records of the Middle Kingdom as vassals to the Chinese empire!

Still there is a dark side to this picture, reflecting no glory upon Great Britain or America, so that the shadow of imperial greatness occupying

the throne of the oldest empire on earth had reason to become concerned. Along with the legitimate trade came an evil that grew in magnitude, until it threatened the ruin of the race. This was the traffic in the unlawful drug, opium. To Great Britain belongs the lion's share of the blame and the shame. British India proved well adapted to raising the poppy, and in that country's eagerness for a market the drug was sent into China until the emperor was compelled to issue an edict against its introduction. This checked its entrance through one avenue to send it through another with increased rapidity and volume. When the legitimate trader was compelled to end his transactions, the smuggler stepped in to carry on the infamous work in a more doubtful manner.

Under the pretence of its being used for medicine, two hundred chests of opium were allowed entrance into the ports of China annually. Of the vast number entered otherwise there is no record, though the aggregate must have reached an appalling figure. The East India Company, then holding a controlling interest in the Asiatic trade, quickly followed the Portuguese in this money-making scheme. The plains of India were particularly adapted to raising the poppy, though it was sure to leave them sterile, and there were countless people depending on these grounds for their food; but these two facts were ignored in the prospect of the gold to be obtained in this unholy traffic. Accordingly, the order was given for the people to begin poppy planting, and the poppy and the company flourished, while the inhabitants of one country suffered for needed food, and those of the other from a deadly drug, which was to work such frightful results. The British government succeeded the East India Company, and continued the miserable business. This was the tea party of the Far East, with poppy as the upas plant. Some years ago, as the foreign inhabitants of a Chinese city were driven out under the threat of death, the cry followed them like the sentence of a judge long deferred: "You burned our summer palace; you killed our emperor; you poison our people; you are foreign devils!"

Something of the proportions assumed by this traffic may be inferred from the fact that over fifty craft in 1840, flying the British and American flags, were plying this trade on Canton River alone, while elsewhere it was carried on with an energy worthy of a better cause. The Chinese

officials, in their desperation, undertook more severe measures to suppress the trade. Some of the boats were seized, but they were all so heavily armed and defended with such stubbornness that the revenue officers soon refused to meddle with them.

Naturally such a sweeping progress must soon or late meet with some sort of a resistance. Opium traffic had become so widespread that even Chinese in high positions, as high as princes, became associated with it. Finally a resolute commissioner was sent from Pekin to Canton to stop

THE POLO TEMPLE, TAI-HOU.

the business at all hazards. The foreigners were peremptorily ordered to give up all of the drug in their hands, and to sign a paper not to bring any more on penalty of death. In the fright which followed over twelve hundred chests of opium were given up to the commissioner. Armed with the full power of the Chinese government, and having information that far larger quantities were in their possession, this official took active measures to cut off the food supply of the foreign settlers, until every ounce in their hands should be turned over to the Chinese authorities. Realising that nothing could be gained by holding out against this, the superintendent of British commerce ordered that the demand should be met.

The result was that within ten hours over twenty thousand chests were given up.

When the faithful commissioner had sent word to Pekin what he had done, the reply came back for him to destroy every ounce of the drug. This order was carried out by mixing lime and salt water with the opium and then running the whole mass into the river. The loss to the foreigners was claimed to be over ten millions of dollars, and it aroused fierce and bitter feelings. This was in 1839, and the following year the

MANDARIN PAYING A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

British government sent word to Captain Elliott, in command at Canton, to declare war if China did not indemnify for the loss of property. With her usual indifference to outside demands, China did not offer to settle, and in 1841 the port of Canton was blockaded by the British, followed by a bombardment of the fort. Finding this did not have the desired effect, other places were blockaded. The town of Ting-hai was taken, and the armed fleet moved up the river, capturing fort after fort, until the now alarmed Chinese ransomed their city for six million dollars.

Still the emperor, without realising the actual strength of the power he was silently defying, remained inactive, while the fleet again moved,

this time northward, capturing Amoy, Chin-hai, Ning-po, and then Cha-pu, where the British met the fiercest fighters of the campaign, the Tartars of Manchuria. Finding themselves worsted at last, these valiant defenders killed their wives and children, and ended their own careers by suicide. The forts at the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang were seized, Shanghai captured, and Nankin, the ancient capital, threatened. Here a most desperate resistance was made by the Manchu soldiers, of whom, out of a force of nearly five thousand, less than five hundred escaped with their lives.

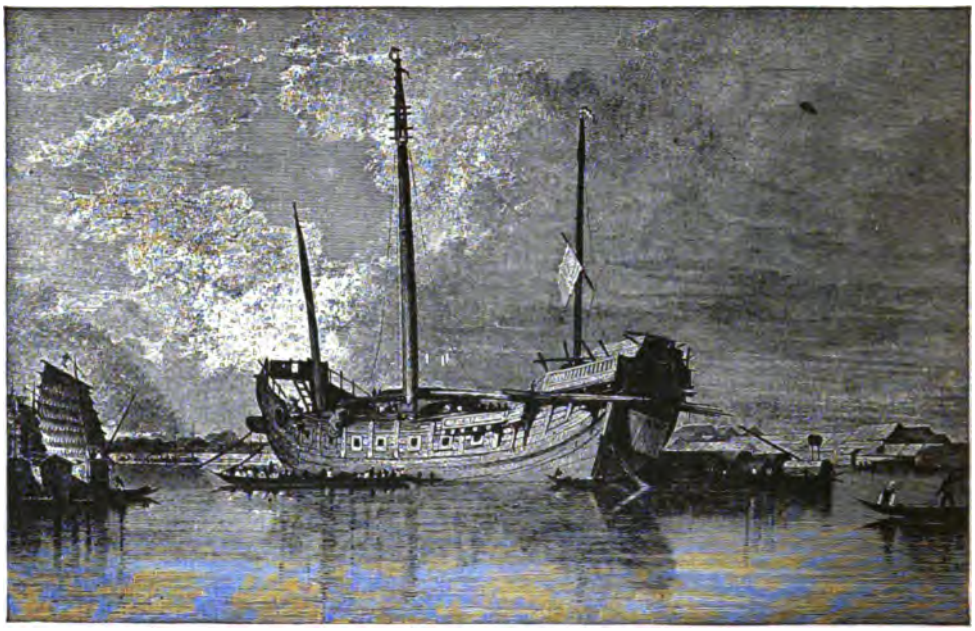
At last the eyes of the emperor were opened to the peril of his situation, and he hastened to agree to a treaty of peace, among the stipulations being an agreement to pay the British government twenty-one million dollars, and to open to British trade the five important ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shanghai, while the island upon which Hong-kong is situated was ceded to them.

One of the results of this war, which was waged solely for the purpose of forcing upon China a drug that in its evils was not to be measured, was to bring other foreign nations forward in a demand to receive equal advantages with their British neighbour. In 1844 the United States obtained a treaty of commerce, and from that time has maintained a friendly intercourse. It has been remarked that some of the vessels engaged in the opium traffic carried American flags, but this country did not become involved in the war, and at a later day forbade her traders to sell opium in China. There was one firm whose name deserves to be placed on record as refusing to allow a chest of opium to be carried on their ships from first to last, — Messrs. Oliphant & Company.

Before dismissing this subject of the opium war, it is only just to admit that the Chinese had long been addicted to the use of the drug. Sir Robert Hart, the inspector-general of the Chinese customs, has said: "Native opium was known, produced, and used long before any Europeans began the sale of the foreign drug along the coast." Opium trade with India was begun by the Portuguese, though this is no excuse for another race to take it up.

The origin of the use of the drug is explained by Chinese writers, who do not deny that in ancient days the people were greatly addicted to drinking stimulating liquor. As far back as 116 B. C. the downfall of

the empire was predicted by an imperial announcement unless the people cured themselves of the vice of drink. Strong threats and penalties were uttered against those who were prone to the evil, and the emperor went on to say to his officials, "If you learn of any who drink in company, seize them all and send them to me, and I will put them to death." The "Shoo-king," or book of ancient history, and the "Shee-king," or book of early poetry, both frequently refer to the evil results of drinking wine and stimulating liquors. Even farther back than this it must have



A CHINESE JUNK, CANTON RIVER.

existed to an alarming extent, for the writings of Confucius and Mencius, 478 and 388 B. C., respectively, contain frequent warnings against the habit. In fact, the love of play and drink, to the neglect of filial duties, seems to have been one of the greatest sins from which they tried to save their followers.

A great check came to this national evil upon the introduction of the Buddhist religion into China. But if this religion could stop in a great measure this form of weakness, it could not allay the human thirst for stimulant of some kind. Buddhism did not forbid the use of opium, and the Chinaman who laid aside his drinking glass simply substituted the

pipe. Whether the change were a benefit to him it is not for us to judge. Certainly there is not a race on earth, as far as our knowledge goes, who can reasonably fling the first stone. Opium was cheaper and more convenient than the wines and liquors he had been drinking, and he represents a race poor and avaricious by nature. The results obtained by the drug seem in such wonderful harmony with the Buddhist scheme of Nirvana that it is not altogether improbable that one suggested the other. The influence of the drug is of that nature which causes the poor man

VILLAGE ON THE CANAL NEAR CANTON.

to lose sight of his poverty, and become insensible to the pangs of disease. Even in dreams he is for the time being lord of a beautiful palace, and though temporarily, he has found that Nirvana, the desire and end of all good Buddhists. If the awakening shows him the passing of an illusion, he has only to repeat his experiment.

Of course government made from the first strenuous efforts to stop the use of opium, though without avail. It began to be raised in China as soon as there was a demand for it, and at the present time it is extensively cultivated in the provinces of Yunnan, Szechuan, Manchuria, and Mongolia. The amount grown in the Chinese empire equals that

raised in the whole of Hindustan. The trouble is that the Indian poppy is superior to that produced in China, and the Chinaman who can afford it will have the former if possible.

In regard to the effect of the use of the drug, there is no doubt that this has been overstated. The examples taken for warning were those of the very worst type. The Indian opium in its unadulterated form does not seem to have done any alarming harm, notwithstanding all that has been said. The sensational writer who has pictured so vividly the opium "den," would do well to look nearer home before he condemns a whole race, which has shown itself to be one of the hardiest and most industrious on earth. It has been said that the poppy creates paupers, but there is no real proof of this statement. In reality, as incongruous as it may seem, a Chinaman's remarkable industry is the worst enemy to his progress. He is too willing to do sixteen hours of work for six hours' pay. In short, the use of opium can be stopped at any time the person using it wishes, as truly as the habit of tobacco smoking can be ended. It does not demoralise more than the use of intoxicating drinks; neither is it a worse enemy to long life and happiness than intemperance. On the other hand, the benefits arising from its use are equal to, if not greater, than those coming from alcohol. The Chinese prescribe opium for various ailments, such as neuralgia, rheumatism, cold in the head, colic, cancer, asthma, pulmonary consumption, — a remedy which has quick effect without leaving any of the bad after results following the American use of opiates. Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, probably stated a truth when he said: "If a stroke of a pen were to deprive us of opium revenue to-morrow, the consumption of the drug would continue in spite of us, and it is as much beyond our power to put an end to the use of opium in India and China as it would be beyond the power of the friends of temperance in England to put absolute stop to the consumption of intoxicating liquors in that country." Both are great evils which are likely to exist until man shall be able to command his appetites.

The old saying, "that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," was proved true in the case of China, for in spite of the bitter humiliation she suffered, the empire was benefited in the matter of foreign intercourse. But the reign of peace was of short duration, as it was broken in 1856 through the seizure of a native vessel bearing the flag of Great Britain.

PAGODA AT NINGPO.

For this indignity against their national standard the British demanded an apology. This was refused. Again Canton was bombarded and her forts destroyed. The French this time joined with the English, and, finding her fleet of war-ships disabled and Canton in the hands of her enemies, China, who had not forgotten the opium war, consented to allow the foreigners greater privileges. But the victors were not satisfied with the request to treat at Canton, and asked that it be done at the imperial capital. Their fleets sailed to Tien-tsin, the port of Pekin, situated at

THE SPECTACLE OF "THE SUN AND MOON."

the mouth of the Pei-Ho. Russia and the United States agreed to enter into the proposed treaty, but started to go to the capital overland, while the British and French resolved to take their ships up the river. In consequence, they became entangled in an encounter with the Chinese, and suffered a humiliating defeat. The incensed powers now decided to carry war to the very capital of the Middle Kingdom, and the proceedings for the treaty of peace were abruptly ended.

The following year fighting was begun in earnest by the allied powers, when again the brave soldiers of the north showed their valour in a hotly contested battle. For the first time the bold Tartars matched their

bows, arrows, and spears against modern implements of warfare, to find at last a foeman more than worthy of their prowess. The explosion of a shell in their midst sent the dashing cavalry flying in every direction. The way was soon cleared to the imperial capital, upon which the officers of the allies gazed for the first time by climbing upon the tops of some brick kilns overgrown with grass.

An attack was made on the 5th of October, 1860, by the allied armies simultaneously from two points, and, though the Chinese made a desperate resistance, the result was swift and inevitable. The emperor, upon hearing of the swift and destructive advance of the allied forces toward his capital, instead of remaining to meet them at the head of his army, sought safety by flying to the imperial pleasure-ground.

Upon finding that the feeble representative of Chinese power had fled, the British and French hastened with all speed possible to the summer palace, a walled enclosure standing a few miles north of Pekin, hoping to catch the imperial fugitive there. But he had gone from here to that grand enclosure on the edge of the wide-spreading plains of Tartary and outside of the Great Wall, which has been described as it was in the days of Kublai.

The summer palace had been left in charge of some three hundred eunuchs, who had been instructed by their cowardly emperor "to make a gallant defence." The eunuchs did make a short and sharp resistance at the gate, but the French speedily put them to rout, and the sacred entrance to the imperial grounds, where only the "sublime ruler" and a few faithful followers had ever been allowed to pass, was now trodden by the sacrilegious feet of the foreign invaders. What the feelings of these victorious "barbarians" were, as their spurred heels clanked on the marble floor before the emperor's "divine throne," can only be imagined. How strangely their foreign tongues must have echoed through the great palace hall where silence had reigned so long, and where only silent attendants had crept with bowed form and cringing spirit to do homage to the austere "Brother of the Sun and Moon," is left for the imagination to picture.

In describing the imperial scene Swinhoe has said: "The emperor is seated on his ebony throne, attired in a yellow robe wrought over with dragons in gold thread, his head surmounted with a spherical crown of

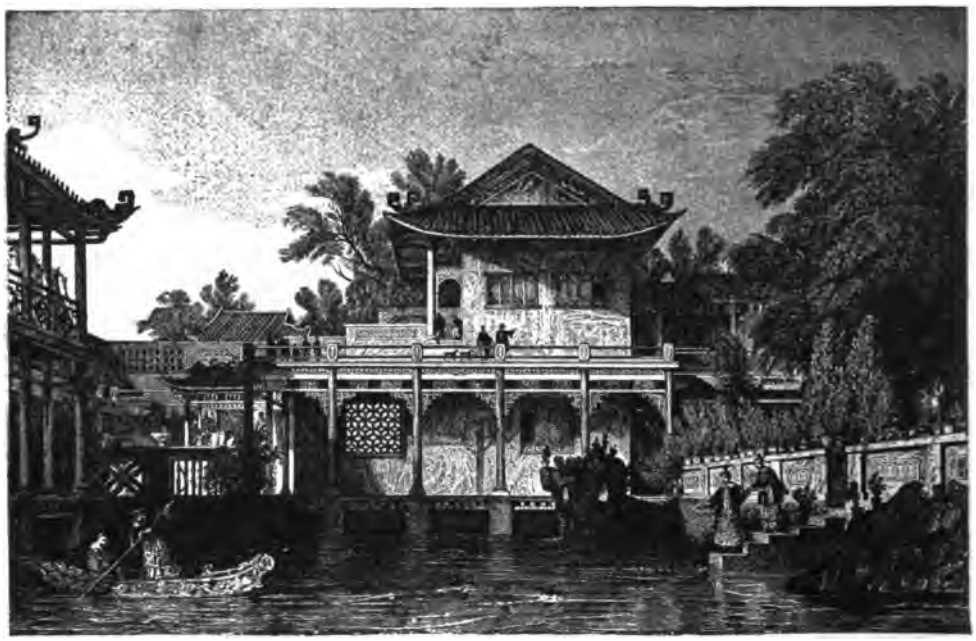
gold and precious stones, with pearl drops suspended around on light gold chains. His eunuchs and ministers, in court costume, are ranged on either side on their knees, and his guard of honour and musicians drawn up in two lines in the courtyard without. The name of the distinguished person to be introduced is called out, and as he approaches the band strikes up. He draws near the awful throne, and, looking on the ground, drops on his knees before the central steps. He removes his hat from his head, and places it on the throne floor with its peacock feather

CITY OF NING-PO, FROM THE RIVER.

toward the imperial donor. The emperor moves his hand, and down goes the humble head, and the forehead strikes on the step three times three. The head is then raised, but the eyes are still meekly lowered, as the imperial voice in thrilling accents pronounces the behest of the great master. The voice hushed, down goes the head again, and acknowledges the sovereign right, and the privileged individual is allowed to withdraw." The scene described is not imaginary, but warranted by the accounts of the natives.

In the place of this imperial vanity was now a scene of wild disorder and ruin. The rare treasures of the absent emperor were divided between

the leaders of the invading soldiery, that they might be sent as gifts to their royal rulers. General Montauban ordered that no looting should follow their capture until the British had reached the scene. But the temptation surrounding them proved too much for the cupidity of officers as well as soldiers, so that before their allies reached the palace the miserable work of despoliation and plunder had begun. Upon the arrival of the British on the 7th all restrictions were removed, and what the



A FOUNTAIN COURT IN CANTON.

invaders could not carry off was destroyed, and finally the magnificent building itself was given over to the torch.

From the descriptions given of the place by those who were present, we learn that the sacred enclosure covered a broad extent of territory, and contained, scattered over hills and valleys, many of the former made by man, palaces, temples, and pagodas, set amid gardens of great beauty and luxury. Some of the artificial hills with terraced slopes were from three to four hundred feet in altitude and covered with forests, from amid the foliage of which gleamed the palace roofs, made conspicuous by their bright yellow tiles. An artificial lake having several islands was not least among the attractions, the shores of this set with grottoes and

gardens of flowers, with flowering creepers running to the water's edge, making one of the emperor's favourite walks. In places the promenade was laid across beautiful stone arches and terraces built over the water. This scene of mimic grandeur was made doubly glorious by the background of high mountains.

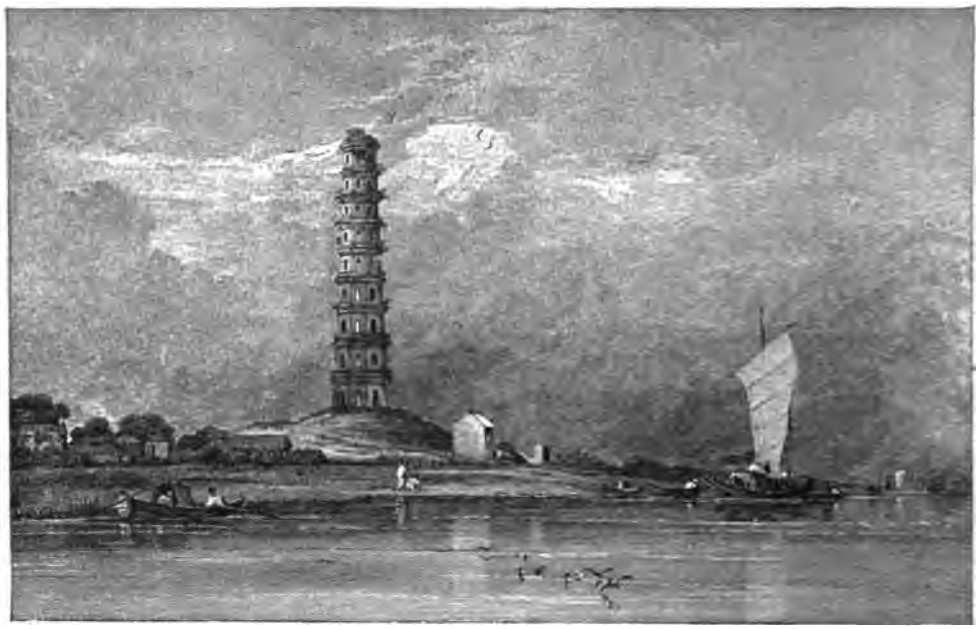
From the work of desolation done here the allied armies headed again for the imperial capital, and on the 12th, as the besiegers stood at the Anting gate waiting to know if the Chinese would surrender peacefully or force them to an attack, word came that the officials of the doomed capital had chosen to yield without resistance. Immediately the British and French marched through the gate with drums beating and flags flying, while the Chinese retreated in dismay.

In answer to the demand for a release of all foreign prisoners, the Chinese surrendered several persons whom they had been holding in captivity, and the bodies of a few others. The pitiable condition of the living and the evidence of suffering which had caused the untimely fate of the dead so aroused the British spectators that only the solemn pledge that the safety of the city should be maintained upon the condition of capitulation saved Pekin from being ravaged by the frenzied soldiers. As it was, in spite of the advice and example of the French, their wrath was hurled upon the suburbs, which they claimed were not included in the terms of surrender made at the gate. A vandalism was begun too shocking to be described. "Soon flames appeared above the devoted structures, and long columns of smoke rose to the sky, increasing in width and density as the day waned, until the canopy of smoke hung like a vast storm-cloud over Pekin, and the sorrowful eyes of those on the walls saw the flashing fire, that told of the swift destruction of what it had taken centuries to build." The work of destruction and pillage went on for two shameful days, which it would be better for Great Britain to efface, were it possible, from the pages of her history. It was estimated that property to the enormous value of over ten million dollars was destroyed.

It was useless for the Chinese to murmur, and the humiliated power was forced to accept the inevitable with as good grace as possible. Lord Elgin gave the distracted emperor a fixed time in which to sign the treaty for which they had come hither, or else to suffer the consequence

of seeing the palace of Pekin seized, and the Forbidden City razed to the ground.

There was no alternative for the Chinese, and they sued humbly for the cessation of hostilities. To show his triumph, the arrogant Lord Elgin was conveyed in a magnificent sedan-chair to the treaty hall at the head of eighty thousand British soldiers, and then borne by a party of coolies through all of the principal streets of Pekin, watched by the Chinese with amazement and terror. This was on the 24th of October,



CHINESE PAGODA, BETWEEN CANTON AND WHAMPOA.

1860, and, at the completion of the treaty, the Chinese tendered a banquet to the victors, which was declined by the British, who dared not trust them, fearing the food might be poisoned. The French, however, accepted a similar offer, and fared none the worse for it, while winning thereby the confidence of their hosts.

It will thus be seen that from the beginning to this important treaty the introduction of Europe to China had not been such as to gain either the confidence or the friendship of the Celestials. But if a rude awakening, from that eventful day in October China began to be known to the rest of the world. Thirteen years later, in 1873, when the emperor

Tung-chi attained his majority, he revoked the decree demanding the kotow, so that foreign ambassadors were at last allowed the freedom accorded by other rulers when coming into the imperial presence, thus acknowledging them his equal. The representative of Japan was first favoured in this respect, while the United States came next, and then Russia, Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TAIPING REBELLION.

ALTHOUGH an agricultural people and not a fighting race, never seeking the glamour of battle and the music of arms as the Japanese have done, the Chinese have a history written in crimson characters, each page filled with the killing of people by the wholesale, until it would seem to the modern reader as if the slaughter of helpless men, women, and children was carried on as a pastime. According to the custom of those warlike days few victories failed to be followed by the death of so many of the conquered people that the depopulation of the country seemed inevitable. Add to these startling numbers the appalling loss of life from epidemics, disease, and disasters, and only one result appears in view, and that the ultimate disappearance of the race. Not only in scattered regions of the great country have villages, towns, and cities been swept out of existence, leaving no trace to speak of their unhappy fate, but, says Colonel W. W. Rockhill, an American who has lived many years in China, "so bitter and relentless has been the spirit of the conquerors, that whole provinces of the Chinese Empire once densely populated now are little more than deserts." As an illustration of this terrible work of desolation, it is said that in the early part of the fifteenth century the nephew of Hung Wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, made such a raid through what was then known as the Yen province, that he is credited with putting to death every person in his pathway. The extent of this horrible slaughter of human lives, whose only crime was the fact that they belonged to the following of one prince at war with another, may be better understood when it is taken into consideration that this depopulated district stretched from the Yangtse Kiang to Pekin, a distance of more than five hundred miles through the richest plains of the Far East. This fearful act of retribution went into history as "Yen Wang's sweeping the north," and to restore this large tract of country emigration from other parts of the empire was made

THE FRENCH CONCESSION, SHAMIEN.

imperative, and hence a great number of people from the southern provinces were settled over the depopulated country. In spite of this remorseless warfare upon human life, the million of people with whom history begins has multiplied and compounded, until to-day the population of the empire has increased four hundred fold.

Chinese justice is founded upon Chinese ideals of what is right and wrong. This must always be borne in mind when judging the race, in order to reach anything like a just comparison. We have seen that the history of the empire is made up largely of insurrections and rebellions, one faction against another, and all against the emperor in the end. So long as the head of the government ruled with what his subjects considered wisdom and humanity he was sure of ardent supporters, but as soon as he incurred their displeasure or doubt his couch was a bed of thorns. In this respect the Chinese were different from the Japanese, who never admitted that their emperor was in error. The machinery of the government might not be working right, but, however heavy fell its burdens, it was the fault of its lower officials, and not that of its sacred head.

BUDDHIST WOMEN AT THEIR DEVOTIONS.

It was under this spirit of dissatisfaction with the old régime that the Chinese submitted to be governed by the Manchu dynasty. This line began by meriting their favour, and for several generations displayed great wisdom and strength. Then, like those that had preceded it, the

line weakened, going rapidly from bad to worse. It was at its worst in the middle of the nineteenth century. In the midst of wide-spread murmurings of dissensions and rebellions the emperor died, leaving his son ill-prepared and little disposed to check the general uprisings, and the result was that a youth professing to belong to the Ming dynasty was proclaimed ruler.

CHINESE LADIES IN FOREIGN DRESS.

He had barely ascended the throne before rebellion broke out that was to prove in many ways the strongest, most vital in its aims, and certainly the most remarkable in the long list of attempted revolutions. It was the strongest because led by one of the ablest men that China ever knew; it was the most powerful because it was a religious revolt, which means more in China than in any other land; it was the strangest because it was a Christian insurrection headed by a disciple of Confucius, who claimed to have found through dreams special inspiration from Christ.

This powerful religious leader was the son of a simple peasant living in a suburb of Canton. His name was Hung Su-tseuen, who declared that for forty days in succession he had dreamed that he was called upon

to tear down the idols of his people and teach them the true God. He did not act at once, however, but the idea seemed to sleep until he accidentally ran across a pamphlet containing several chapters from the New Testament. Upon reading this, he exclaimed that he was the chosen one of God to spread the light of his religion over benighted China.

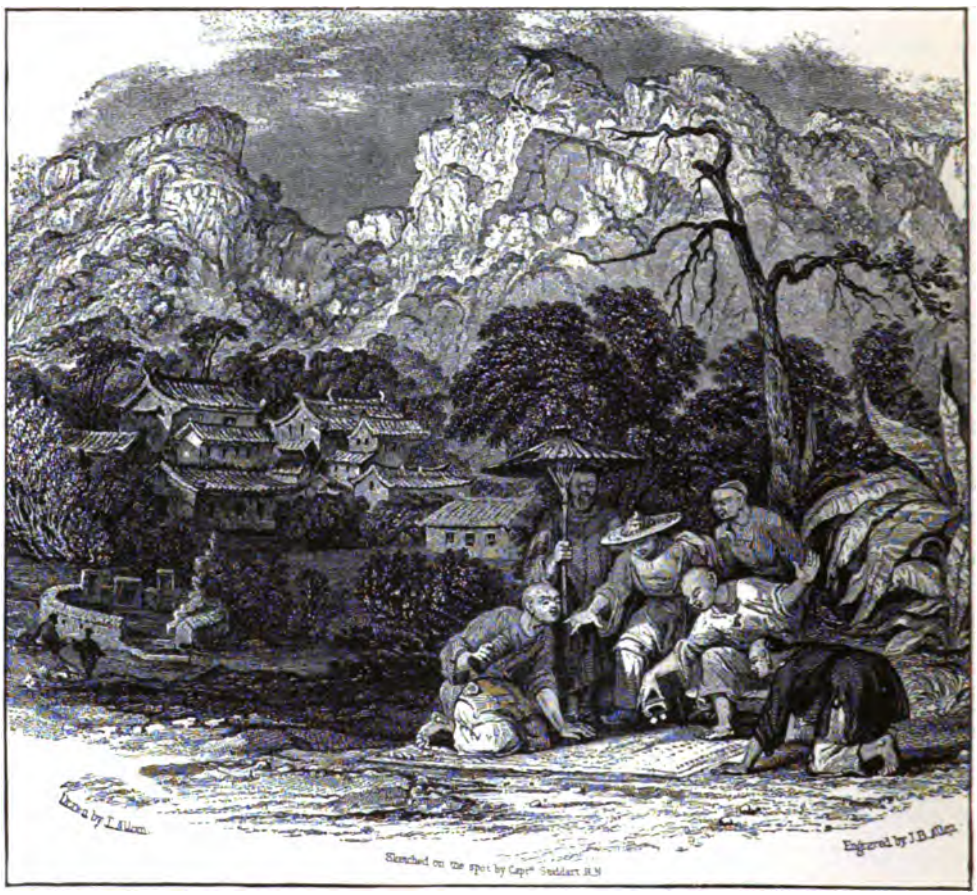
Among the first to be converted to his belief was one named Fung Yun-san, who soon proved to be just the man he needed to help carry on his work, the new convert proving himself to be a great soldier. The two, working together, immediately began a religious tour of the country, making believers wherever they went. The officials became alarmed at the great number of their people renouncing the time-honoured doctrines of their ancestors, and resolved to strike a prompt blow at this new creed which aimed at a destruction of the idols, in which resolve they were quickly seconded by the priests, who foresaw their own loss of support if these evangelists of doctrines so foreign to their own were not checked. Accordingly, many of the disciples of Hung Su-tseuen were arrested and thrown into prison, among the others Fung Yun-san. But this course of action failed to gain the object intended, as it aroused the people to renewed interest in the coming creed. Fung Yun-san even converted his captors, and made proselytes of the very soldiers sent to guard him!

Then the religious uprising took a strange twist. Many of Hung's converts were bitterly opposed to the Manchu dynasty, and this fact, coupled with the powerful religious excitement, caused a more rapid increase of the movement than before. Taking advantage of this situation, Hung now declared himself an agent sent from heaven to overpower the Tartar rulers, to establish a Chinese emperor on the throne, and to install the Christian religion in the temples of the land.

The wildest invasion in the history of the empire was then begun by the army of Hung, commanded by Fung Yun-san, who swept down the Yangtse Kiang, carrying everything before him. It was the custom of the insurgents to kneel before going into battle and to pray to God for success, after which they would spring to arms with a fury and fanaticism that even the Tartars could not cope with successfully. Everywhere the imperial troops were routed, until the whole empire became filled with dismay or frenzied rejoicing. Nothing like it had ever been seen in China. The victors observed the Sabbath with religious zeal, and the

doom of the ancient faith seemed certain. Europeans, who met these followers of Christianity, were treated with the highest friendship, and looked upon as "brothers," fellow worshippers of "Yesu," or Jesus.

Hung marched his victorious army over a thousand miles, conquering every city and town in his pathway, to pause finally at Wu-chang. From



DICE-PLAYERS, NEAR AMOY.

this place he marched upon the ancient capital of the empire, Nankin, which fell into his hands. Here he established his capital, proclaiming himself emperor under the title of Teen Wang, or "Heavenly King." The dynasty thus attempted he named the "Taiping," which meant "Brotherhood of the People."

From this standpoint the insurgents pushed out north and south,—south as far as Indo-China, the four great cities of Central China falling

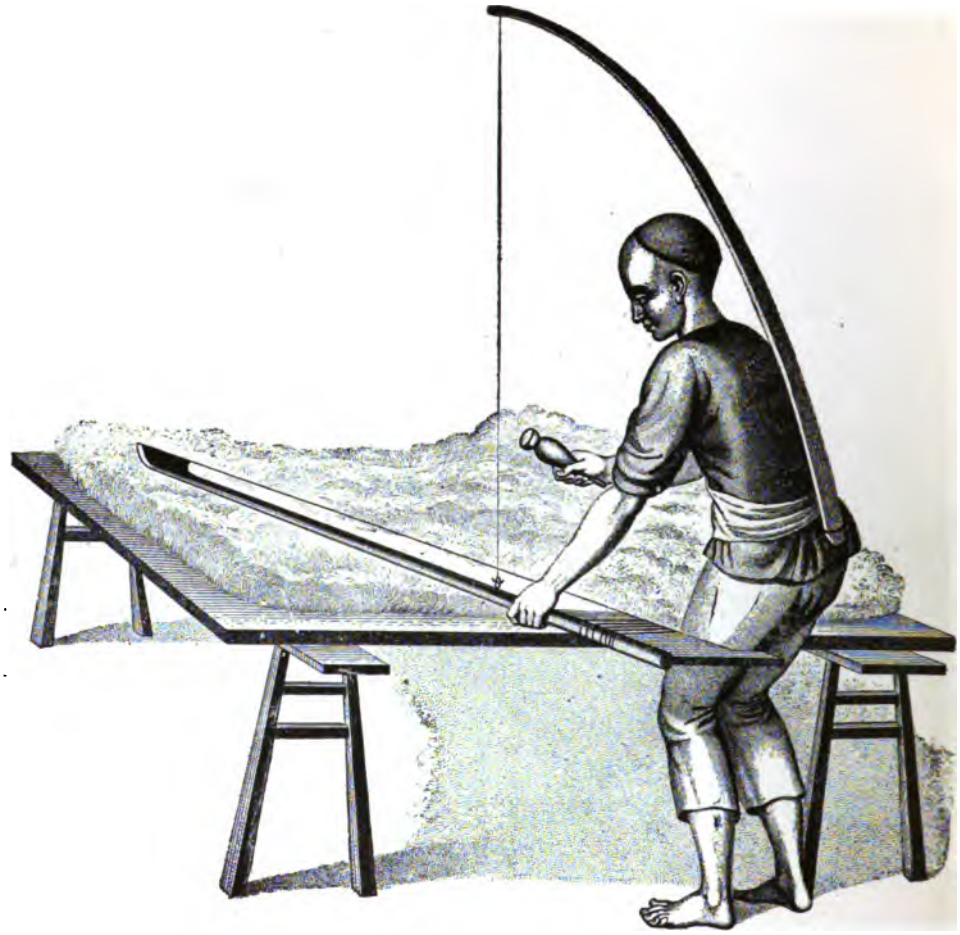
into their power; north as far as Pekin, Tien-tsin being occupied by them at the time of the march of the British and French upon Pekin. It will thus be seen that the Manchu dynasty had this mighty uprising on hand at the time of the second war with Great Britain. In reality it was largely due to this fact that the imperial city fell such an easy prey to the allied powers.

As strange as it may seem, the capture of the Manchu capital by the allied armies proved a worse blow to the Taiping revolutionists than it

KITE-FLYING.

did to the enfeebled Tartars. This was due to the fact that these foreign conquerors ignored the professions of Hung and his followers that they believed in the Christian faith, and that of all the mobs of China this was the only one likely to allow the incoming strangers a friendly reception, and to be willing to build up a trade with them. The little matter of trade in the illicit drug, opium, seemed to bear more weight with the allies than all else, as shameful as this seems in the light of later developments. The Taiping government at Nankin had shown the moral courage to try and put down this miserable traffic, and its emperor issued an order

to seize all Chinese vessels laden with the drug. Then the British ships treated the Taiping junks as pirates, and in the bloody scenes that followed, British sailors and soldiers mingled freely with the combined forces of the Chinese and the French, who favoured the import of the drug. The British participated in over forty battles and massacres, in which,



CLEANING COTTON.

as nearly as can be estimated, over four hundred thousand Chinese Christians were killed! In all that terrible riot of fighting and famine caused by the war two million of Taipings died of starvation.

In reality, the overthrow of the Taipings was due mainly to the untiring efforts and military genius of two men, one of whom was an American and the other an Englishman, the second winning undying fame from his countrymen through that campaign as "Chinese Gordon," the first,

long since forgotten by his countrymen, and now sleeping beneath a magnificent mausoleum at Ning-po, where the grateful Chinese have erected a shrine to his memory, which is kept fresh by ever-burning incense.

The American's name was Frederick Townsend Ward, and he was a

THE STOCKING-MAKER.

native of Salem, Massachusetts. He happened to be in Shanghai at the height of the Taiping outbreaks, and he saw at once that the Chinese army needed greater discipline in order to effect the overthrow of the rebels. He offered his services to the British, who did not look favourably upon him, and laughed at his offer to capture the Chinese cities from

the insurrectionists at so much each. But Ward had early opportunity to prove the worth of his promises.

Shanghai was in danger of an attack, and the merchants resolved to form a foreign regiment to be in readiness to meet the rebels. Mr. Ward and another American adventurer named Burgevine were selected to do the recruiting. The latter was a native of the State of North Carolina, whose father had been an officer under Napoleon; he himself was well educated and a man of great ability, though he had thrown away the bright prospects of his life to become a wanderer over the world. It seemed natural that he should be in China at this time.

Ward and he quickly mustered the foreigners to meet the enemy, and the impatient couple, soon tiring of waiting for the foe to come to them, marched upon Ning-po and captured the city from the undisciplined troops of the "Heavenly King." Fired with the enthusiasm of this victory, Ward began to increase his little army with Chinese recruits, and possessing a natural military tact, began to drill his soldiers. Of course he was still laughed at, but he persevered so well that from his ridiculous file of raw recruits he evolved the army which was to become famous the world over. Then he set to work retaking the cities in the hands of the rebels, and so successful was he that in a short time he was offered more followers than he needed. The people looked on with amazement when they found him victorious against ten times his numbers, and his troops became known as the "Ever-victorious Army," though it must be understood that he was coping with one of the bravest and most skilful generals China ever had. In the midst of the following stirring scenes General Fung Yun-san made his memorable march of five hundred miles over the mountains of Kwangsi in order to save an imperilled town. But though a brave soldier, he lacked the ability to train his men that Ward had.

General Ward had now about six thousand men under him, and he was following up victory after victory, when at the moment of triumph, as the imperial standard was being planted on the works of a small town in the vicinity of Hangchow named Tseki, he was killed by a random shot.

The death of General Ward was a serious loss to the imperial army, which under his command was likely to end the Taiping rebellion in a

short time. His body was borne to Ning-po with all the reverence due a great warrior, and to this day his shrine is daily visited by pious Chinese, who look upon him as next to Confucius, the noblest of men.

POLICEMAN AND PRISONER.

Having once served in the French army, and having at another time, during the affair of the *Trent*, prevented the British from seizing some American ships in Chinese waters, he incurred the dislike of the English and thus received but scant praise. There is no doubt that he deserved far more credit than he has ever been accorded.

With the death of General Ward the command of the "Ever-victorious Army" fell to Burgevine, who failed to lead with the success of the former. He soon got into disputes with Li Hung Chang, the governor of Kwang-su, and was ingloriously dismissed in January, 1863. Two others as unsuccessful succeeded him, when Charles Gordon, a young man of thirty, who had just been breveted major, was given command of the army built up by Ward. Again victory perched upon its banner, city after city fell before its invincible attacks, until at last "Chinese" Gordon stormed the walls of the Taiping capital with his "Ever-victorious Army." Here the brave defenders of Chinese Christianity made their last stand; here for three days the streets were rivers of blood. The emperor, finding himself and his cause hopelessly lost, committed suicide, and the few of his followers who escaped fled to the mountains. Thus ended the most remarkable uprising that China ever knew in her long list of rebellions, but it fell only before foreign arms and foreign military prowess.

While there may have been many features in this rebellion objectionable to the foreigner, in it lay China's great and only hope of redemption from Manchu rule. Under the new régime what the future might have been no one could have safely forecast, but all the evidence tends to show that the empire was upon the tidal wave of a popular moral and political reform, which would have been of vast benefit to China and the world. But foreign intervention set the clock of Chinese progress back one hundred years. The truism uttered by its hero, Chinese Gordon, in the Sudan twenty years later applied as aptly here: "What a farce, if it did not deal with human lives!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

THE foreign population had been growing faster than ever before, with a prospect that it was likely to increase at a still higher rate in the years to come, when the Boxer uprising gave it a positive check for an indefinite time.

The most trustworthy figures give the number of foreigners in China as follows: British, 5,562; Japanese, 2.440; Americans, 2,335; Russians, 1,621; Portuguese, 1,423; French, 1,183; Germans, 1,134, with seven other nationalities represented at a smaller percentage, the entire number swelling the foreign population to a little over 17,000 people. It will be seen that America ranks third in the list as regards numbers, although in the matter of trade it stands at the head, with a promising outlook for the future.

The percentage of the native population of China in the country as compared to the numbers in the cities is not far from seventy-five per cent. of the whole. But the Chinese never know, or if knowing will never acknowledge, the number of inhabitants in any given section. Their answer is invariably, "It may be many," "Who can tell?" or some such indefinite reply.

In reality, the estimate of the population of the Chinese Empire is a guess, pure and simple. It is true desultory attempts have been made to verify these estimates in certain districts, but not with any degree of thoroughness. A single case will do for an example. Immediately after public relief in one of the famine-stricken districts, in 1878, an imaginary circle was drawn around a centre for the distance of twenty lis, a li being equal to about one-third of an English mile. Within this radius were 150 villages or hamlets, and the total population contained within the area was estimated to be sixty thousand, counting eighty families to a village, and five persons to a family. This made the average for the district 531 persons to the square mile, which is a fraction higher

than the average per mile for Belgium, the most thickly populated country in Europe. But as quite a portion of this territory is uninhabited, this estimate is not accepted as very accurate. In fact, this manner of computing a population is always open to grave suspicions of error. Another estimate made in this way for a circular area produced the startling figures of 2,129 persons to the square mile, and it was made, too, by a conservative statistician.

Granting the approximate correctness of these footings, there are thou-

CHINESE FARM ON THE AMUR RIVER.

sands of square miles on the plains of northern China, and many more in the mountainous districts of Yunnan, where the population would drop to a low figure. Again, there is that large tract of country called Obi Desert, where comparatively few people live. To offset these there are the densely populated cities, where the second rating is not too high. Striking a rough average, we can safely calculate the population of China to be approximately four hundred millions.

From the beginning of missionary work in China, Christian schools have gone hand in hand with religious teachings. It has always been found difficult to win a Chinaman from the belief of his fathers, and thus the

child and wife have been appealed to first, in the order named. The children were taught the new language, and along with it the doctrines of Christ. The child was clothed in the dress of the Occident, so that the vanity of the pupil was touched as well as his intellectual faculties. The transformation was something wonderful in both cases. The mother was quick to see and understand the improvement in the matter of personal adornment, and she the more readily became a convert to this new creed, which afforded such a flattering renovation in outward appearance.

The religious convictions of the man, however, are more deeply rooted, and the scheme of religious redemption, which has worked so well thus far, suddenly meets with serious opposition when the husband is to be won over to the cause the wife has espoused. When the couple come to compare notes, grief and bitterness follow. He sees only wrong in this meddling with the spiritual examples of his fathers. She becomes firm in her devotion to the doctrine instilled into the minds of her children, and the couple, from living together in harmony, become estranged, and a bitterness comes into the heart which neither time nor association can eradicate.

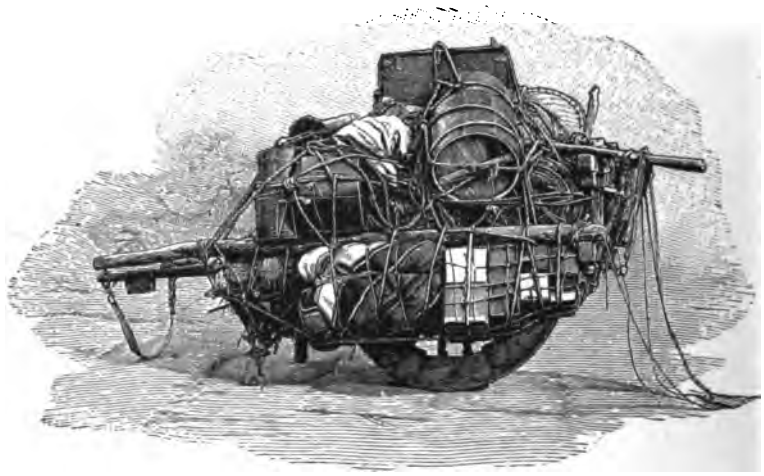
In this half-Christianised home the newcomer meets with his most bitter enemy. The man looks upon him as a wolf entered into his fold, who has not only stolen his lambs, but who has poisoned the mind of the companion of years. Truly there are two sides to this question, and the doubt will arise as to whether this was God's great plan.

From the mission schools many young men have gone, however, into positions of commercial and official trust, everywhere showing that they have been vastly benefited. Even the Chinese leaders, as loth as they are to acknowledge any good coming from a foreign source, have reluctantly admitted this truth. An imperial college, with the avowed purpose of educating young men in Western ideas of diplomacy, was established and continued with what might be considered flattering success. From this experimental beginning the Chinese government began to establish schools devoted entirely to the dissemination of Occidental education. The graduates of these schools began to translate and print foreign books, such as works on geography, astronomy, chemistry, physics, etc., to say nothing of religious works, and those treating of government. The desire to read and study these books quickly became a ruling passion,

and the presses of the empire were overtaxed in order to meet the demand.

Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, one of the noblest examples of progressive China, sought to have all the best books of the leading languages translated into Chinese, which called forth a storm of abuse from many of his people. He retorted by calling them "mossbacks" and "ancients," and the matter of printing large editions of books on good government, political economy, international law, and similar subjects, went bravely on.

With the multiplication of books came the telegraph, carrying messages



LOADED BARROW.

of news and business from one part of the empire to another. So gradually, and almost without realising it themselves, the Chinese adopted the customs, manners, education, and improvements of those whom they still delighted to style and to hate as "foreign devils."

Along with foreign books came a desire for foreign toys, goods, and Yankee inventions, so that the inland merchants, who penetrate with their heavy loads into the most remote districts of the interior, go laden largely with these wares, and they are found far from the seacoast as well as in the large cities. The emperor, as a boy, set the example by making of his palace a museum of inventions, intricate contrivances and miniature machinery of Occidental making. This amusement of his childhood turned his mind to mastering the English language and its literature.

Foreign influence entered China like a new key in a long unused lock, and turned at the sacrifice of whatever of governmental machinery and the rust of custom came in its way. No respect was shown to the empire's ancient institutions, already moss-covered when Alexander the Great halted his victorious army on the plains beyond its outer posts and dared not attempt an entrance, and when the prophet Isaiah wrote of the mysterious Middle Kingdom as the Land of Sinim.

There is a sublimity in the awakening of this giant Rip Van Winkle of

ENTRANCE GATE TO CONFUCIAN TEMPLE, CHING-HAI.

the Far East quite beyond the power of pen to describe. Even the Great Wall, built when Hannibal was fighting the Romans, could not longer protect him, any more than the cloak of philosophic superstition wrapped about his mighty form could conceal him from the gaze of the intruder. The massive wall must crumble, though the dust thrown up may envelop the people; the cloak must be torn aside, even if the skeleton underneath is exposed.

With his love for isolation the Chinaman nurtures a love for his native land which amounts to a passion. If the duties of life call him away from home and family ties, his supreme desire is that he may return to die amid

the scenes of his early days. The highest favour that he can do to one of his race is to see that his ashes are carefully taken back for burial in the ancestral cemetery, where they may lie beside those of his fathers. No other race can show an equal veneration for the sacred scenes of home-land.

But this veneration for native land must not be construed to mean a national spirit of patriotism. The very foundation upon which stand the Chinese ideas of power and unification of principle is antagonistic to this outcome. The code of ethics which regulates matters divine as well as human decides why an outgrowth of this kind is impossible. Not only is the high official expected to control matters of ordinary moment, but he is expected also to exercise dominion over those which are extraordinary. Thus the snow melting on the distant mountains may swell the rivers so that the latter carry death and desolation on their turbulent floods, as the rivers of China often do. That the changing season may have had anything to do with this is not taken into account by the aggrieved people. The governor should have seen that such a thing had not been allowed to come to pass. Immediately he is summoned before the viceroy to answer to the charge of having neglected his duties by allowing the swollen stream to run such a career! Does the offender attempt to prove his innocence in so grave a charge? No. Rather than to meet his accusers he resorts to suicide. In this way the honour of the chief official is maintained, and the people feel that justice has been obtained.

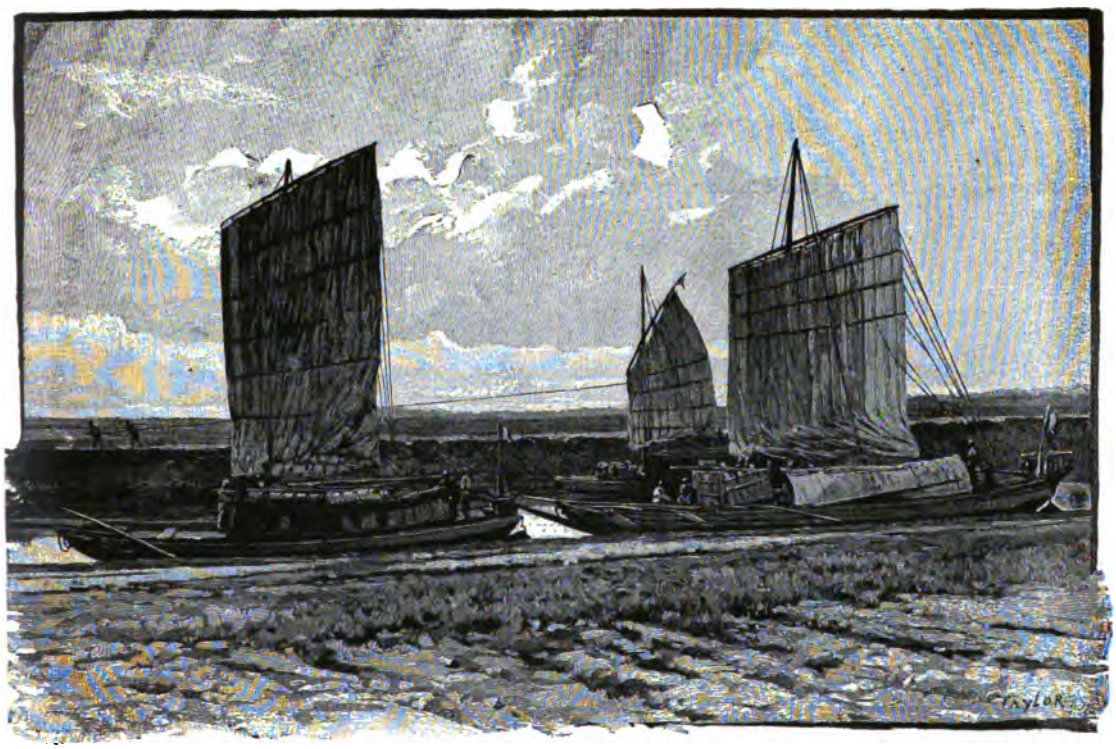
Of course it requires the mind of a Chinaman to comprehend the fineness of distinction existing here; his peculiar estimate placed upon the value of human life is necessary in order in the least to appreciate the inner workings of this form of official responsibility.

The most wonderful feature of this character is the fact that it is not the sudden outgrowth of recent influence, but is rather the changeless condition of more than forty centuries. This is the more remarkable when it is considered that time and again the race has met outside elements and foreign influences. It encountered opposition and contradicting characteristics from the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil that it made its home-land, but it moulded them to its own liking. Tartary since the very beginning has been constantly pouring into the great reservoir of the immutable race a stream of new blood filled with the bright globules of revolution,

CHINESE FIREMEN.

but which has never failed to assimilate with the sluggish current of the Celestial body. The best blood of India has mingled with its tide and become a part of it without leaving a trace of its passage. The races of the west and the south became absorbed by this yellow dragon.

That inspiration which is stronger than blood, because it springs from the soul, religion, has been sent like an evangel to lighten the hearts of the people, without reaping the harvest which usually follows its sowing.



CANAL-BOATS ON THE RIVER PEI-HO.

Wherever else Buddhism swept over Asia it created new idealism, raised new standards of thought, and revolutionised the conditions of men. In China it was spread only in name. The Chinaman seized upon it, as he does upon everything else, only to mould it to his own peculiar and ancient ideals. Confucius had established his code of thought, and Buddha found no part in shaping the life and morality of this race stronger than its own great possibilities in the veneration for the powers of the past. "Indeed, nothing has changed the Chinaman. From the beginning he has

been hemmed in with huge mountain ranges and deserts to the west, and by an unfriendly seacoast to his east and south; and when these natural barriers would no longer keep him secluded, he built a wonderful wall to his north, that he might perfect his isolation and remain wedded to that which possessed the sanction of the unchanging past. Influences that seeped in from the outer world, the Chinaman slowly, steadily, remorselessly absorbed and changed until they bore the mark of the Celestial. Influences which altered the face of Europe touched no responding chord in China. Political revolutions came, went, and left no reforms; dynasties succeeded each other through forty centuries, and produced no changes, nor effected any variations in the system of government. The foreign Mongolian of the thirteenth century, the Manchurian almost in our own time, conquered China, but not the Chinaman; instead of bending the Chinaman to new beliefs, the conquerors themselves bent, became absorbed, and grew to be Chinamen. In this vast empire dwell upward of four hundred million people, with habits and beliefs which have been crystallising for at least three or four thousand years. Europe discusses the Chinaman lightly, as a latter-day problem, but who shall say that if the people of Europe, with all their civilisation, all their means of conquest and their highly developed government, should be set down in China, that the vast jelly-fish might not suck them in, absorb them, obliterate them from the face of the earth? We have heard much of our influence on the Chinese: we have heard little of the possible influence of the Chinese upon us, the dominant people of the present, and it is a vital question whether the swallowers of Europe shall swallow or be swallowed."[1]

This brings us to a question, which may seem irrelevant and not worth the asking by him who has not looked under the surface: "Have we (the allied powers) anything to fear from China?" "Oh," you may say, "most certainly not, from your own standpoint. Her soldiers are not patriots fighting for a flag, or even defenders of a principle. Let the Japs whip them into submission, and we will reap our share of the benefit to come."

Now almost anything can be said of China with an air of truth, but underneath the surface is a mine the foreigner has not worked. He witnesses with feelings akin to awe the immutability of the race, and con-

[1] Leroy-Beaulieu's "The Awakening in the East."

stantly discovers something new to him in the character. This being the case, does he never stop to ask himself if there be not some element in reserve which he has not seen, and of which he may not have dreamed?

We all know that the Japanese have never professed any love for the Chinese, and that the two races have ever been at war with each other. But after all there is a tie binding them together as no other race is bound to either. If not closely connected by blood relationship, yet the fact is evident that they are more closely allied by the affinity of race character-

THE HEA HILLS, CHAOU-KING-FOO.

istics than any other two people on earth. They have lived in the same atmosphere, with similar environment, and, placed together as conqueror and captive, the alliance would prove stronger than in the past. Would it not be natural that the united race should rally together against the rest of the world?

Then, knowing the remarkable assimilative powers of China, is it unreasonable to expect that the Japanese would become Chinese, rather than the opposite? We have seen races stronger in the native elements yield to this peculiar people.

Now then, suppose that this vast aggregate of races, comprising over

one-third of the world's population, should decide to bring over the two-thirds to their ideas of religion and government, who dares anticipate the result? There may be nothing frightful in contemplating this, but do not forget that twice already in the history of European civilisation armies have risen from this hotbed of Celestial power to trample under feet the valour of the West. You say this will be the battle of barbarism against civilisation. So it was in the era of the Hun invasion, when Imperial Rome saw her robes dragged in the dust; it was so in the conquest of the Genghis Khan; who can say the wave may not rise again to flow higher and farther than ever yet? The Chinese of the present time are sufficient to muster an army of forty million soldiers, who would subsist on the scantiest of fare, work fourteen hours a day, and ever stand ready to sacrifice their lives for the merest caprice of their leaders. They may not be an intelligent body of fighters, armed with a good cause or following a flag, but they are made of the same material which has already overrun Europe like a wave from the drainless sea. What has been done once it is not unlikely may be done again.

More perhaps than in any other respect does the Chinaman differ from the American in his relations to his family. In the latter case the regard of the parent for the child is often greater than that of the latter for the former. In China it is always the reverse. Filial duty is looked upon as the highest virtue a person can possess, and it is of such ancient origin that Confucius seems to have builded his noble precepts about this very principle. The Chinaman's faults may be numerous in other directions, but he cannot be accused of disregard for his parents. He will work hard and pinch himself that he may support his aged father and mother comfortably, and when death finally removes his burden he will even sell himself into bondage that he may accord them a burial becoming his station in life.

In illustration of this Oriental point of view, it is related, among twenty-four similar examples of filial piety, all of which have become famous, that a man, finding he could not support both his aged father and his young child, decided to bury the latter alive in order that he might perform his higher duty. This sacrifice on his part so pleased the genii that they caused to be placed in the grave sufficient treasure to enable the poor man to save his child without robbing his parent.

As this filial duty belongs largely to the male line, it is looked upon as a sin not to have any male children. In this case the family becomes extinct, and there will be no one to care for the ancestors. It thus behooves the man to marry early, and if his wife bears him no son, he has sufficient ground for a divorce, and he marries again in the hope to retrieve what he has lost by his first contract. This doctrine of filial devotion, as beautiful as it seems at first sight, has proved the decline of the race, since its conduct is antagonistic to progress. Where the ideals of ancestors

MOUTH OF THE CHIN-KIANG RIVER.

become the standard of wisdom, the people of necessity are barred from making any advance which would reflect upon the credit of those who set the pace for the irrevocable past.

This blind faith in ancestry has the ameliorating influence of making more sacred the tie of family. But the fate of the Chinese woman is not a pleasant one. Entering into the married state at an early age, she becomes a servant rather than a companion to the man she has wedded, and a mother-in-law assumes a dictatorship over her which imposes hardships bitter to bear. Though not allowed the freedom of her American sisters, she is accorded certain privileges, all of which she seems to improve in the

interest of her pleasures rather than of her moral character; as a result, the Chinese women are not so far removed from reproach as are the women of Japan.

The darkest blot on Chinese history is the lack of love for children by their parents. A strong antipathy is felt for female infants, and the mother is blamed for what is looked upon as a misfortune. Had the offspring been a boy, she might have been praised for the pains she suffered, but the female is foredoomed. Often the expectant mother plans

MELON ISLANDS, AND IRRIGATING WHEEL.

with the father as to the manner of treatment should the child be of that unfortunate sex.

In the large cities there are public places where these foundlings are placed and cared for, if they are fortunate or unfortunate enough to live, until some one is found to buy them at the nominal price of three shillings each, or about fifty cents. Sometimes these outcasts are purchased by the wealthy, who rear them to become servants or concubines to a rich man. Sometimes a harsher fate may be given them by some designing old woman, who procures them to be sold, as soon as their personal attractions may secure for them buyers, into the worst form of slavery. In the country,

where even such doubtful charities are not to be found, the fate of the helpless little one is more summary, whether it be for its good or ill. As we passed up or down the inland rivers on our way through the interior of the empire, it was no unusual sight to see the body of one of these hapless infants drifting with the current toward the broad sea, where there is at least escape from toil and infamy for the life-bud plucked at its very beginning. Why this overpopulated land has not yet learned to send abroad a portion of its female surplus of inhabitants to countries where they might be welcomed, remains to be told.

No one can deny that the Chinese are a practical people, and no race understands better the necessity of the equilibrium of the sexes in order to maintain its perpetuity. Neither has any race striven more diligently to keep itself propagated, or met with better success. It has persisted, however, from time immemorial, in placing a wide gulf between the two sexes. By this it must not be understood that the female child is always an unwelcome visitor into the home. The shrewd fortune-teller invariably says there should be two daughters for three sons in every well-ordered household. But the parents look for the son first, and, aware of the helplessness of the daughter in the matter of maintaining the ancestral rights, do not hesitate, when they choose, to sacrifice the life of the female infant.

Foreign influence has done considerable in mitigating this evil, and, along with better education, it is to be hoped yet greater good will follow. The native mother or father does not deny that it is wrong to follow up this practice, but pleads poverty or conditions over which there is no control as an excuse. The custom is older than history, and, from early times, public edicts have been issued against it, while books have been published exposing the evil. But until the mothers have been educated out of the deep-rooted superstitions of the past the evil will not be entirely eradicated.

The estimate placed upon children is shown in the ancient classic called the "Book of Odes," in which the author draws the following vivid picture, according to the translation of Doctor Legge:

"Sons shall be born to him; they will be put to sleep on couches;
They will be clothed in robes; they will have sceptres to play with;
Their cry will be loud.

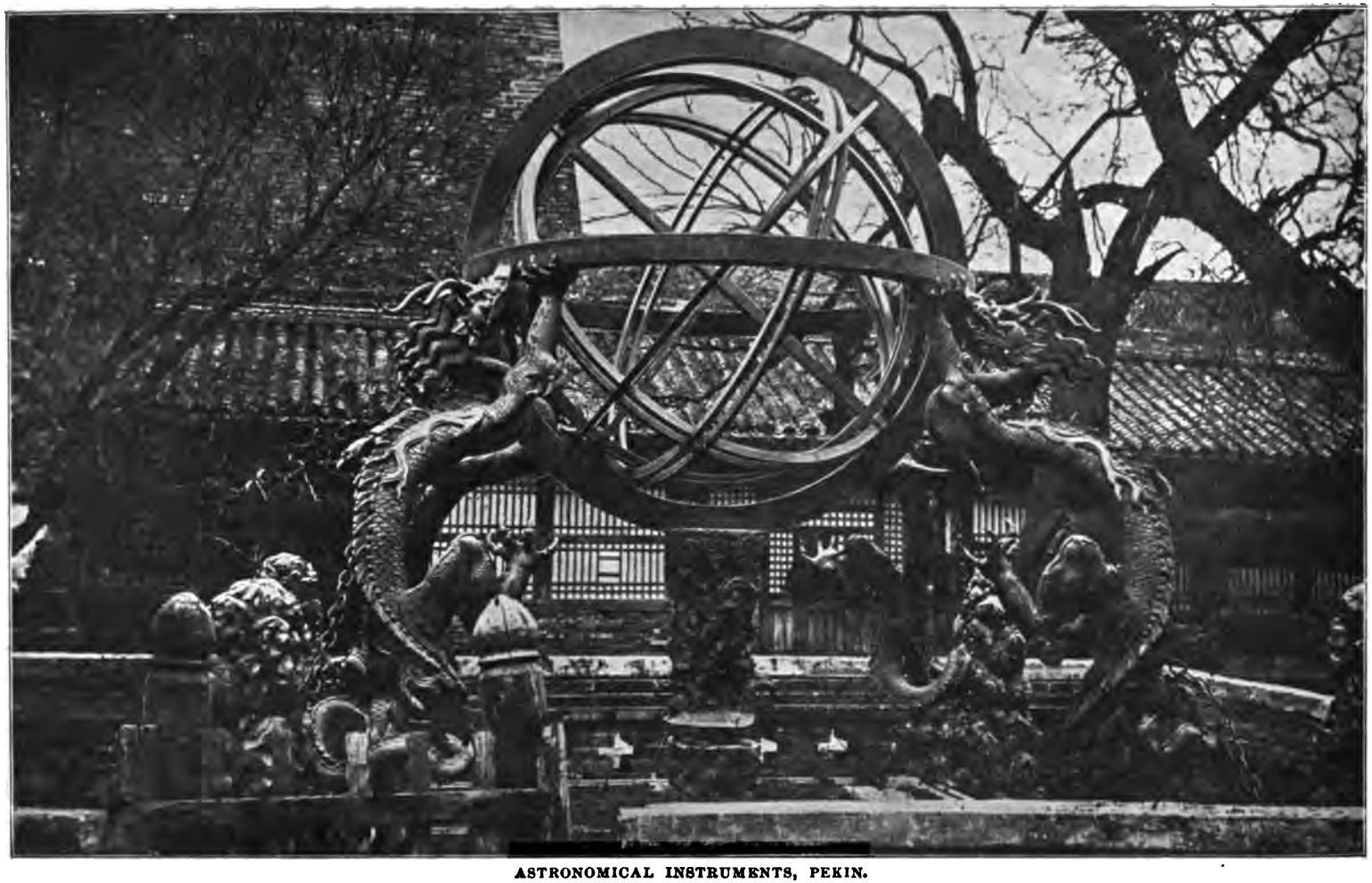
They will be (hereafter) resplendent with red knee-covers,
The future king, the princes of the land.
Daughters will be born to him. They will be put to sleep on the ground;
They will be clothed with wrappers; they will have tiles to play with.
It will be theirs neither to do wrong nor to do good.
Only about the spirits and the food will they have to think,
And to cause no sorrow to their parents."

The advent of a boy into a Chinese family is greeted with every demonstration of joy, and he is permitted to rule like a little autocrat

JUGGLERS IN THE COURT OF A MANDARIN'S PALACE.

until he has fairly outgrown his surroundings. The mother, a child in the want of experience herself, becomes an absolute slave to her children. They must be humoured in every caprice, and never allowed to cry for any length of time. The mother does not cease to carry her boy about in her arms as long as she can lift him, and it is no unusual sight to see a little woman struggling along with a boy in her arms as heavy as she is.

The early life of a Chinese boy is not unpleasant, and this is also true, though for a shorter period, of a girl. But by the time the little fellow is ten, his days of happiness are replaced by a dreary, lonesome existence.



ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, PEKIN.

With all his love for children, the Chinese father has absolutely no conception of the mind and desires of a child. He cannot enter into childish sport, having, it seems, entirely forgotten his own youth.

The games of a child are simple and monotonous, consisting of such tame amusements as hitting a small stick with sharpened ends in a way that shall send it spinning through the air, tossing pebbles or bits of earth at a mark, playing shuttlecock with the toes and heels, a simple sort of "jackstones," or "cat's-cradle." The Chinese youth do not strengthen

LADIES OF A MANDARIN'S FAMILY AT CARDS.

and toughen their muscles by running and jumping, or any of the athletic sports, while their climbing is of the easiest sort. There is comparatively no hunting, and this element has been so far eliminated from their characters that no bird has reason to fear them. It is no uncommon sight to see a tree in the midst of a town loaded with a dozen nests, many generations of birds having lived and reared their young within sight and sound of the village youngsters without disturbance. Even if the boys had no desire to meddle with the feathered inhabitants of the woods, the very scarcity of fuel would seem to act as an incentive to make them obtain the huge nests of such birds as the crows to help build the fires.

The real reason for the safety of the crow and his companions is the fact that the Chinese youth is not nimble enough to ascend to their perches, to say nothing of the fear of falling, which is universal.

Chinese youths have seldom any access to water, and thus only a small number become swimmers. In those regions where the water freezes in the winter months so as to make skating, the boy is denied sport in that direction, for the reason that no Chinese parent thinks of indulging his child with anything in the nature of a toy or plaything. If he needs the exercise, there is quite enough for him to find it in, in gathering the débris of last season's field for fuel, or in collecting scattered bits of manure with which to enrich the soil for the coming crop. Thus the child-life of the Chinese is one of much work and little recreation, of sober seriousness and small enjoyment. But, like the Japanese, the Chinese are able to make much of a little. From a life that is essentially dull and toilsome, they manage to extract morsels of comfort and pleasure where the child of the Occident would suffer with a hungry heart.

If the life of the male is thus to be described, that of the female is doubly bitter, without a gleam of sunshine toward the end. She marries young, and to say nothing of the work that she must do in the field, the burdens of rearing a large family of her own are not laid aside before she is obliged to assist in the care of her grandchildren. If there is any place on earth where woman's work is never done that place is in China. The maid who is handsome at sixteen becomes faded and haggard at twenty-five, and old and positively ugly at forty.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ORDER OF THE SWORD.

THE contrast between the thoughts and works of the races of the world is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the people of the Occidental and the Oriental countries. There are marked examples of this opposition of nature and human nature in America and Australia, the "Land of the Southern Cross," and again in Japan, "The Land of the Sunrise," and still again in China we find equally as strong evidence of this contrast. Here we find that the language of the people which is written is not the spoken tongue, while the spoken language is not written; a book is read backward instead of forward, and a foot-note is really a head-note, being placed at the top of the page; here the surname is the first name, and the owner upon meeting a friend shakes his own hand instead of that of him he meets; the hair of the women is worn coiled in a knot, while that of the men is long; the women wear trousers and the men skirts; women carry the burdens of travel, but the men are dressmakers; girls become old women without passing through that happy transition period of maidenhood; dinner begins with dessert and ends with soup; the compass points to the south instead of the north; vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off-side.

China is a land of guilds and secret societies, the majority of which seem to have originated for some sinister purpose rather than for the good of any class or portion of the people, as the aim of such societies is elsewhere.

An illustration of the workings of one of these secret societies is shown by the much dreaded society of socialists known as the *Ko-lao-Hui*, and which originated among the Hunan soldiers during the Taiping rebellion. It started with the laudable purpose of affording aid to the families of the soldiers killed, but eventually the sentiment of making the possession of worldly goods equal with all became the paramount idea. As the

Hunan men served over most of the empire, this society became widespread, and not being able to gain its visionary ends by peaceful efforts, more vigorous means were tried, until men without scruples becoming leaders, deeds of plunder and darker colouring marked their course of action. Naturally the discontented and unfortunate joined the ranks, until it became a powerful and dangerous organisation, constantly recruited by disbanded soldiers roving over the country, and others belonging to the great army of the unemployed. Not long since a plot was

THE BRIDGE OF NANKIN.

discovered at Nankin, which, if it had been carried out, would have involved the wholesale plunder and destruction of several cities, with the accompanying horrors of massacre of innocent lives.

The Chinese are a deeply superstitious people. Everywhere we are impressed with this fact. The many-storied pagodas and tall towers seen so frequently, and always in threes, so situated as to form equilateral triangles, that they may ensure fung shue, or "good luck," proclaim this national trait. The literal meaning of the term is "wind and water," but in the minds of the Chinese it has a higher definition, though they are never able to explain just what it is derived from. Of one thing, however,

they are certain: its effectiveness depends on the height of the structure raised for the purpose of bringing good fortune. Hence tall towers are everywhere erected.

Some few years since, the French Jesuit missionaries built an imposing cathedral near Canton, and topped it with a lofty spire. Immediately a murmur of dissent went up from the common people, which increased in volume, and a mob collected to tear down the offending object. This was not done because of any particular opposition to the new church, but its

THE SHIH-MUN, OR ROCK-GATES, PROVINCE OF KIANG-NAN.

spire rose to a height which threatened to overshadow the virtue of the fung shue.

All spots are not believed to be favoured alike in regard to giving power to the fung shue, so the matter of the burial-grounds of their ancestors, over which they keep the most zealous watchfulness, becomes a matter of careful consideration. It often happens that the bodies are moved several times before a satisfactory plot is found, and there the "god of good luck" is propitiated with liberal gifts and offerings.

An important person in China is the diviner, and his associates are legion. No act of consequence, and from the festival of his birth to the

rites of his burial, undue importance is attached to every incident of his life, can be carried on with his consent unless the day has been pronounced favourable. The desired influence is ascertained only through the diviner, whose deductions are drawn from some whim or caprice of his own. The applicant seems in blissful ignorance of this fact, and the custom is not confined to the peasant, but prevails with a powerful and overruling influence with the mandarin and the monarch.

The foreigners, in their dealings with the Chinese, have met this underhand agent constantly, and many a promising transaction at the very moment of consummation has been suddenly ended by the intervention of some shameless charlatan, without any satisfactory excuse being given for the change. Thus these necromancers have always been the arch-enemies of foreign intercourse, and the willing tools of the literati have stood ever in the path of progress.

In no respect is the prevalence of superstition more plainly exemplified than in the case of a drought. Upon these occasions the priests and officials of the distracted country will turn out, dressed in their robes of state, while the common people will follow in a procession to the temple, where a general prayer for rain is offered up. During these periods the killing of meat is forbidden, and the inhabitants have to subsist on vegetables, even eggs being denied them.

One of these excessive droughts, which seem to be so common to China, has recently afflicted the country in the north of the empire, so that for the latter half of the year 1899 no rain fell. The crops over this region suffered terribly; the ground was baked, the grains dried up, and even the roots that remained in the ground through the winter were killed. In this dilemma, prayers were frequently resorted to by the high and low, while incense sticks beyond estimate were burned at the shrines of the gods. The empress detailed nobles and princes to add their appeals to the prayers offered in the Temple of Agriculture in Pekin, and when a week's continual prayer-offering failed to break the drought, a final expedient was resorted to, when the sacred tablet preserved in a southern temple for this purpose was sent for and brought into the imperial city amid a solemn conclave of the people. This tablet, believed to possess great occult powers, was found at the bottom of a well in one of the southern provinces several hundred years ago. It is a plain sheet of iron,

but what of that? The worship was as sincere as any ever given an inanimate object, but the magic of the charm had flown. No rain followed the pious ceremony. Thereupon a solemn council was held, and the tablet was voted false and useless. Its banishment succeeded under conditions that could not be looked upon as other than ridiculous by outsiders. Pekin boasts of being a city of modern accomplishments, such as the railroad,

COREAN TEMPLE.

the telephone, and electric lights, and having a university where the foreign languages are taught, and where literature, science, and political economy are under the instruction of European and American professors.

This drought had a signification deeper than the surface appearance. The emperor was in forced retirement, and it was believed by a large number of people that the gods were angry because of the dowager empress's usurpation. Had the emperor been on the throne, and headed

the procession going to the temple to offer prayers for rain, as he had usually done, the drought would have been broken long ere this solemn crisis.

In no instance do we find a more disastrous result from the tendency of the Chinese to form guilds and secret societies than with the so-called "Boxers," who are now having an unenviable notoriety that is world-wide. If only recently sprung into notice, it is really an old organisation, and has existed since the beginning of the Manchu dynasty under different names, and with different objects. Originally, its purpose was the overthrow of the incoming Manchu power, but during the two hundred and fifty years of its existence it has so far changed its aims, that we now find it enjoying the favour of the very line it sought at the outset to destroy.

It was known then as the "Society of the White Lotus." This name was kept for many years, to be finally changed to one nearer its dangerous purpose, "The Order of the Great Knife," meaning, literally, "The Order of the Sword." But this name, as all proper names in China do, gave way to others in different localities, and in some places its deadly aim was veiled under the misleading term of "League of Righteous Harmony," while elsewhere it was more correctly called *I Ho Ch'uan*, which is translated to mean "Righteous Fist Society," from which has readily and appropriately come the designation of "Boxer." Its stronghold may be said to be in the north, in the district of Pekin, the capital of the province of Chili.

Just what provoked the uprising which has passed into history as the "Boxer Rebellion," will never be fully and satisfactorily explained to all. No doubt several causes led to it, and, in different sections, antagonistic objects have been the bone of contention. The *Shen Pao*, a Chinese newspaper, gave the following account of beginnings of certain branches of the society, which came to be considered as belonging to the same body of insurrectionists: In May, 1899, a robber chief by the name of Tschu Lung Teng founded, in the province of Anhwei, a sect which, from time to time, was known as Hung Tung Ch'uan, or "Red Lamp Shade," Tschin Tschung Schang, or "Society of the Golden Veil," Li Pu Schau, "Shirt of Iron," and Tatanni, or "Sect of the Great Water." This order grew rapidly in numbers, and, spreading over adjoining provinces, became generally called Lin Hu Schuen, or order of the "Willow Forest Fist."

The misdeeds of its members became so numerous and daring that the government sent troops to put down the outlaws, who were driven back to their native grounds, and again changed their name to I Ho Tschuen, or "Fist of Patriotism and Peace."

The revivification of the ancient order is believed to have been given new impetus by certain results of the presence in China of the Roman Catholic Church, which has had its missionaries there longer than the Protestants. Catholicism is not only the oldest form of imported religion in

LOADING TEA-JUNKS AT TSEEN-TANG.

China outside of Buddhism, which, it must be remembered, is not a native, but it has obtained the greatest number of converts. This has been done at a sacrifice of its own credit, however, as the Church has not been careful whom it admitted into its folds, and if these have not all proved faithful, they have been retained that the number might not be diminished. In this way the Church has come to be blamed for much of which it has not been directly guilty.

Growing in numbers and power, it acquired many privileges, and the government was finally induced by the French legation to accord to the priests the power of magistrates. Thus a follower of the Church by

appealing to its head was practically safe from the law, let his crime be what it might. In this manner many of the Chinese came to understand that all they had to do to carry out any scheme of private vengeance was to join the Catholic Church, when they were safe and free to carry out their purpose. It is not strange that the Romanists received many converts, so-called, and that many personal grievances were settled unknown, it may have been, to the pious head of the power, whose sin was not so much a desire to do wrong as an overzeal to swell the ranks of his followers.

It was against the favoured individuals of this Church, who could not be reached in other ways, that the "Brotherhood of the Fist" first directed their peculiar warfare. From blaming one sect or church it became easy for the fanatical association to reason less and to discriminate not at all. So all Christians soon fell under their ban. The attacks of these secret slayers became more common and widespread. General alarm swept over the empire, and refugees came pouring into the cities from the country districts. The innkeepers along their routes dared not succour them for fear of calling upon themselves the wrath of the secret league, some of whose members might be in their midst ready to strike the fatal blow at a moment's notice.

Government officials were helpless or afraid to meddle with the uprisers. At Tung Chau, a missionary was holding services at his little chapel, when a party of Boxers came along, and, tearing down the symbol over the door, threatened to raze the church to the ground. An official was present, but lifted neither hand nor voice in behalf of the endangered preacher, who had not made a move to add to the anger of his enemies. A Chinaman of good standing began to plead for the poor man, and he was seized and beaten with clubs until left for dead. The missionary escaped to the roof of the chapel, and remained there until the mob had dispersed.

This is not an isolated instance, but one being repeated all over that part of the empire. The missionaries, like the brave men they were, went about their self-imposed duties calm and hopeful. No doubt the insurrection could have been crushed out at this period had the head of the government desired to do so. But the Boxers were organised with the avowed purpose of clearing the empire of all foreigners. If the missionaries

have been given the lion's share of the blame for the ill-fated uprising against them and their countrymen, it is because the deeper and inner motives have not been understood. The missionaries were not hated so much for the religious reconstruction that they represented as for the general introduction of foreign methods and government, of which they were looked upon as the advance agents. Then, too, one unscrupulous person coming among a race that cannot discriminate between the true and the false, will spread an alarm that a hundred honest men cannot quiet. The

ARRIVAL OF MARRIAGE PRESENTS AT THE BRIDAL RESIDENCE.

wonder of the appearance of the Boxer element is not that it came when it did but that it had not come earlier and with more horrible, because wider, results.

In no class of the Chinese does superstition have a stronger hold than among the Boxers, whose numbers swelled rapidly to over ten million followers. A prominent and efficient argument used to recruit the ranks has been an alleged power possessed by the order to compound a magical beverage which shall make the person drinking it not only proof against sword and bullet but cannon-ball. No matter if time and again it has been shown that this life preserver has failed to save its devotees from

death, some trivial excuse has been offered and the faith of the surviving followers has remained unshaken.

Prince Uchtomsky, a Russian scientist who spent many years in studying their religious symbols, emblems, and works of art, has thrown considerable new light on the inner life of the Chinese. Foremost among the tenets of the Celestial religion, and allied to the Confucian doctrine of reverence for ancestors, is rebirth or regeneration. Through this it is believed that one can be saved from the punishment of the god of Hades, who is both feared and favoured by the Chinese. This supreme head of the underworld was once a mortal noted for his excessive wickedness, and who has had to pay for his sins on earth by swallowing daily a certain quantity of molten metal. This god is highly honoured in China for the purpose of conciliating him against that inevitable judgment hour, when each poor mortal must stand before his tribunal to receive his desert for his career on earth.

The Chinese have a tradition which matches that of the story of the deluge portrayed in the Bible. The Chinese Noah was named Nuh, and the account of the warning given him by the "Over One," how he built his huge junk, and set afloat upon the bosom of the flood, is told in the ancient Book of History. This Chinese Noah took with him his wife, his three sons, some rice, millet, and a tortoise. The voyage of the junk is described, until at last a stork was discovered approaching, bringing in its bill a sprig of willow, showing that the water had begun to subside. The landing-place of the Chinese ark is believed to have been a mountain peak in Eastern Tibet, which bears to this day the name spelled in Chinese as "Ay-ahr-at." Nuh erected a temple here, the ruins of which are claimed to be in existence at the present time, though no one is known to have ascended the inaccessible heights since the days of Nuh.

The deep impression made upon the Chinese by this story of the flood is shown everywhere one goes in China, and there is not a temple whose gates are not surmounted by ornaments shaped like arks and called "Ships of Heaven." Chinese text-books have had for thousands of years a picture of Nuh and his family afloat upon the flood, the water already rising toward the mountain tops, which have become the refuge place of the few surviving wild beasts and reptiles. This is doubtless the oldest picture in the world, and the records show that this deluge took place many hun-

dreds of years before the flood of Noah. This has led some to believe that the author of Genesis obtained his evidence of the deluge from the account of the Chinese. In proof of this knowledge of the Chinese version, they cite the seventh verse of the tenth chapter of Genesis, where the names of the children of Noah are given as "the Hivite, the Arkite, and the Sinite," China at that time being given in the Sanskrit records as Sinim or Sinas. This argument is made more plausible by the fact that the

AMUR RIVER, SIBERIA.

Armenian mountain, where it is claimed that Noah's ark landed, is known as Mount Ararat only to students of the Bible. To the Armenians it is Masis, and to the Turks Ak-Dagh.

Although composed of a wild, fanatical rabble, the Boxers go through each day an eight-hour drill, more severe and taxing than any of the training given the armies of the Occident. Short swords or big knives are the weapons used in these drills, and these are swung and flourished in the air something after the manner of the North American Indians swinging their war-clubs during some scalp dance. At the same time of brandishing

their short swords the owners whirl and sweep around in a way that makes the beholder dizzy. A part of the time the mob will stand on one foot, with the other lifted high in the air, in order to gain the power of balancing oneself properly when it may become necessary. Another important part of the drill is the cultivation of as fierce an expression of the countenance as can be effected, and the Chinese possess an art in this direction which might seem to be in high favour with the evil one. This exemplifies the old Chinese saying: "A woman is not to be won with frowns; a battle with smiles."

A Boxer, asked why he made war upon the foreigners, replied:

"Because we hate you. You are the worst devils we know. You have laid iron rails across the very graves of our ancestors, who have become angry that their sons have allowed this to be done. Floods now fall upon one part of the empire and droughts upon another, so that famine and deluge are always with us now. It was not so when we were faithful to our fathers, and revered and protected their memory."

"But you will be beaten by these foreigners, who know better how to fight than you."

A grim smile overshadowed the other's sallow countenance, as he replied: "You have not whipped us yet; nor will you ever do it. Those who have fallen so far are as a grain of rice in a granary. We can keep on losing, if it is necessary, for hundreds of years, without ceasing our defence. But we are not going to lose always. As we fight bravely on, our ancestors and our gods will forget their anger, and seeing that we are in earnest will lend their power to our arms. We shall win in the end, when every foreigner will be killed or driven from the land. When the iron dragon (railroad) has been removed, and the shriek of the steam demon no more carries death and hard times into our midst, then will Fung-shu once more become potent, and good luck will smile on all that the Chinaman does."

The impressiveness of this thought can only be realised when we understand that the Chinese have in their language over five hundred words denoting good luck, and this attribute is really their idol and dream in life. All his days the Chinaman strives and hopes for it with an intenseness a foreigner cannot appreciate, and if at last it seems to have deserted him he has no wish but to die.

Unable to look farther into the future than the day that is passing, he cannot anticipate other than ruin and loss to follow the construction of railways and the building of manufactories. The common carriers constitute a large body of men who perform their task with remarkable rapidity, and at a price which is equally as remarkable, when the distance and danger of the transit has been taken into consideration. As the iron rails of the foreign engine of transportation form their networks over the country, the services of the vast army of men employed in the work of carrying commodities will no longer be needed in that capacity. Then those who have learned no other calling will be obliged to enter strange fields of employment. So it will be with the innumerable home industries scattered all over the land. The introduction of foreign machinery cannot fail to produce at first intense suffering, and a complete revolution in the affairs of the people. Naturally the blame will be attributed to the "foreign devils," and the prejudiced multitudes will blindly take the readjustment in hand, with inevitable loss to industrial property.

MANCHU SOLDIER

Under such a spirit of unrest and foreboding of coming evil, the Boxers were prompted to rise in their ferocious might and put to death these advance agents of modern progress.

The government was too much in sympathy with them to interfere, until it found the rebellious faction grown to a size and

strength that defied its intervention. Had the Chinese government possessed a Ward to organise and a Gordon to lead the imperial army, the Boxer rebellion would have been crushed before foreign aid could have reached the empire, or reaching it would have been needed.

GRANDFATHER, FATHER, AND SON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL.

BEFORE describing the results of the Boxer uprising it may be well to glance at the country which has become the central scene of action, noting especially Pekin, the Imperial City of Northern China, and its port, Tien-tsin, standing behind its mud and millet walls on the bank of the river by the same name, also called the Pei-Ho or North River. The latter city is at the head of the Grand Canal, twenty-five miles from the sea as the bird flies, but sixty as the river twists and winds through the muddy country.

Sometimes before the incoming steamer sweeps in from the Yellow Sea and moves across the Gulf of Pechili the muddy water takes on a deeper tinge of yellow. A sand-bar finally stops the ocean craft, and those of smaller size have to be taken in exchange.

Tien-tsin has never found much favour with the newcomer, who stops here long enough to get his passport and a guide to accompany him on a visit to the Imperial Capital, the Great Wall, the Valley of the Ming Tombs, or the plains of the Hoang-ho, China's "River of Sorrow." It is an old, walled city, containing with its suburbs over a million inhabitants, its buildings of gray brick supporting roofs of dingy tile, and its streets so narrow, dark, and dirty as to be almost impassable. Fill these narrow pass-ways with a constant stream of strange-looking human beings jostling against each other, shouting, yelling, and fighting to obtain a passage, but thwarted for hours at a time until pandemonium reigns, and you have pictured a common scene in this ancient seaport.

Due to its situation, this city has at least three times played an important, but disastrous, part in meeting foreign powers. The first of these, when the allied powers of France and Great Britain advanced up the country in 1860–61 to carry defeat and humiliation to the Chinese government at Pekin, has been described. The second occurred in 1870, when the French Sisters of Charity, with twenty other foreigners, in-

cluding the French consul and two Russians, were put to death, and the convent and cathedral burned. A heavy rain setting in at the beginning of this outbreak fortunately prevented other outrages which had been planned to take place. Of course reparation had to be made, and from

CHINESE REGULAR.

that season Tien-tsin has always been under the surveillance of foreign gunboats. Li Hung Chang, being made viceroy of Chili, took up his residence here, and became the virtual ruler of foreign intercourse until the war with Japan caused his downfall.

In the midst of that period, which was the opening to outside con-

cessions, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and the United States strove to see who could get ahead in the favour of the well-disposed viceroy. Railways, telephones, and banks were discussed on every hand. The adroit French actually laid a miniature track and placed on its rails a tiny engine as a plaything for the boy emperor at Pekin, even then under the close watch of that astute guardian, the empress dowager. Others sent small steam-launches, and put up short lines of telephone to amuse the youthful ruler at the palace.

IMPERIAL TRAVELLING PALACE, HOO-KEW-SHAN.

Popular dinners were served, and society was fairly ablaze with the shower of honours bestowed upon the mandarins and the viceroy.

Then the prize was captured by an American syndicate in 1887, to be followed by a perfect storm of abuse from the disappointed rivals who had striven so earnestly for the golden plum. Li Hung Chang was roundly censured by these same disgruntled foreigners, who began to prophesy ruin and dissolution for China if she admitted what they had been working for so assiduously. To their shame it must be said that the American press at home, instead of rejoicing over a victory well won, voiced the silly alarm of the defeated diplomats, until the Chinese

were frightened into retreating from the step they had taken, and modern progress was stopped for ten years.

In that decade China suffered her humiliation at the hands of the Japanese, which no doubt under different circumstances would have been averted, and Li Hung Chang was shorn of his high honours to become an exile, wandering over Europe, while Russia's shadow fell darkly over the benighted empire.

The third tragical event is that which has so recently been enacted, when the allied forces of the foreign nations rallied here to attempt the rescue of the beleaguered missionaries and their friends, the horrors of which are still fresh in the minds of the participants.

At Tien-tsin we are at the entrance to that vast region of country known as North China, which includes the Manchu capital. The climate of this part of China, from the Yangtse River to the Yellow Sea, is one of radical extremes, being much colder and much hotter than that of Boston. Tien-tsin is in about the same latitude as Philadelphia, but the ice on the river freezes to a depth of twelve to fifteen inches in winter, while the heat in summer is equal to that of Charleston, S. C. This coast-region is subject to the extremes of the wet and dry seasons. During the latter period of six months, which includes the winter, the rainfall is scarcely an inch. The river is closed at Tien-tsin during the winter season of four months, and revelry reigns in Chinese and diplomatic circles. But there is no sleighing on the wind-swept plains, whose atmosphere is dry and rarefied.

The severity of the climate is shown in the heavy weights of stone put into the construction of the gray sombre houses, which have been compared in appearance at a distance to a Scotch town. Outside the city, flat farmhouses, with small enclosures surrounded by white walls, are scattered about in more homelike suggestion than those seen in Southern China. Farther north the descendants of the wandering tribes of the remote ages build their houses with heavy roofs and gables that possess peculiar twists and daring outlines. The posts that support these coverings, which are built before the walls are filled in, are often the trunks of trees, crooked and unsmoothed, just as they grew. This style of architecture is believed to be a relic of the days when the races lived in tents. The rough doors close against sides that are merely small trees

left as they were felled, no choice seeming to have been made in getting those that were smooth or straight. The ventilation is pretty sure to be good in one of these dwellings.

If the summer is uncomfortably hot, and the earth is parched so as to crack open, and the winter so intensely cold that the ground freezes to a depth of several feet, while ice-storms sweep across the open country with relentless fury, Nature in the single month of October tries to

FAÇADE OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT MACAO.

make amends for her excesses at other periods. Just cool enough to afford a bracing atmosphere, the climate is delightful then.

The Mongolians are a pastoral people, but the Chinese agriculturists have been slowly driving them back wherever they could plant a corn-field. As one goes farther into the interior one finds the methods of farming the most primitive that can be imagined. After the harvest, threshing of the grain is done by driving a donkey blindfolded around in a circle over a flooring of millet, the grain being shattered from the husk by a stone roller, drawn by the animal. The flail is unknown in this land. The winnowing is done in an equally simple manner by throwing the threshings into the air, so that the wind can blow away

the lighter portion, while the grain falls on a mat spread to catch it. Enormous quantities of millet are raised, and the traveller is constantly meeting long trains of camels, and sometimes donkeys, loaded with sacks of the grain on the way south, or, if returning, laden with huge packages of cotton, until the creatures themselves are quite lost to view, the moving mass presenting a singular sight as it goes slowly on its way. The pride of a Mongolian is his horse, which he shoes in a manner similar to our own, except that he does not turn down the shoe at the heel. The animal is first securely bound by three feet and thrown upon his back, when a shoe is nailed upon the free foot at the convenience of the shoer.

Tien-tsin stands at the very gateway to the country of the Boxers, the district of Pekin, which is to China what Tokyo is to Japan, but a portion of the empire infrequently seen by the tourist. Though this is really the region the foreigner should most desire to see, no effort has been made by the inhabitants to receive and entertain him, while pitfalls have been laid in every direction to make his stay unpleasant, so he has been content to make a brief tarry at the English stronghold of Hong-kong, glance at Canton, take a peep at Shanghai, and pass along to the Land of the Sunrise on the east, or to the mysteries of India on the south. A few strangers find their way to the Tartar city each spring and autumn, but they are a few in comparison to the great number who annually seek the sights and scenes of the Far East from other vantage-grounds.

The country between Tien-tsin and Pekin is a vast level plain from fifty to two hundred miles in width, east and west, and six hundred miles in length, north and south, a territory not unlike, in some respects, the rolling prairies of the Red River of the North. The soil is an alluvial deposit, unstable to a great depth, so that during the rainy season, which begins in July and lasts from six to eight weeks, the land is a big bed of mud, large tracts overflowed so that much damage is done the inhabitants. This plain is drained by five rivers of considerable size, flowing from the north, south, and west, diverging so as to look on the map like five huge fingers of a mighty hand spread out to its utmost. The soil is adapted to growing barley, millet, and crops of that nature, the portions tilled by the different farmers being separated by low banks of earth into small, irregular plots, after the manner of the Chinese.

If still in China, the newcomer cannot help noticing that the contrast

has somehow been lessened by the appearance of the men one meets upon the road. A little change in dress, a softening of the colours, and the farm-wagon and its occupants approaching might well be supposed to be representatives of Central Europe instead of Eastern Asia. But one feature common here is unknown in the other, namely, the large number of humpbacked camels, loaded with wool and skins from pasture-lands of Mongolia on their way to Pekin. At the close of the day, when many miles of steady marching have been performed, it is a picturesque sight to

FOOCHUN HILL, PROVINCE OF CHE KEANG.

see a hundred or more of these ungainly animals herded together in a single compound. This camel seems to be of a different stock from those of the deserts of Africa, and has short legs and thick, shaggy hair, which gives him anything but a handsome appearance, though he is a profitable burden-bearer. On their way back, these trains will be laden with cases of tea for the Siberian market.

These Tartars travel in family groups, the women riding astride, while the children are placed in baskets mounted on the camel's back. The camels follow in single file so as to make a long train, the foremost of each party being led by a rein fastened to a piece of wood passed through the

camel's nostril. Muffled in thick, wadded clothes, skeepskin boots worn over felt overshoes, the lower limbs protected by the "Mongol socks," or high legs of the boots, sheepskins covering their underclothes, and heads encased in long-eared fur caps, these Tartars not only look as though they might be warm on their long, exposed journey, but they are also picturesque in the extreme.

There are three ways of travelling from Tien-tsin to the Manchu capital, and whichever one the stranger selects, he will be pretty sure to wish he had gone by one of the others. Until quite recently there have been but two methods of getting there, one by the tortuous river, and the other overland. Now the Imperial Chinese Railway sounds exceedingly impressive. But we have come to understand by this time that the oft-used word "imperial" in China really means very little that is grand or noble. Certainly the plain coaches, without ornaments, springs, carpets, curtains, or cushions to the hard, wooden seats that go thumping, bumping, knocking along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, are anything but a happy consummation. Under Chinese management the road does not pay—could not be expected to do so.

Tung Chau, the river port for Pekin, is situated eighty miles above Tien-tsin, as the stream flows. It is a route of melancholy interest, made doubly so since the allied armies have made their march upon the Tartar city, leaving all along their way terrible reminders of the folly of the Chinese in bringing upon themselves this awful retribution. It can be said that the American troops behaved as became a civilised body of soldiers, but the Russians left behind traces of those inhuman acts of butchery and mutilation where neither sex, age, nor station were spared.

The hills rise like a crescent on the north of Pekin, while the plain slopes away on the other side from the city toward the sea. This plain extends for seven hundred miles, presenting a vast panorama of country which confuses and bewilders the beholder.

The climate of this treeless expanse of rolling prairie is unequalled for its rarefied and exhilarating atmosphere, unless it is rivalled by the clear air of our own Dakotas and Minnesota, or by that found in the cool, salubrious mountain regions of Hawaii and Samoa. But in the last instances the crispness of the Asiatic atmosphere is lacking. Were it not for this matchless climate, the health of the foreign inhabitants of Pekin

must have broken down from the miserable drainage which prevails in this mock imperial city. Something of the primitiveness of this capital may be realised from the fact that its five hundred thousand inhabitants depend on wells for their supply of water when the stock of rain-water has been exhausted in the reservoirs. The water from these wells, impregnated with the salts and alkalis of the plains, is brackish, and absolutely offensive to the newcomer. During the dynasties of the Mongols and the Mings

PAVILION OF THE STAR OF HOPE, TONG CHOW.

a fine system of water-works was maintained, but, under Manchu decline, these were allowed to fall into decay and disuse.

With a summer climate of tropical heat, affording floods of water and acres upon acres of deep mud, and a winter season of frigid temperature, the dried, parched atmosphere without snow, and the dust lying on the streets ankle deep, the charms and interest of Pekin are counterbalanced by many disagreeable features. None of the other of the world's capitals offers such a medley of discomforts and attractions, of positive ugliness and picturesque fascinations, — not even Holy Moscow, the dethroned queen of Russia, with its mingling Oriental, Siberian, and European grandeur and glory. No one who has seen Pekin would care to see its

reproduction elsewhere, while no one who has seen it in its filth and humiliation, its memories of a bygone greatness and unpromising future, would wish to have missed it.

Imperial Pekin, in whose Tartar body beats the heart of China, the poetically styled "Purple Forbidden City," is considered by the Chinese to be the highest representative of the arts that form an ideal city. Perhaps there is sufficient warrant for this praise in the fact that the sublime Son of Heaven resides here in a magnificent seclusion unequalled by any other

THE GROTTO OF CAMÖENS, MACAO.

ruler in the world. Here have been seen the noblest examples of the wealth of the ancient empire and the grandest display of imperial power.

As may be imagined, Pekin is a difficult city to describe. It is made up largely of what it has been and what it might be — of visions that have vanished and dreams that have not been realised. The long, straight, wide streets described by Marco Polo are still here, the big four-square houses are still standing, the large gardens and moss-grown trees remain as mementos of the days of the wondering Venetian, but over all hang the indescribable imprints of ruin without the impressive sublimity that usually accompanies the handiwork of old Father Time.

The first and foremost feature of Pekin is its walls and gates, though neither is plainly distinguished until upon near approach. Then they tower so high above the traveller, and reach away so far, that he looks upon them as a natural product of the scene and not the work of man. These ancient walls are to-day sad relics of the misapplied industry of their builders. The mighty barriers, sixty feet wide at the base, and two-thirds that breadth at the top, rise forty feet into the air. Still they are mighty only in size. The great towers above the gateways bristle with guns, which prove upon close inspection to be painted arms upon a painted ground, the playthings of a childish mind. Ominous muzzles peer out of the countless embrasures which are the products of the artist and not the artisan. It is true a few cannon lie here and there, but they are merely dismantled wrecks, rust-eaten and useless, as harmless as their pictured imitators on the walls. Outside the crumbling walls are wide moats, made wider by their broken banks, until the trenches have broadened and expanded into shallow lagoons, where fowls disport unmolested and beasts of burden wade through to reach the city.

Three cities had stood on the site of the future Tartar capital before Kublai Khan transformed it into the splendid centre of power and military prowess. Like Tokyo, the present capital of Japan, Pekin (derived from Pei-ching) began as an armed camp, occupied by an alien army destined to rule over the Celestial Empire. The general plan, the palaces, the high walls, the towering gates are all what the ingenious and warlike Mongolians made them. None of their successors have deemed it advisable to attempt a change. Not even the quaint military tactics of the Middle Ages have been altered or modified, and as the valorous bannermen were trained in the days of the Great Khan so are their successors drilled in the practice of archery and quoits; and as the sun sinks below the lower horn of crescent hills in the west the nine city gates are swung upon the inhabitants within the city amid din and confusion, imprisoning the Chinese in their section just as their ancestors were shut in more than six hundred years ago.

The capital is really made of two towns, the Celestial settlement and that of the Manchu, the two joined together by a wall over twenty miles in circumference, with a cross wall separating them. At the time of the Manchu conquest the true sons of the dynasty just coming into power, the

faithful Chinese, took possession of the southern portion, which their descendants occupy to-day, while the Tartar army took up its quarters in the northern section, which is nearly twice the size of the other. The Tartar city holds within its embrace the Imperial City, and within the latter is that mysterious heart of the Northern Capital, "The Purple Forbidden City," as it is called. This contains the palace and abode of the Sublime Emperor.

Pekin is a city where foreign power has not penetrated, save that alien

GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

force made up of nomadic bannermen with their faithful clansmen on guard just beyond the Great Wall, who hate and scorn, while they secretly fear the Chinese. It has been this dread of those that they have ruled which has caused the Manchus to seek Russian assistance with a willingness which is destined to work their own ruin at no very distant day. But these bannermen on duty outside the Imperial City, although the sons of valorous forefathers, have never hurled a stone or bent a bow. Like the Mongolians led by the great Genghis who became enervated by enforced idleness, they have degenerated into weak specimens of warriors, such as their valiant ancestors would have spurned as unworthy of their mettle

The Chinese portion of the city is entered through a massive archway in the solid wall, while two miles beyond are set in the heavy barrier the gate-towers of the Tartar city.

In a certain sense Pekin is a cosmopolitan city. On its streets all the people of Asia, with a few from more distant parts of the world, jostle together, the Celestial against the Manchu, the Mongol against the Tibetan, the Mohammedan against the Corean, and natives of the same empire who speak tongues unknown to each other, along with representatives of races from lands far away. These medleys of comers and goers are constantly finding the way blocked by trains of camels, mule litters, hand-carts, sedan-chairs, wheelbarrows, and other odd contrivances, until the din and confusion bewilder and disgust the stranger.

The sights of Pekin have been lessening each year, as the Chinese have grown more jealous of their ancient trusts and closed, one by one, the places of interest to the tourists. The Temple of Heaven, where the emperor was wont to worship, was destroyed by fire a few years since, but its ruins are interesting to the visitor, while the Confucian Temple, the Hall of Classics, and Examination Hall, where the native students meet each year in friendly contention for rank and honour, remain to be seen. Then there are the Mohammedan mosque, the Catholic cathedral, the foreign missions, the Lamasery, the old observatory on the wall, and many other places that the stranger does not fail to visit if he wishes to go away with the best knowledge obtainable of the Imperial City.

Passing through the deep-set arch of Hata-men, which means the "Gate of Sublime Learning," the visitor enters Legation Street, running parallel with the city wall for nearly a mile, when it opens upon the public square fronting the palace gate. Nearly all the compounds of the foreigners are on this street, which is anything but the noble route one would expect to find it, but only a miserable way winding over sloughs and ruts, guiltless of paving or of even decent care in repairs. A compound, it should be understood, is a group of houses surrounded by a wall, a common arrangement in Chinese cities.

The stranger in a new locality cannot obtain a better idea of his surroundings than by ascending some eminence so that he can look down upon the scene at his feet. In this way he can fix its different sections clearly in his mind, and when he comes to explore its routes he moves

along, if not a familiar course, at least one of which he knows the ending. This fact is in no way better illustrated than by climbing the tower of one of the nine gates of Pekin.

From this vantage, forty feet above the din, excitement, and unsavoury odours, we can enjoy the prospect to its fullest extent. We now see that the wall is not as regular as we had thought, but that it varies in width from a little over twenty feet to nearly sixty at the top. The outer face is perpendicular, but that on the inside is sloping. Parapets are to be seen on both sides, those on the outside being made with loop-

WESTERN GATE, PEKIN.

holes and crenelated. At intervals of a little less than two hundred yards, buttresses are placed, each sixth being larger than the others. The space between the walls forming the sides is filled in with a solid foundation of concrete of about ten feet in depth. Over this is a layer of earth pounded into a solid mass; then comes a layer of concrete, topped by another of earth, which is paved with blocks of granite that form the terreplein. The earth to fill in the walls was taken from the ditch surrounding the city. A buttress is raised on either side of each gate, and, connected with a semicircular wall, forms an enceinte. The largest gate is the one near the centre of the southern wall, which has

three entrances, the one in the centre being for the exclusive use of the emperor and his train.

A flagged way, thirty feet in width for the most of the course, runs around the entire circuit. But the road in midair is overgrown with a rank vegetation, for no Chinese civilian or woman is allowed to take a promenade on this ancient lookout. That the foreign legations are permitted to do so is an especial privilege granted by Prince Kung when the allies had obtained certain concessions not before known.

AT THE PALACE OF YUEN MIN YUEN, PEKIN.

Better than before do we now realise the situation of the four cities, each walled in, that form the entire prospect of Pekin. We see plainly the low, black-tiled houses of the Chinese section, the yamens, with their tiled roofs, the dense tree-tops, and temple crests of the Tartar city; beyond these the huge red gates of the Yellow or Imperial City, within which are easily discerned, for something like two miles, the impenetrable foliage of the trees rising on Meishan knolls, and the yellow-tiled walls of the mysterious Purple Forbidden City, the palace roofs of yellow tile looking as if they overhung each other. There are no tall towers, bright coloured pagodas, no streaming banners, no glimmer of flashing colours to

dazzle the eye in this sublime abode of the Son of Heaven. Even the yellow has faded, or it was never the vivid dream our imagination had pictured it to us. But it is quite in harmony, after all, with the grim dragon supposed to keep eternal watch and ward over the Imperial City. Mr. Thomson, in describing the capital, says, rather depreciatingly: "There are acres of hovels at Pekin, in which the Imperial bannermen herd, and filth seems to be deposited like tribute before the very palace gates; indeed there is hardly a spot in the capital that does not make one long for a single glimpse of that Chinese paradise we had pictured to ourselves in our youth — for the bright sky, the tea-fields, orange groves, and hedges of jasmine, and for the lotus lakes filling the air with their perfumes." It is seldom the real rivals the ideal.

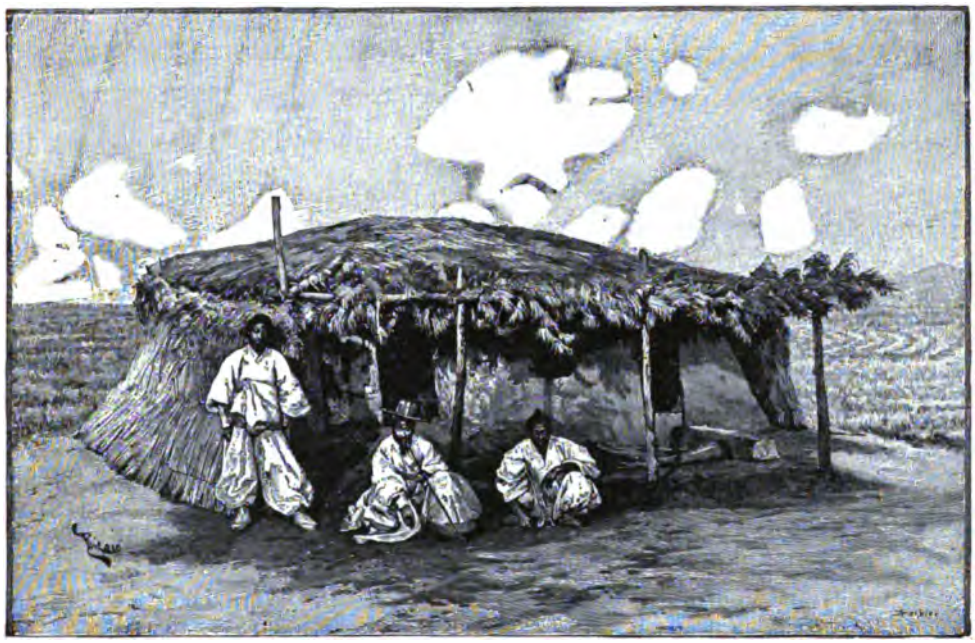
A mile's walk along the airy road brings us over the Chien-men, or central gate, opening upon the great square before the palace. The street underneath us now is really the main artery of travel and business in Pekin, and here, as nowhere else in China, can one look upon an endless variety of city life and costume, incident and spectacular exhibitions of human nature.

One of the pleasantest features of this city, and forming a happy contrast to the women of southern and central China, are the Manchu ladies, tall, regal of carriage, who walk, with the haughtiness and conscious pride of free women, upon feet that have not been mutilated. In keeping with their northern beauty and proud, dignified manner is their costume consisting of the long Manchu robe, the most becoming and picturesque of any attire worn in the empire. But their crowning glory is their blue-black hair, which they deftly fashion into outspread raven's wings, and, ornamenting it with great bouquets and coronals of bright flowers, fasten with broad pins of glistening gold. Nowhere in the Far East are these magnificent women or their dress equalled. It seems enough to offset Manchu tyranny and stagnation that such fine specimens of womanhood have come with them.

The Tartar section of Pekin is laid out with a regularity quite remarkable in China. The sacred city of the emperor is situated in the centre, and the middle of the three streets running directly north and south through the Tartar section stops at the palace gates. The cross streets, alleys, and other thoroughfares threading the city always run in

CHINESE SOLDIERS AT WOOSUNG.

direct courses either parallel with the main streets or at right angles to them. But beyond this symmetry of arrangement the view of this walled town is not promising or interesting. Sought first by the gaze of the foreigner, is seen the imperial palace of the Son of Heaven. But, as if to protect it from the vulgar eyes of the common people, it is enclosed by walls on all sides; and the inner citadel is reached only by passing through a bewildering array of courts and "halls of sacred harmony." What is true of the isolation of the head of power applies to his subjects,



COREAN PEASANT'S HUT.

until we come to look upon the thousands of huts and hovels, whose occupants are too poor to enclose their abode with a wall of its own, or arrange halls and reception-rooms beyond which not even the most favoured guest may be allowed to enter. With all of this severe isolation, from the sacred citadel of the emperor to the mendicant upon the street, whose nakedness is covered only by a plaster-cast of Pekin mud, evidence of the pride and dignity of the people is everywhere apparent.

No sovereign keeps himself aloof from his subjects in such seclusion and mystery, and few indeed have been informed of the lives of the seven thousand people who have their abode within the charmed precinct formed

within a four-mile circle, and holding as its precious diadem the Tranquil Palace of the Heavenly Prince. Few indeed have been permitted to enter the hallowed place, except the envoys and their suites on occasions of ceremony.

The drum-tower and the bell-tower, both Mongol products, are situated in the northern quarter of the Imperial City, the first thundering forth the hours in a volume that should satisfy the wildest Mongol in his love for sound, while the other shelters the big bell of Yunglo, the former curfew of Pekin. The great bell of Pekin is claimed to be the largest suspended bell in the world. It is made of bronze, and is thirty-four feet in circumference, fourteen feet and six inches in height, and four inches in thickness at its rim. It is estimated to weigh in the vicinity of 175,000 pounds. The surface, both inside and out, is covered with Chinese characters said to have been cast on the bell. This inscription is a lengthy appeal to the overruling power for rain, and at one time it is said the bell was tolled during droughts to bring rain. Here priests and princes came to pray for an end to the rainless period, often maintaining their kneeling postures until the rain began to fall, when a feast and general rejoicing followed.

Among the other attractions of Pekin are the stone drums. The word drum must be understood to mean what we should call a cylinder, the Chinese having no character for such a term. These water-worn boulders, rudely carved into their present shape, are very ancient, as can be seen by their appearance. They are supposed to have been erected in commemoration of one of the famous hunting expeditions of an emperor of the Chou dynasty in the vicinity of Mount Chi, in the present district of Chi-Shan. This was ancestral territory of the Chou dynasty. The stones must have been inscribed 800 B. C. They were then in their natural shape and condition, but were afterward chiselled into the "drums" as they are now, and removed to the Confucian Temple of Feng-Hsiang-fu, where they found resting-place until the end of the Tang dynasty in 937 A. D. During the long and sanguinary wars of the five dynasties these relics disappeared, and remained out of sight and unknown until Ssu-Ma-Chih, the prefect of Feng-Hsiang-fu, upon the restoration of the Sung rule and literature, searched out the missing monuments, and finding nine of the collection placed them by the gateway of the Imperial College. The tenth and last was found in

1052 A. D., so the entire group was reunited. Upon the flight of the Sung dynasty before the invasion of the Khitan Tartars these stone drums were taken to the new capital in Pien-Ching, now Kai-Fung-fu in Honan, and set up anew in 1108 A. D. It was then ordered that the tracings of the characters should be filled with gold, and that special effort be made to preserve the ancient relics. But within twenty years the capital fell into the hands of the Kin Tartars, who removed the drums to Pekin and dug out the gold filling the markings of the inscriptions. After this the ten

SCENE ON HONAN CANAL, NEAR CANTON.

stones remained in neglect until 1307, when they were placed in their present positions in the gateway of the Confucian Temple.

Every autumn witnesses a picturesque sight when the Mongolian herdsmen bring their flocks of ponies over the plains to sell to the highest bidders. These ponies are very popular in Pekin and vicinity for riding purposes. As movers of heavy commodities, the big, homely, two-humped camels, capable of bringing great loads of merchandise across the wide, blinding, snowy steppes of Siberia, have a unique value, and can be replaced by no other beasts of burden. One of the huge caravans forms a frequent and peculiar picture on the great plains of the North, while before

the gates of the imperial capital an incessant stream seems to be for ever passing, swinging silently along like huge, ungainly machines.

An hour's ride out of the capital brings one to a place of melancholy interest to the Chinese, where even foreigners have ample scope for reflection over the rise and fall of man — the summer palace of the ancient emperor. We have described the despoliation made of this famous retreat by the allied forces in 1860. The surroundings at the present time give little indication of the scene of ruin and desolation to be found within its midst. The view obtained from a neighbouring elevation comprises a country of hills and valleys, beautiful lakelets and sparkling streams spanned by gracefully curved bridges and overhung by luxuriant foliage. The rich alluvial plain stretches away in front, dotted here and there with villages and groves of trees, until we catch a hazy glimpse of the Imperial City; on the other hand the eye runs over the historic plain of Mongolia, until the gaze is stopped by the great natural barrier of mountains.

PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

Of the original buildings belonging to this place only two, and these among the smallest, remain, although attempts have been made twice to

rebuild the whole affair. These are a temple at the summit of the Wang-Tua-Shan hill, painted in a vivid green, red, and yellow, with tiles of blue. Porcelain figures of Buddha once ornamented the structure, but the vandal hands of sightseers have mutilated these beyond repair. The second of these remnants of a great work is a small pagoda in the same colours and ornate display as the other. Standing amid the impressive ruins of this spot Captain Gill very fittingly described them in his account written over twenty years ago, but as applicable now as then: "One seems to be brought here face to face with the wreck of an empire. The builders of this palace seem to have been imbued with something of the spirit of those who, in the Middle Ages of Europe, raised such noble monuments of devotion and piety. The whole soul of man must have been in the work; no part was neglected; no money, time or labour spared; infinite care was bestowed on every detail; notwithstanding the desolation and ruin, there still seems to breathe over all the spirit of a master mind." Wandering over the saddened scene, looking upon the ruins of man's work, or admiring the mirror-like lakelet that has, in the natural sequence of affairs, reflected so many strange and thrilling sights in the days of yore, the most careless stranger cannot help feeling that the master mind who conceived all this and put it into execution must have faith in gaining human happiness if not in the consolation of divine reward.

About a mile from the north wall of Pekin is the marble cenotaph raised over the relics of the Tibetan lama who was believed to have been an incarnation of Buddha. This is considered by many to be the noblest specimen of monument to be found in the Chinese empire, and it has made famous the grounds of Hwang-She Monastery where it stands. There is reason for this assertion, and as the beholder stands with uncovered head under the thick foliage of cypress and pine intermingling their fragrant shade, he must indeed be devoid of human sympathy who can gaze on the majestic monument, decorated with its grotesque sculptures and gilded crown, without feeling compassion for the life that was secretly plotted away. The empty throne whereon sat this human deity in state, with his face turned toward the rising sun, and the couch upon which he expired in the throes of poison administered by a jealous emperor, are still shown the visitor. This took place a little over a hundred years ago, and the story is told, with a peculiar mingling of pity and admiration, of

the emperor's open worship and praise of the pious and exalted man, while he secretly planned to remove him from his path by poison.

Three days takes one from Pekin to the Great Wall, but if the traveller goes for no other purpose than to see this piece of gigantic folly, he had better spare himself the pains and time of the journey. As a colossal reminder of misapplied intelligence and industry, a huge stone and mud fence winding over hills and into valleys for over a thousand miles, of no earthly good or pretence to attraction, it serves well its ignoble purpose.

IMPERIAL PALACE AT TSEAOU-SHAN.

Lying at the foot of a semicircle of hills, thirty miles north of Pekin, is the valley of the Ming tombs, a secluded retreat where repose thirteen of the emperors of the dynasty last preceding the present line of rule. It will be remembered that the founder of the Ming dynasty established his court at the ancient capital of Nankin, and the first mausoleum of these rulers was made there. But the site did not seem to please the ambitious monarchs, and the tomb of Yung-lo, the third in succession, was made in this northland, patterned after the style of those near Nankin, and, in fact, after the manner of architecture to be seen all over China, but far the noblest of imperial resting-places. An avenue bordered by rows of

majestic animals and warriors sculptured from stone leads to the sacred abode of the illustrious dead. Many of these figures are in positions of repose, aptly illustrating their office as guardians of the sleeping rulers, and are considered among the finest evidences of Chinese sculpture, though falling, according to our ideas, below the standard of modern art. The animals and warriors are supposed to be the representatives of his train when upon earth, and offerings to his spirit, which is supposed to have its abode in the palace, are annually made in the great sacrificial

MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF CANTON.

hall. The emperors of the present dynasty still offer their sacrifices at this imperial shrine, either through policy of state or from the belief that the spirits of these dethroned monarchs exert an influence over their dominion.

There are twelve other sepulchres patterned after this of Yung-lo, though scarcely equalling it in splendour, making in all that ominous number of thirteen. It proved ominous, anyway, in this case, for when the last of this ill-fated number had been buried here, with imposing ceremony, the dynasty was flung down by the Manchus, and the last of the Mings ended his humiliation by hanging himself to a tree, without

leaving any one to make him a tomb in this beautiful valley of his ancestors. Some of the Ming tombs are said to have been robbed of a portion of their treasures to help enrich the tombs of the Manchus seventy miles from Pekin in another direction. If this be true or not no outsider can say, since the Manchu sepulchres are watched over by guardians who have proved so far above bribes that the glories held therein have never been revealed to the curious foreigners.

CHINESE SACRIFICE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SIEGE IN PEKIN.

WE now come to the third attack by foreign forces upon the Taku forts. It was a momentous event when the navies of the eight national powers of the world, whose warships had come from the utmost parts of the earth to meet at the outlet of the Pei-Ho, made the rivalry of race prejudice and contest of government, for the time, subservient to the united desire of standing together in a supreme battle of modern civilisation against ancient superstition.

Tien-tsin capitulated after four weeks of suspense to the world at large, and of conflict to those engaged in the brave struggle for humanity. Blind indeed must have been the eyes of the Old Man of the Far East, else he must have read, written on the scroll of his destiny, the signs of his doom. If he remembered the two warnings he had received in the years past, or realised his present case, he remained indifferent to the existing situation.

With the capture of Tien-tsin, which was but the prelude to their main act in the drama of rescue and retribution, the allied powers, marching under the banners of eight governments, began their advance upon the

capital of the empire. This united force consisted of the arms of America, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Japan. History has never had opportunity to portray another such an array of soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder under a single impulse, though of many races of men.

If the siege of Tien-tsin seemed overlong to the expectant outsiders, how much longer and more terrible the uncertainty, and awfully slow that advance upon Pekin seemed to the beleaguered ones caged at the Imperial City, suffering a suspense aroused by the horrors of indiscriminate massacre that every moment threatened them. Besides the ministers of the eight nations named, there were those from Holland, Belgium, and Spain, with a thousand men, women, and children belonging to their families, or missionaries and their friends and loved ones. In addition to these, there were under their protection nearly two thousand natives who had accepted the Christian religion, and thus were under the ban of their own race.

In many respects this siege in Pekin is one of the most notable on record. One of the singular features of the sanguine occasion is the fact that the rebellious factors who began the serious revolt soon disappeared from the scene of action almost entirely, and in their place appeared the sullen defenders of the tottering empire.

The first warning of real danger came to the inmates of the Legation quarter of the city on the 28th of May, 1900, when an old man and his son, the sole survivors of a large family that had been murdered by the Boxers, entered the city seeking safety. On that day the train from Tien-tsin came as far as Feng Tai, and finding that place in flames returned without trying to get through to the capital.

The following day many other fugitives flocked to the city in terror, and word came of the killing of a Mr. Robinson and his friend Mr. Norman, at Yung Ching. The news of the burning of the railway station at Huang Tsun, fifteen miles from Pekin, was also brought to the Legation.

On the 30th of May, five hundred of the allied troops, who had been sent out to repair the railroad, and who were under the command of Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla, reached Pekin, the American regiment, under command of the last-named officer, by a forced march reaching the Chien gate in advance. Presenting their bayonets, they were not resisted by the Chinese at first, but when the critical period came, and they were

anxiously looked for by the unfortunate ones within, they were driven back to their original base, and proved powerless to accomplish the relief so much desired.

The guards ordered out for the protection of the legations barely numbered 450, including officers, but these acted with sufficient promptness and effectiveness to avert a general slaughter of the foreigners, as had been planned by the Boxers to be carried out at the midsummer festival, which takes place the first of June. The fine Chinese hand of the empress

QUEEN'S PALACE, COREA.

dowager was displayed at this time. She lent her consent and influence to this movement by allowing a common destruction of the street we have described as "Legation Street," but to give the idea that her officials were powerless to ward this off stipulated that some Chinese blocks near by should share the same fate.

Upon receiving word of this premeditated attack, the people became alarmed and began to strengthen their respective positions as much as possible. Probably maddened by their defeat in another direction, the Boxers, assisted more or less by the Chinese supposed to be loyal to the government, set on fire, June 9th, the buildings and property owned

by the foreigners, but situated in the Chinese section of the city. By this conflagration not only were the chapels and houses destroyed, but the storehouses, containing foreign goods estimated to be worth between twenty-five and fifty millions of dollars, were burned up by the wild rabble, that fancied it was striking a blow at foreign industry and competition. During the fire, the great central gate of the Tartar City caught from the flames and was burned. Only a change of the wind saved the city and the Foreign Legation. The Boxers during the following week applied the torch to churches, schoolhouses, chapels, and cathedrals in the northern city, whose fires were to be seen on every night sending high into the sky the fiery messages of the terrible work begun here.

The foreigners no longer hesitated about joining their people under their respective flags, while the missionaries brought with them their converts. The work of fortifying went on with more earnestness than ever. Fences with barbed wires were put up, lines of sharpened stakes were set, ditches dug, high walls built across street and alleys, platforms for outlooks erected, while bricks were torn up wherever they could be found to fasten gates and close windows. On the 11th of June, soldiers and relief were anticipated, but when troops went to the station to meet them, taking along carts to bring in the baggage of the soldiers, no soldiers were there — no train! The gallant McCalla and his marines had been driven back toward Tien-tsin.

The purpose of the reigning power became apparent on the 19th of June, when a proclamation was sent out declaring that as the allied powers had demanded the surrender of the forts at Tien-tsin the action must be taken to mean war against China, and that every foreigner must leave Pekin within twenty-four hours. The Boxer vanished from the scene at this act in the drama, except as a tool of the government.

A meeting was immediately held among the ministers, and it was decided that the demand of the Chinese government could not be met. In this critical situation it was decided to gain as much time as possible by parleying with the enemy. Major Conger replied that so far as his government, that of the United States, was concerned, the claim of declaring war had no bearing. Even if that were the case, it would be impossible to secure means of transportation from Pekin within twenty-four hours. There were two other obstacles in the way of such a flight which he did

not deem it good policy to mention. One of these was the necessity of abandoning the Chinese Christians to the mercies, or rather cruelties, of the rulers of the city; the second was the fact that a departure under the conditions existing was considered more hazardous than to remain where they were, shut up in the very heart of the Imperial City.

With the evident intention of arousing the foreigners to some rash act, the Chinese sent two Boxers, mounted in a cart, through the streets in sight of the legations. No one pretended to notice them until they came

FESTIVAL OF THE DRAGON-BOAT.

to pass the German quarter, when one was arrested, and the other escaped by flight. The one captured was held as a prisoner, Baron von Ketteler, in command, giving him a drubbing with his cane as he was led away.

The following morning, the 20th of June, Baron von Ketteler, being the only minister who could speak Chinese, thought that he might gain something by talking over the situation with the officials. At the entrance to the Tsungli Yamen, Chinese Foreign Board, he was requested to exchange his guard of marines for a Chinese escort, which he consented to do without dreaming of the treachery planned. His men were barely out of sight before he was shot through the head as he sat in his chair, and

his secretary was wounded while trying to escape. It was believed that a mandarin belonging to some secret society, as indicated by the button he wore, fired the fatal shot.

Later in the same day, Professor James, of the Imperial University, was shot while crossing the bridge over the canal. The others, expecting the enemy would begin a general attack, became greatly alarmed. Those at the Methodist Episcopal Mission abandoned everything they could not carry in their hands and fled to the British Legation. The

COREAN LANDSCAPE.

curious mixture of people and their number is told by the following list: The different nationalities included British, American, French, German, Italian, Austrian, Belgian, Finn, Dane, Dutch, Norwegian, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Spanish, Canadian, Australian, Russian, and Japanese. There were 245 men, 149 women, and 79 children; total, 473. Besides these there were 409 marines, divided among the nationalities as follows: Japanese, 29; Italian, 30; Austrian, 35; French, 45; German, 50; American, 53; Russian, 84. There were about eight hundred Protestant Chinese here, and nearly two thousand who belonged to the Catholic Church.

Notwithstanding their promise of maintaining an armistice, the Chinese began firing that evening, keeping up a vigorous fusilade almost continuously. But the greatest danger lay in the torch, which was frequently applied. On one of these occasions the magnificent palace of Han Lin Academy was set on fire by the ruthless horde, who used for their firebrands the books and ancient manuscripts of great value belonging to the most expensive library in the Chinese empire. Some of the rare books were rescued, to be stored at the house of Sir Claude MacDonald; some

ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF HONAN, CANTON.

were thrown into the pond, but more of them were consumed in the flames. Among the most rare and valuable of the works that perished in this ignoble manner were "Yung Lo Ta Tien," an unprinted collection of twenty-two thousand volumes of China's choicest literature, which cannot be duplicated. This wholesale destruction of literature displayed the Chinese spirit of old, and is equalled only among other races by the burning of the Alexandrian library. Many of the wooden printing-blocks were kept by the besieged to kindle their fires.

It required the most energetic efforts of the members of the legations to conquer this fire and beat back the enemy. From that time this

ruined building became one of the most hotly contested points in the field, the conflict often becoming hand-to-hand.

Another of the fiercely contested spots was a portion of the wall which the Chinese held, and from whose vantage-ground they poured a galling fire. Had these Chinese possessed heavy artillery, they might have routed completely the little band of brave defenders. As it was, by sheer force of numbers, they finally drove the allied troops back, until it seemed as if all were lost. Then it was decided that the place must be recovered and held, or the direst result must follow. In this desperate crisis about sixty men, consisting of Americans, British, and Russians, under the command of Captain Myers, of the United States Marines, prepared to renew the attack. The appeal of Captain Myers to his followers is worthy of reproduction, as an indication of his own valour, and the undaunted purpose of his gallant little band. Lifting his sword so it pointed toward the British Legation, he said:

"My men, yonder are four hundred women and children whose lives depend upon our success. If we fail, they must perish, and we also. You know your duty; go when I say 'Go!'"

This stirring speech had instant effect. Though the Russians had not understood a word that was uttered, the air of the speaker and his gestures impressed them with the stern determination of their leader. The onset was made, and the little band of heroes did not fight in vain. Surprised by the swiftness of the attack, the Chinese fell back, the wall was carried and held by the allies. But it cost the lives of several of the brave fellows, and among others the indomitable leader was severely wounded.

One of the brightest instances of heroism in all that trying siege was the defence of three thousand native converts, who had taken refuge in the northern cathedral, which stood in open ground. The leader of the gallant defenders was Monsieur Favier, assisted by forty marines, made up of French, Italians, and Austrians, who volunteered to protect the fugitives, while a band of Chinese Christians performed a valiant part. This scene was cut off from communication with the legations besieged less than two miles away, and the real situation was not known until after the struggle was over.

An apt illustration of the singular make-up of the body of the imperilled

CHINESE SHOEMAKERS, PEKIN.

foreigners was shown at one of the fires set by the Chinese, when they formed a bucket line to the nearest well, — the representative of nearly every race under the sun, — from Madame Piclou, the wife of the French minister, and Miss Armstrong, the sister of Lady MacDonald, to the last coolie, each helping in a common cause.

The days and weeks dragged slowly away, one after another of the besieged parties falling before the fire of the enemy, until eight weeks had passed without bringing any sign of relief. There was no murmuring,

THE GRAND TEMPLE AT POO-TOO, CHUSAN ISLANDS.

but all looked hopefully forward, while prepared to meet the result, should the Chinese eventually prove victors, in a manner both heroic and tragical. Doctor Martin relates how he overheard a young and beautiful woman say to Captain Myers: "Remember, if the Chinese are successful, that it is your duty to shoot me." It is believed that every woman there looked forward to this end, should the worst happen. Many of them carried revolvers with which to shoot their children and then themselves, in case their husbands could not reach them. And these were Christian people, preparing themselves for this fate, rather than to fall into the hands of captors who

would make their captivity so horrible that in comparison to it death held no terror.

In most cases this was the reward for years of patient sacrifice and labour. There were those in that band who had given the best years of their lives to the cause of education, science, or government, and such was the ingratitude of those whom they had endeavoured to raise to a higher standard of enlightenment and morality, that the latter were now thirsting for their lives.

ANCIENT BRONZE BREECH-LOADING CANNON. COREAN.

If evidence had been wanting to show that it would be the height of folly for the foreigners to surrender, expecting to save their lives, this was furnished when, under cover of a painted board intended for a flag of truce, the Chinese asked for a conference. Then they stated that they had killed all of the Boxers, and were anxious to settle the matter amicably, promising not to fire upon the besieged any more. At this very time, while they believed they were holding the attention of these people, Chinese soldiers were creeping up to build an intrenchment nearer to them on the west. Fortunately these were discovered by the British and routed in season.

On July 7th the Chinese made two loopholes in the Imperial City wall, which looked down upon the foreigners like the big eyes of some terrible monster, and mounted on the top of the wall a big gun. As this commanded a sweep of the moat, it made it dangerous to pass over to the Fu. The largest weapon that the besieged had was a one-pound Italian piece, and the ammunition for this was nearly gone.

At this time one of the Christian Chinese announced that there was an

old, muzzle-loading cannon among some litter in a storehouse. This proved to be capable of use, and as the Russians had some shells, and the Italians a gun-carriage, the ancient weapon was mounted upon the last, and loaded with bomb-shells. It was tested, to be found equal to sending a ball through four walls. An American named Mitchell, who had been gunner of the smaller Italian piece, now assumed charge of this, which was most appropriately named "The International," for it was a Chinese gun on an Italian carriage, carrying Russian shells, and fired by an American. It made a tremendous noise at each explosion, which carried perhaps as great terror to the enemy as did its ill-adapted ammunition.

CAMEL CARAVANS ON PLAINS OF MONGOLIA.

As difficult as it was to handle, it was looked upon as a prize by those who had charge of it.

Ten days after the finding of the above gun, or on the evening of July 17th, a messenger brought a letter to Major Conger and a telegram in cipher, which caused considerable wonder and trouble. The despatch, which was in the code of the State Department, seemed to be incomplete, and read: "Washington, Conger, send tidings, bearer." The letter was for Sir Claude MacDonald, and stated that in reply to his of the 15th more Chinese troops were on the way to help protect the legations. This was signed by Prince Ching and others. But its friendly tone was discounted by the firing of seven shells almost simultaneously with the

arrival of the messenger, who was at once looked upon as a spy sent to observe where the shells fell.

The following day Major Conger sent to "Prince Ching and others" for a completion to the telegram, and to know where it had come from. The explanation clears up the mystery, as it proved to have been included in a cablegram from the Chinese Minister Wu to his government, and the date belonging to that had not been taken in sending to Major Conger. The cablegram in full read: "United States gladly assist China, but they are thinking of Major Conger. Enclosed is message inquiring for his health. Please deliver and forward reply." Major Conger's reply was as follows: "Surrounded and fired upon by Chinese for a month. If not relieved soon, massacre will follow." This message was entrusted to the Tsungli Yamen upon the promise that it should be forwarded at once.

The last mail went out of Pekin June 14th, and only the most meagre information as to what was taking place outside reached the legations. Naturally the desire for news of any kind was very great, and the sight of a paper on July 20th created intense interest. It was a copy of the *Court Gazette*, the government official organ, and the oldest newspaper in the world. The copy was obtained and brought in secretly by an agent sent out by Rev. Elwood G. Tewksbury, who had been principal of the college at Tung Chau, fifteen miles east of Pekin. This man reported many Boxers hanging about the Ha-ta gate in friendly conversation with the Chinese soldiers.

Among other bits of news, the *Gazette* contained an account of the death, by order of the empress dowager, of four ministers in the Tsungli Yamen, who had been influential friends in their behalf. They felt keenly this loss, knowing it was so much against them as regarded their own fate. In this connection it should be said that without doubt Prince Ching, who, it will be remembered, was associated with the telegram received by Major Conger on the evening of the 17th, was a secret but powerful friend to them. It is true he was not able boldly to defy the empress, but as commander of the City Guard, numbering fifty thousand Manchu soldiers, with his tact and determination he managed to keep in check this furious mob, which if it had been allowed to obey the will of the female tyrant at enmity with all foreigners, the most terrible consequence must have speedily followed.

Finally the ominous day came when the supply of provisions ran low, and starvation stared the ill-fated garrison in the face. All of the horses had been eaten, and mules to the number of eighty, leaving only four to share the fate. Relief must come soon or it would come too late. In this matter of food supply unstinted praise should be bestowed upon a Swiss innkeeper by the name of Chamot. This noble man and his wife, both young, had recently opened a hotel, and out of pity for the beleaguered legations began to furnish them with bread. It was no small task to feed

PAVILION AND GARDENS OF A MANDARIN.

so many mouths, and his bakery was run night and day with all the help available. He delivered the food himself, and scarcely ever was he allowed to cross the bridge with his bread-cart without being the target for many rifles. His cart was marked with numerous bullet-holes, and at one time his little flag, so dear to the gaze of those he was endeavouring to succour, was shot away. His visits were made twice a day, every morning and again at evening, and even though his bread was poor, as it must have been under the circumstances, he was hailed as a delivering benefactor. It is pleasant to know that the French minister will endeavour to have his name placed on that roll of fame, the Legion of Honour. In the hearts of

the survivors of that awful siege in Pekin his name is enrolled among the heroes of that ill-fated summer.

It was estimated that during the two weeks following the 10th of July nearly three thousand cannon balls or shells were sent into the legation

COREAN LANDSCAPE, COUNTRY HOUSE.

quarters, as many as four hundred dropping among the besieged in a single day. Fortunately, for a time the Chinese fired so high that many of their shots flew harmless, but a Norwegian, crazed by the ordeal, escaped among the enemies, to warn them of this failing of their marksmen. After this untoward affair the fire of the Chinese was more disastrous than before. The dangerous madman was later recaptured by the legations, and

kept under close surveillance, though it took seven men to look after him.

On the 23d of July the hearts of all were cheered by the report that the Japanese minister had received word that a relief might be expected soon. During a so-called truce that followed, Chinese bullets continued to fall like hail among the hopeless men and women, who were to learn that this intelligence was not reliable.

The first actual announcement which reached the besieged was brought by

CHAPEL IN THE GREAT TEMPLE, MACAO.

a heroic Chinese boy, who had been sent with a message to Tien-tsin some time before. He started with this precious letter wrapped in oiled paper, and placed at the bottom of a bowl of porridge. Upon breaking the bowl before getting out of the city, the brave boy wound the letter around one of his fingers, and then covered it with a rag. He failed to escape the Boxers, and he was put to work by them. After eight days of this captivity he succeeded in escaping, to eventually reach Tien-tsin. How gladly his message and appeal for help was received may be imagined. But he stopped here less than two hours, barely long enough to get a reply from the British consul to Sir Claude MacDonald, when he set forth on his

perilous return. His adventures would fill a whole chapter, but it is sufficient for us to know that he made the journey successfully, his appearance being hailed with joy at the legation. The letter he brought told without any chance for suspicion that troops were at last getting in readiness to start to their relief. Then the question uppermost in every mind was:

"When will they get here?"

The principal disguise assumed by this intrepid Chinese youth of sixteen was that of a blind beggar. That the letters he carried might not be taken from him, he sewed them in between the soles of his shoes, and thus saved them from being found by the enemy, though he was searched three times. Without professing to be a Christian, he proved his fidelity to the cause of those whom he had chosen as his protectors by highest faith and efficiency.

The number of killed and wounded, as shown by the rolls on the 1st of August, was as follows, with the legation to which each belonged specified:

LEGATION.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
Austria	4		10	(one civilian)
France	11	(two civilians)	24	(four civilians)
Great Britain	5	(two civilians)	22	(seven civilians)
Germany	11	(one civilian)	13	
Italy	7		12	
Japan	10	(five civilians)	16	(five civilians)
Russia	4	(one civilian)	13	(one civilian)
United States	7		10	(one civilian)
Total	59		120	

This account would do scanty justice to the leaders of the different divisions if special mention were not made of the serious wound of the intrepid Captain Halliday of a British regiment, and the death of his successor, Captain Strouts, at the hands of the Chinese sharpshooters. Mention has been made of the shooting of Captain Myers while he was leading his gallant charge on the wall, and another brave officer, Captain Wray, was shot in the head while urging on his men to capture a Chinese gun, but his wound did not prove fatal. The captain of the French marines was shot dead, while Captain Riley, of the United States Navy,

fell to rise no more while directing an artillery attack on the palace gate. The manner in which Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was treacherously slain, and the shooting of Professor James on the bridge, have both been described. Toward the close, Mr. Knobel, the Netherlands minister, was shot in the knee, while the redoubtable Mitchell, the American gunner of the gun International, was wounded at his post of duty.

The number killed among the Chinese is not known, though they acknowledged a large number slain, among them several officers, one a

COREAN TYPES.

brigadier-general. The small number who died of illness among the legations was surprising, considering that the siege lasted through the summer months, when the heat of Pekin is usually intense. Fortunately for them, the time of their siege was marked with uncommonly cool weather for the season of the year.

The suspense continuing to grow more and more unendurable as day after day passed without bringing the expected relief, it seemed on the night following the 13th of August, when the Chinese kept up one of the worst cannonades they had made since the beginning of the siege, that the end was near. Nobody could sleep, and the horror of the morrow

was too dreadful to contemplate. But rescue was nearer at hand now than the sufferers dared to think.

A little past midnight a sentry gave the joyous cry:

"They come! The troops are here!"

Men rushed out into the open air before the words were fairly uttered. There was no delay in dressing, for no one thought of laying aside his clothes during such a time as that. The good news spread rapidly, and soon the women appeared on the exciting scene. The playing of the guns on the outside of the city made glad music to the overwrought men and

HOUSE OF A CHINESE MERCHANT NEAR CANTON.

women and children. Those who were present will never forget that hour.

One of the participants, Doctor Martin, in writing of the event says: "Overwhelmed with joy, some impulsive ladies threw themselves on each other's necks and wept aloud. As the women of Lucknow listened to the bagpipes of Havelock's Highlanders, so the ladies of the long-besieged legations listened to the playing of the guns on the outer walls. The next morning, at ten o'clock, the great gates of the legation were thrown open, and in came a company of mounted Sikhs, perhaps the finest cavalry that I ever beheld, and with their long spears and high turbans

they appeared the handsomest men on whom my eyes had ever rested. So, perhaps, by the magnifying effect of time and circumstances, they appeared to all of us as the vanguard of the army of relief. They had come in through the water-gate, by which the passage would have been impossible but for the occupation of the wall by our marines."

The other troops of the allied forces entered a little later by the front gate, the Chinese giving way on every hand. Thus at last the release was effected, though not without many hardships and the cost of many lives, on the part of the rescuers, who had been obliged to conquer a large city before starting upon their memorable march to Pekin.

The various divisions of the allies took possession of respective sections of the subjugated capital, and above the public buildings floated the flag of the power holding the place, until everywhere the eight flags of the Manchus gave way to the eight[1] flags of their allied conquerors. Thus, her gate-towers dismantled and burned, her public buildings in ashes, her treasures looted by unscrupulous foreigners, and everywhere greater havoc wrought by the infuriated Boxers, the pride of the haughty Babylon of the Far East was humbled in the dust. It will take a cycle of Cathay to restore anything like its former splendour.

If charged with plundering and looting to an extent which is disgraceful, — the American troops held aloof from this, — yet the allies in a large measure returned good for evil. Forgetting the outrages of Tai Yuen, where ninety-three Protestant missionaries and Catholics were murdered in cold blood at the instigation of its infamous governor, and of Pao Ting fu, the scene of another brutal atrocity, they spared the imperial palaces, and left the empress dowager to her seclusion. It was enough for them that they entered the Forbidden City in armed array to convey to the cowering Chinese the fact that they came as conquerors.

[1] It is a singular fact that the ruling race of China was made up of the same number of clans.

GATE OF SEOUL, COREA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINA AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY.

THE siege in Pekin raised by the allied powers, and her capital the armed camp of foreign troops, the Chinese Empire enters upon the new century under influences and conditions likely at last to awaken the ancient sleeper to a new order of things of which he has never dreamed. China is in fact a country of gigantic possibilities confronted with dwarfed realities. The situation is looked upon by many as "the break-up of China." Colonel Yule disposed of this idea in a few words as a foot-note to his book, by saying:

"It has broken up before!"

So it has. In fact, the glory of its long career has consisted chiefly of breaking up. The mending, such as it was, has always been done by outside power. Its present plight is a bad one, viewed in whatever light it may be; but it was in worse shape when Confucius went from district to district rousing the leaders and the masses to a new life. It needs now only a modern sage, with modern ideas of development, to bestow upon the long-lived empire a splendour before which all past glory will be

dimmed, a splendour in keeping with the progressive spirit of the twentieth century.

Having described diverse portions of the great empire and commented upon the condition of the people, it is proper that our parting glance should be focused upon this singular standpoint of the unhappy race at the present time. It is expected to find a people at their best in their native land, under such environments as they have builded about them. This rule does not apply to the Celestial race. In Hawaii the Chinese, who have become a large percentage of the population, are prosperous, progressive, industrious, and peaceful. Here they build them comfortable homes, and rear around them the attractions of a civilised life. They do this easily, quickly, and as if "to the manner born." In the Philippines they move along a plane not altogether against their future happiness. They show an apt tact in business and accumulate wealth. We see them thus, in varying stages, according to the civilisation and advantages surrounding them, wherever they have found their way. They do this, too, everywhere they appear, whether in the North or South, East or West, as business men in Hawaii or coolies in Australia, as ambassadors to foreign governments, or as sightseers in strange lands, without losing those peculiar characteristics which mark them as a distinct race of human beings, wearing always the same clothes, eating the same food, imbued with the same inner qualities of industry, as have distinguished them for thousands of years.

At home we should expect to find the Chinaman at his best. Alas! he there appears at his worst. Whether in the gilded mansion of the mandarin, or in the filthy den of the narrow alley of the crowded city, or in the bamboo hut in the wilderness, we find the highest and the lowest of the race fettered by tradition and handicapped by customs instituted thousands of years before their day. The best are steeped in corruption and superstition. The poorest, circumscribed in their energies, are confined to the narrow orbit of their own sphere. Their superiors allow them no liberty; their ceaseless toil brings them but slight reward; they are chained to the soil.

In the ignorance and bitterness of heart of the masses, hating the more fortunate, they unite in guilds and unions, which eventually work them harm rather than good. The paramount object of the *congsee*, or guild, is

identical with that of the rich man, namely, to rule or monopolise whatever comes in its way. They try it in trade; they try it in society; they try it in government. One class combines to oppose those higher in power; another, a scale lower, unites to baffle them; the peasants of the outlying districts associate in iron-clad unions to limit the power of the local officials. In their efforts these clans cause dissensions and disturbances, to quell which the government, with reins that hang loosely over them, attempts to keep them under subjection by its police. To meet these, local

TERMINATION OF THE GREAT WALL, GULF OF PE CHI LI.

bands of men called *Sam-sings*, whose avowed purpose it is to fight the officials, are organised to effect this purpose. These troublesome factors have been described by one who has seen evidence of their work as follows:

"The Sam-sings live by looting, and are on the watch for any excuse for exercising their talents. Each *hoey*, or society, must have so many of them, but I do not know any means to ascertain their numbers. They are a regular fighting people, and are paid so much a month." Painful evidence of their work is everywhere apparent in the province of Yunnan.

Living a monotonous life, a family in moderate circumstances has for

food an almost unvarying diet, consisting of a bowl of rice washed down with a bowl of soup. In some localities salt fish, and cabbage, well seasoned, are also eaten. Those in better condition display rich soups, oysters, or shell-fish, fish boiled or roasted, pork, cooked in various ways, roast duck, and vegetables. On the whole, the diet of a Chinaman is far better than the accounts commonly given would have us believe. Some of the very poorest in the great cities do at times eat such viands as cats, rats, and dogs, but these are exceptional cases, and denote exceedingly straitened circumstances in the family.

The Chinese drink warm, with their meals, *shiu-chiu*, or heated rice wine, which is very healthful, and not disagreeable when a person has become used to it. Rice wine is the national drink, boatmen being especially heavy drinkers. Still, it is left for the literary class to excel in drinking capacity, it being considered a part of their "gifts" to be able to partake of a liberal quantity without letting the liquor interfere with their locomotion. A literary celebrity esteems it a high compliment to be told that his "drinking powers show great genius." The Chinese consider cold water fit only for barbarians to drink, and thus hot beverages are everywhere in vogue. If water is drunk it is first warmed. No doubt this custom originated from the impure condition of the water supply in the cities.

A Chinaman never allows his profile to be taken, as he believes it is not good taste to have one eye hidden; his portrait therefore must possess two eyes and as many ears. Neither will he willingly allow any shadow to fall on his features or figure, claiming that it is contrary to nature, as the sunlight falls fully on an object. Though only a few of the Chinese have beards, and they profess to despise the growth characteristic of foreigners, their pictures of heroes and great men of the past always have this adornment, while the chances are that the individuals in question had smooth faces.

A ludicrous story is told of the jinrikisha man and the American sailor, which illustrates the superstition attached to the wearing of the pigtail. A Chinese gentleman, riding in his favourite carriage, unwittingly allowed the end of his long queue to get caught in one of the wheels. He was soon apprised of his mishap, as the rope of hair wound round and round the axle, growing tighter at each revolution of the wheel. The victim shouted for his human horse to stop, but mistaking his cries for an order to go

faster, the jinrikisha man broke into a smart trot, thus adding to the terror and pain of his master, who fairly shrieked in despair. What the outcome would have been is hard to conjecture had not a third person

COREAN MANDARIN.

appeared upon the scene. A sailor passing at that moment discovered the plight of the Chinese noble, and whipping out his knife cut off at a single stroke the insignia both of a slavish custom and the dignity of his high rank. If the almond-eyed gentleman was freed from his peculiar and painful situation, it was at a sacrifice which made his howls of rage outdo

CHINESE JUGGLERS.

his previous yells of suffering. His friends saw what had been done, and understanding only the insult which had been done their countryman, made a furious dash for the surprised seaman. Seeing his predicament, he fled for his life, with a mob of shrieking Chinese at his heels. This rabble, not disposed to abandon the pursuit at the shore, began to swarm out toward the vessel, which was compelled to put out to sea as soon as the sailor got aboard, in order to escape the warlike uprising.

Having described the origin and purpose of the Boxers in fomenting

SQUARE IN SEOUL, COREA.

the recent struggle of the Chinese against the combined forces of the foreigners, and having seen them replaced by another power, it is necessary that we review this power before we leave the subject. To understand fully the real situation, it is necessary to take into consideration the three parties forming the political powers at work in the empire previous to the outbreak of 1899. The first of these, because the most worthy, was the party of progress, headed by the emperor and most ably encouraged by Viceroy Li Hung Chang; second, and older than the other, the party of non-progress and Chinese seclusion, with the empress dowager as its

astute leader; last, the foreign haters, represented by the Boxers and their associates.

Three elements entered into the struggle of these parties. The second became politically jealous of the first, and through the skilful manipulations of the empress dowager managed to seize the reins of government from the hands of the emperor. Religious fanaticism called into existence the third party, which gained strength upon the mistaken idea of foreign industry ruining the prospects of the labouring class, whose sole privilege it seemed to be was to toil for the bare sustenance of life. The party of the empress soon fell in with this foreign antagonism.

The emperor, who is neither physically nor intellectually strong, has a slender figure, and a countenance with little expression of firmness. It is an oval face, the features being regular, and the dark eyes expressive of greater personality than the rest of his countenance. He may be, as he looks, a weak person; his course of action in some respects has shown it; in others he has given ample proof of both a high intellectuality and a determination of purpose worthy of emulation. As a child, Kwang Su showed marked desires for foreign toys and inventions, until his apartments at the palace became a veritable museum of the most ingenious and wonderful productions of the Occidental world. Eventually foreign toys and playthings were exchanged for foreign books and a knowledge of foreign affairs. The effect was remarkable and widespread. Not only at Pekin, but throughout the empire, every one seemed to be seeking the mastery of other languages; especially the English. The result of this could not be other than of vast benefit to China. Among the other notable acts that the emperor did was to issue a series of edicts which favoured the establishment of seats of learning, the encouragement of art, science, and agriculture, the building of railroads, the adoption of Western drill for the Tartar troops, the introduction of patent and copyright laws, Boards of War and Foreign Offices, the encouragement of trade, the establishment of school boards, the abolishment of useless offices, a Bureau of Mines and Railroads, the encouragement of political writings, the making of commercial bureaus, the instruction of tea and silk raisers, the abolition of slow courier posts and the establishment of the Imperial Customs Post, the publication of newspapers. This does not complete the list, many items of which may have been impracticable at the

time, but well to be discussed, while many of them were actually carried into effect.

The magnitude of this reform movement cannot be estimated, or the result foreseen, except that it must redound to the everlasting good of his empire and the benefit of the rest of the world. One of the noblest results has been to develop among the young reformers of this imperial leader a patriotism and regard for native land which until then never existed in China in the sense that it has in the West.

PAINTING FROM COREAN TEMPLE.

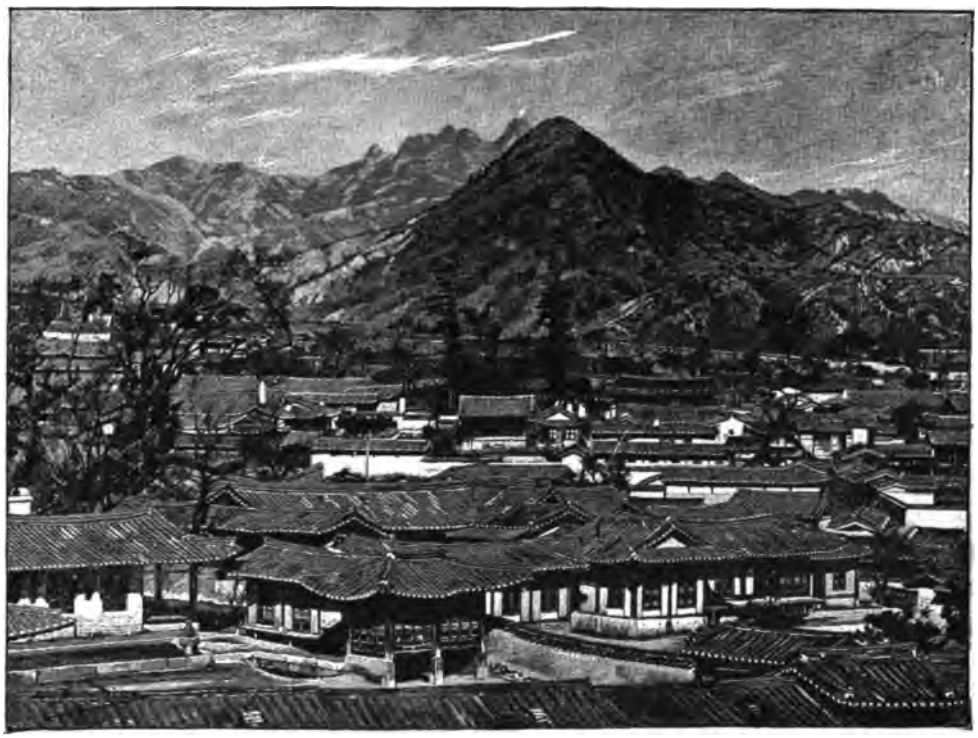
Naturally such a radical revolution, coming with a breadth and rapidity unknown in the empire, would arouse intense opposition. Quite as naturally, she who had been the wife of an emperor half a century ago became the leader. Of high birth, she came from one of the southern provinces to become the wife of Hien Fung, who became ruler in 1850, and ten years later, his capital wrested from him by the British and French, died an exile in Mongolia. This remarkable woman accompanied him, and

when he died, soon after, she returned to begin her extraordinary career at the Chinese court. Her son Tung Chi, only five years of age, became the successor of her husband, and he reigned thirteen years, during which period she virtually ruled. At his death she selected a young brother of her late husband as the titular sovereign, under the title of Kwang Su, or Illustrious Successor. As he was only three years old at the time of his accession to the throne, she reassumed her regency, on the ground of his immaturity. When he became of sufficient age to assume the government, she still retained her power, on the claim that he was incapable of ruling. If a weak monarch, his weakness was of a kind that is not altogether undesirable. It is certain that he was too weak to cope with the strong mind of her who sat behind his throne, concealed by a curtain, but able to see those who sought audience with the emperor, — literally the power behind the throne.

In justice to her it should be acknowledged that in the early days of her regency she was not the bitter enemy to foreigners that she has since become. It was she who encouraged the young emperor to study the English language, and actually started him on his way of enlightenment and reform. Perhaps this fact gave a bitterness to her heart and caused her to become the implacable opponent to those outside her dominion. Few women in the history of the world have swayed a greater power or held it longer. She is now a little over sixty, and one of her proud, imperious nature must feel with an intense disappointment her final overthrow. She knows she is hated by the more progressive of her people, and that they exult in her downfall, but she gives no indication of failing strength in mind and body, while she is capable of reasserting her independence where few if any could succeed. Like her imperial kinsfolk, she is a Manchu, and has at heart the interest of her race, and not that of those who still pride themselves upon being descendants of the learned and powerful Mings, who left some of the noblest monuments of their greatness that China possesses. Her nephew, the Emperor Kwang Su, is now in his thirtieth year, and it has been twenty-seven years since the empress dowager, with the consent of the leading princes, made him the nominal ruler of the Chinese Empire.

In the late uprising in which this famous, or infamous, woman has taken such an active part, she and her supporters have much to answer

for. But theirs is not all the blame. There is not a nation on earth which must not in a certain degree share it with them. We have shown the record of Great Britain and France in the disgraceful Opium War. The wrong did not stop here. When France wanted to dispose of her goods at a high profit in China, she stole Tonquin, causing the loss of many lives and much property in the struggle. Again, in 1884, in the words of Rev. C. M. Cohen, "a French vessel steamed into a Chinese port,



ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER IN SEOUL, COREA.

and, without even a declaration of war, blew up the entire Chinese fleet, killing three thousand Chinese soldiers and marines." This is not all of which France is guilty.

Not long since, two German Jesuit priests — never peace factors — were killed in the interior of China. As Li Hung Chang justly remarked, "In any other country such a case would have had a fair trial, the guilty would have been arrested and punished." All of this would have been done by the Chinese, and far more quickly than we settle such cases in our courts, but China was not allowed to do so. Germany saw her oppor-

tunity, and sent her gunboats and soldiers, and *stole* Kiaochau, and miles and miles of territory! Doctor Cohen, whom we have already quoted in regard to the French injuries, says of the Germans: "Only three years ago a private party of Germans sailed up a Chinese river with the German flag floating at the masthead of the vessel, landed, and began digging up the tombs of the Chinese kings, hunting for treasures!" Imagine a party of foreigners sailing up the Potomac or the Hudson, and despoiling the tomb of our Washington or Grant. No people think more of their

KING'S PALACE, SEOUL, COREA.

dead than the Chinese, and with feelings of horror they rallied against the destroyers, and killed every man of them. As soon as the news of this "outrage" reached the ears of the German consul, a war-ship was despatched up the river, and the inhabitants of the ill-fated village were put to death and their homes burned.

Our own record is not a clean one. If we have not blackened it in their land with useless deeds of violence, we have at home denied the Chinese what we have accorded to the most disreputable immigrant of Europe. Nor have we stopped there, but our newspapers have from time to time contained accounts of lynching, shooting, or burning alive some

hapless immigrant from the Far East, whose greatest crime was his stubborn determination to remain a quiet and peaceful citizen. As many as fifty Chinamen have been made to suffer death in our Western cities, within an hour, where no hand has been lifted to bring the perpetrators of the fiendish massacre to justice. All these horrible proceedings eventually reach the friends and relatives in the home land. Is it a wonder the foreigner is looked upon as a "devil?"

In atonement for her conduct toward the Chinese at home, America has acted a magnanimous part with the Chinese in their own land. In the recent Christian crusade to rescue the legations and missionaries, she has performed a noble work. She will no doubt stand firm and honourable in the settlement of the present difficulties. Russia has been getting slice after slice of territory on the northern frontier, until the Russian bear has become hungry for the whole. The British lion has stalked along the Great River, until he felt to him belonged the lordship of its broad and fertile valleys. The French tiger has crept stealthily forth upon the southern provinces with the same greedy, insatiable appetite. But American intercourse with China has been of a higher nature. Only a fair return for the investment made has been expected. She has helped to raise the standard of agriculture and manufacture and make it redound with greater profit and benefit to them unto whom it belongs. At this time there is contemplated a railroad by an American syndicate which shall connect the provinces of Kwang-si, Kwang-tung, and Hunan with Canton, thus making available the great resources of this rich region. All the higher institutions of learning and enlightenment of the Chinese are maintained with an American at the head. Is not this glory enough for one nation? It shows conclusively that the interests of the two countries are fast becoming mutual. Perhaps the greatest good to come out of the sudden appearance of the United States in the Far East is the fact that she is there, if not an outspoken, the silent monitor of affairs in which not only the peace of China is concerned but that of Asia and of Europe. Who is bold enough to predict what the result would have been but for the presence of this young Queen of the West, Columbia? Under the existing condition a satisfactory adjustment is looked forward to with confidence.

In making a comparison of the Chinese with other governments, it

should be borne in mind that the former is still in its clannish condition, having never passed beyond that secondary form of feudalism from which Japan has so recently emerged. Professing to hold a great central power, the so-called empire has never been able to control its many inland provinces. This has been shown over and again in its inability to suppress the numerous rebellions of the tribal population, or to stay the ravages of the pirates upon the seas and the brigands amid its mountains.

COREAN TEMPLE.

Ay, further than this, it has been proved by the fact that these outlaws of the interior have often banded themselves together, formed so-called military bodies, met in pitched battle the regular soldiers, and in the flush of triumph dared to set up a government of their own.

In Manchuria, Russia has had to keep a standing force of men to protect her railroads. The Germans, in the province of Shan-tung, have had even more difficulty in maintaining commercial interests. On the West River and the Yangtse Kiang the British have had to patrol their pathways with armed men to protect their interests, government being help-

less to do so, had it shown any desire to that end. Along the latter river the people are more peaceful than anywhere else in China. France, gaining the power of magistrates for her bishops, has posed as the protector of priests and the Catholic Church. The advent of the Americans into the Philippines has placed them in the midst of this great beehive of clannish races.

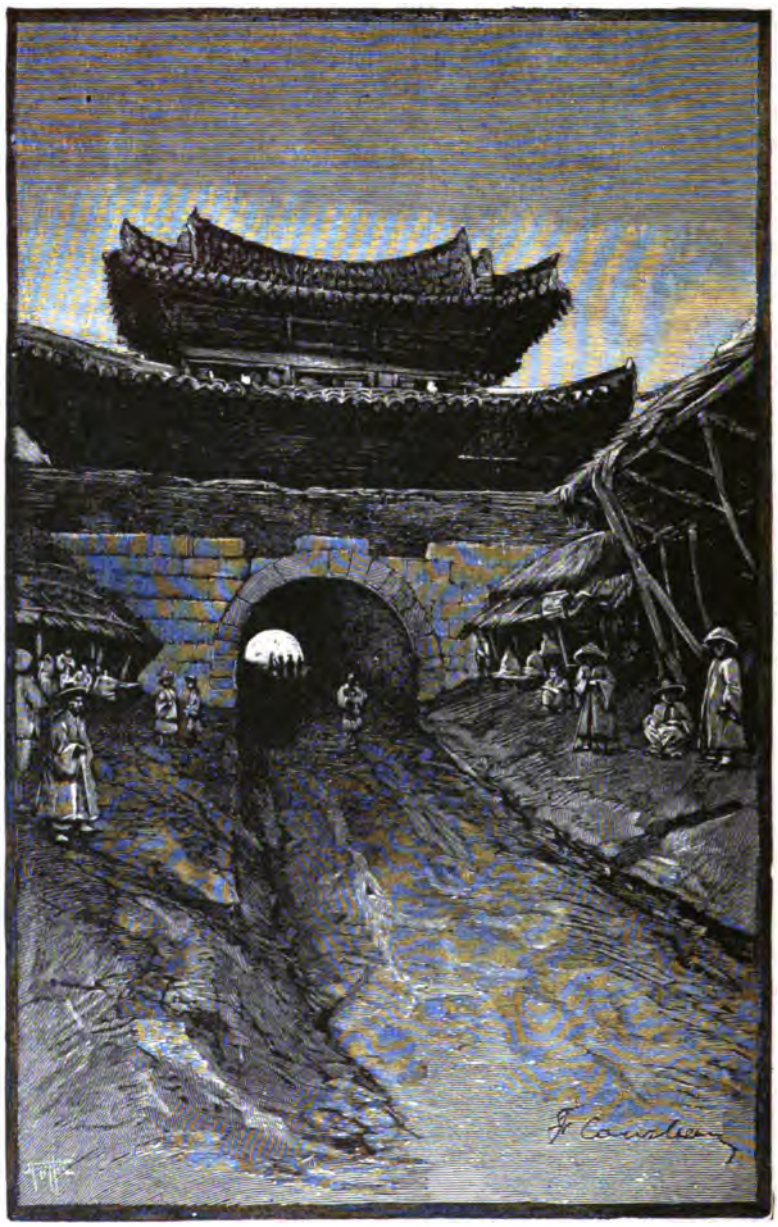
Chinese rule has been based on the aphorism that "whatever is, is best," and that it is better to let matters alone so long as they offer no serious disturbance at the head. Again, the government, or rather its officials, are corrupt from the highest to the lowest. There is no office without its price, or its "perquisites," which mean riches for him who has laid his plans and invested his means so as to secure it.

We have shown that the country is rich in its natural treasures, one of the richest in the world, — a virgin wealth actually beyond estimation in value. The individual riches of the empire are great, — how great no statistician can tell, — though the masses of the inhabitants are extremely poor. In this connection there is a sort of satisfaction in believing that the population of China, as it has been given, is far too high. Divide the number, claimed for those who are grovelling in want and hopeless misery, by two, and the safer side of truth will have been found in estimating the population of the Chinese Empire.

If an object of scorn and ridicule, the ancient empire in the weakness of its extreme old age deserves the respect due to the aged, and it becomes the allied powers to act cautiously and with mutual agreement for the good of China. That they can ultimately overpower the crumbling dynasty is a foregone conclusion, but the rivers will flow crimson to the sea, and the rain of lead will fall like pebbles on the shores of the ocean of people. Then, the victory of conquest secured, another question will confront the triumphant nations that will be of deeper and broader significance, and more hazardous to settle than war itself.

The open door seems at present to be the policy of the allies, and it is the true policy for all concerned. Let the Flowery Kingdom remain intact, but do not let foreign influence and progress be checked. It is their duty as the representatives of modern thought and teachings to meet half-way these followers of the Confucian light of olden times in this matter of the adjustment of the rival systems of acquired and inherited govern-

ment. Let the missionary continue his good work; the scholar his labours of education; let the business agent extend his trade; the manufacturer



GATE OF COREAN WALLED TOWN.

build his mills; let foreign ships of commerce fill the harbours; let the empress dowager be removed from all possible meddling with the political code of government; and, above all, let the Emperor Kwang Su return to

his throne; and then, when China shall no longer be governed by haters of foreign races or the ally of ungovernable rebels, we shall see the rejuvenated empire rise from the ashes of her nineteenth century dissolution, to enter upon the twentieth century a progressive and prosperous kingdom among the great powers of the world.

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